

NEW and ENLARGED EDITION.

PEARLS

OF

GOSPEL

SONG

for



GOSPEL

WORKERS

By

Wm. A. Ogden
AND W. W. Bentley.



F-46.111

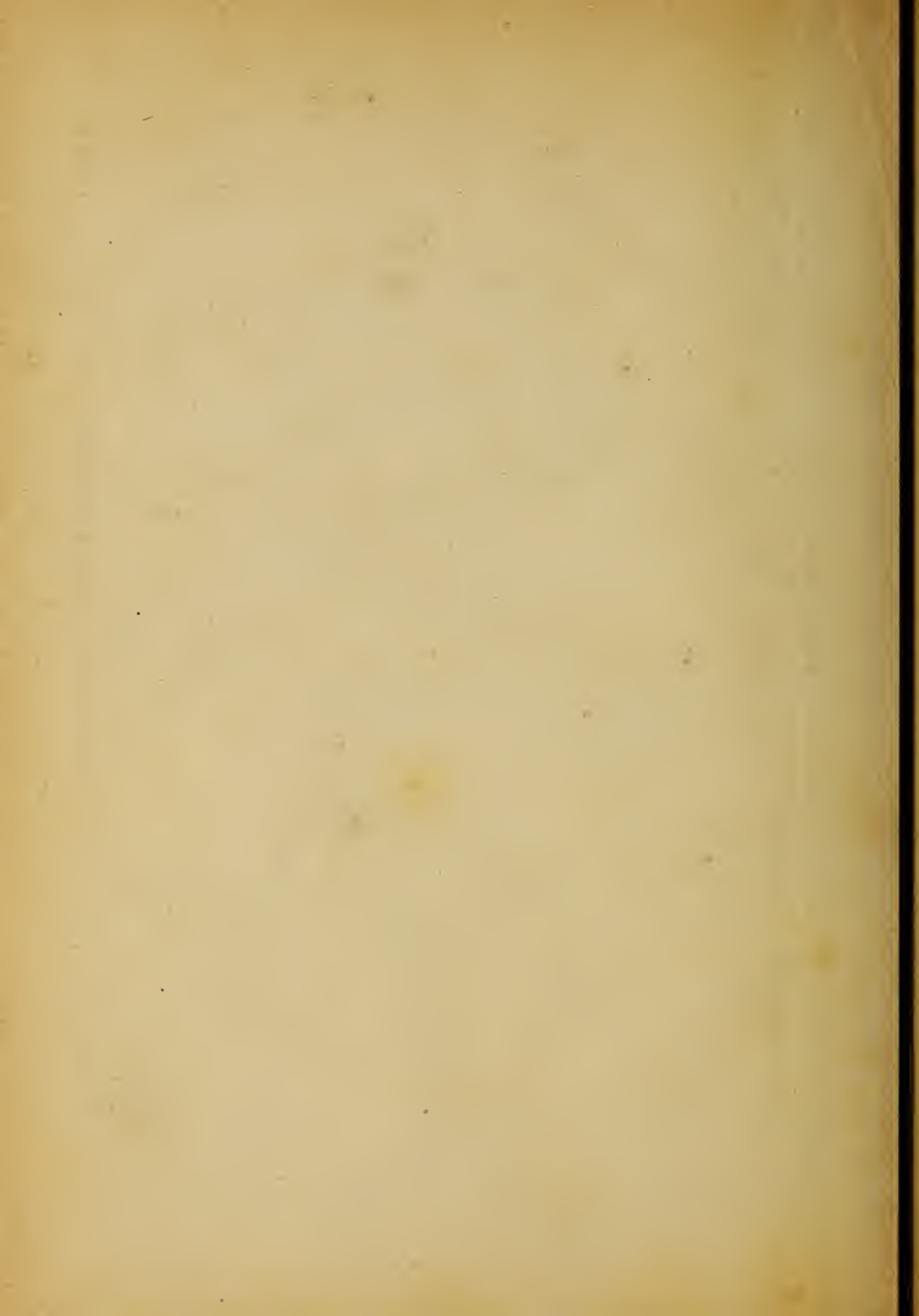
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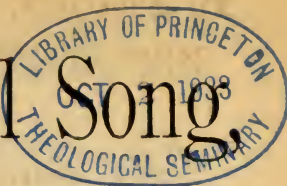
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NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION.

✓
Pearls of Gospel Song.



FOR

GOSPEL WORKERS.

—••—
A CHOICE COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND TUNES,

WRITTEN AND PREPARED FOR

Gospel Meetings, Conventions, Y. M. C. A. Meetings,
Sunday Schools, Camp Meetings, Prayer Meetings,
and other religious meetings.

BY

✓✓
WILLIAM A. OGDEN

AND

✓
W. W. BENTLEY.

—••—
PUBLISHED BY S. T. GORDON & SON,
13 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET,
NEW YORK.

*To Pastors, Evangelists, Gospel Singers,
and Sunday School Superintendents.*

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—BY—

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PEARLS OF GOSPEL SONGS.

No. 1. OH! HEAR THE GOOD NEWS!

W. A. O.
Spirited.

"He is not here, He is risen as He said."—Matt. xxviii: 6.

W. A. O.

1. Oh! hear the good news! The glad, hap - py strain,
2. Oh! hear the good news! He plead - eth for thee;
3. Oh! hear the good news! He reign - eth on high;
4. Oh! hear the good news! He com - eth a - gain;

My Sav - iour hath tri - umphed, He liv - eth a - gain!
Sal - va - tion has wrought by His death on the tree.
Is King o - ver all in The earth or the sky!
With le - gions of an - gels At - tend - ing His train!

CHORUS.

1,2,3. The bars of the pris - on Of death, I de - fy!
4. Then shout Hal - le - lu - jah! A - gain, and a - gain,

For Je - sus hath burst them And gone up on high.
All wor - thy for - ev - er The Lamb that was slain!

No. 2.

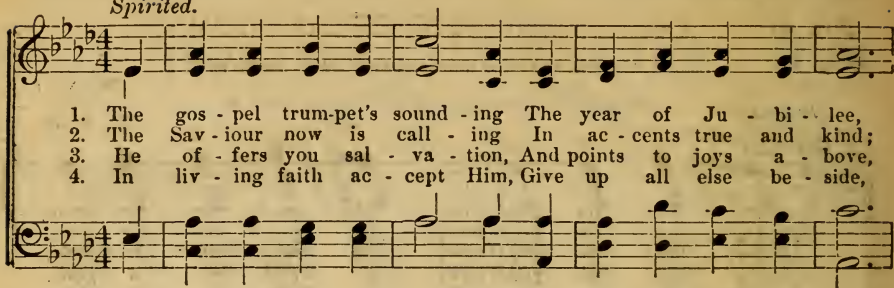
THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

"To bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives."—Isa. lxi: 1.

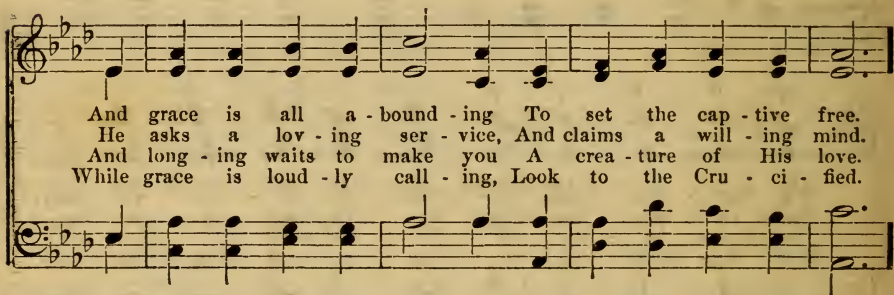
ENGLISH.

Spirited.

E. G. McCUTCHAN.

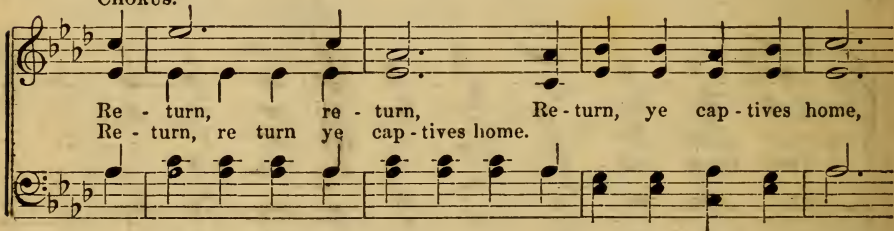


1. The gos - pel trum - pet's sound - ing The year of Ju - bi - lee,
 2. The Sav - iour now is call - ing In ac - cents true and kind;
 3. He of - fers you sal - va - tion, And points to joys a - bove,
 4. In liv - ing faith ac - cept Him, Give up all else be - side,

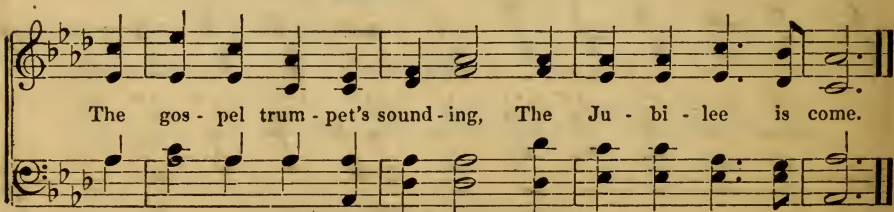


And grace is all a - bound - ing To set the cap - tive free.
 He asks a lov - ing ser - vice, And claims a will - ing mind.
 And long - ing waits to make you A crea - ture of His love.
 While grace is loud - ly call - ing, Look to the Cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.



Re - turn, re - turn, Re - turn, ye cap - tives home,
 Re - turn, re turn ye cap - tives home.



The gos - pel trum - pet's sound - ing, The Ju - bi - lee is come.

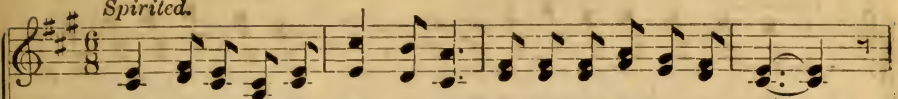
No. 3.

ONE MORE WITNESS.

"For thou shalt be his witness unto all men." Acts xxii: 15.

J. M. HUNT.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

Spirited.

1. One more witness for Christ to-night, Hold-ing His ban-ner un - furled;
2. One more soul is re-deemed from sin, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;
3. Help us, Sav-iour, the vic - t'ry gain, Un-der Thy ban-ner of love;



One more sol-dier ar - rayed to fight, Battling a-against the world.
 One more heart that was toss'd with-in, Now has per-pet - ual calm.
 Ev - er, then, shall we praise Thy name, Dwelling with Thee a - bove.



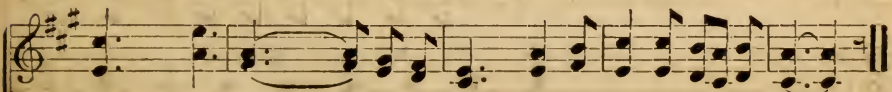
CHORUS.



Bless - - ed Re - deem - - er, Bless - - ed Re -



Bless-ed Re-deem-er, by Thee will we stand, Marching, if on-ward shall



deem - er, Bless - ed Re-deem - er, We'll give the praise to Thee.



be the command, Ever unfurl'd shall Thy banner be,

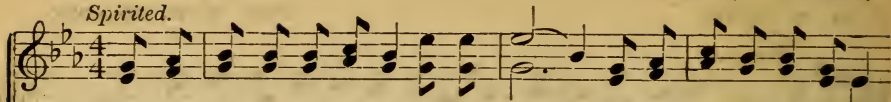
No. 4.

WILL YOU COME?

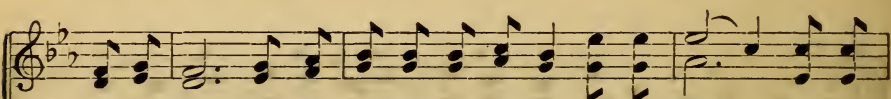
"Look unto me and be ye saved."—Isa. xlv: 22.

CARRIE M. WILSON.

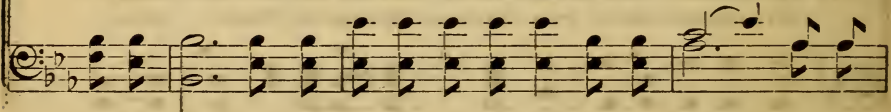
JNO. R. SWEENEY.

Spirited.

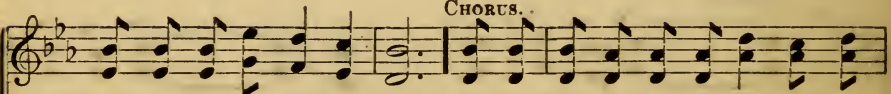
1. There's a message from the Lord, Will you come? Hear it sounding from His word,
2. He has tar-ried long for you, Will you come? See His locks are wet with dew,
3. Will you heed the Saviour's call? Will you come? To the feast prepar'd for all,



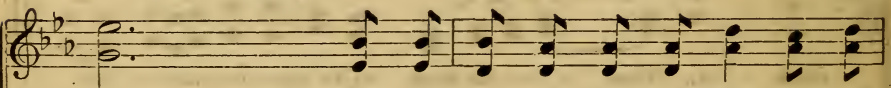
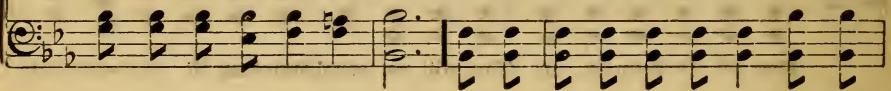
Will you come? Who - so - ev - er on His name Will be - lieve Life e -
 Will you come? He a - lone your man - y sins Can for - give, Will you
 Will you come? You will find Him at the cross Waiting there, With the



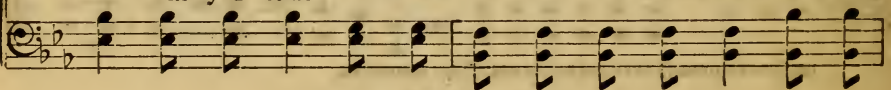
CHORUS.



ter - nal shall from Him re - ceive.
 look to Him by faith and live? } He is call - ing you to - day, Will you
 gar - ment that your soul must wear.



come? To the on - ly liv - ing way, Will you
 will you come?



"By Per."

WILL YOU COME?

come? Will you plunge be - neath the flood Of His
will you come?

all a - ton - ing blood, Will you be a child of God, Will you come?

No. 5.

NEARER MY HOME.

PHOEBE CAREY.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—Isa. xxxiii: 17.

W. A. OGDEN.

Rather slow.

1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,
2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where man - y man - sions be;
3. E'en now, per - chance, my feet Are stand - ing on the brink,
4. Oh, Lord, in - crease my trust, And give me stronger faith;

Near - er my part - ing hour am I Than ev - er I was be - fore.
Near - er to - day the great white throne, I'm near - er the crys - tal sea.
And I to - day am near - er home, Yes, near - er than now I think.
Let me not stand at last a - lone, O Lord, on the shore of death.

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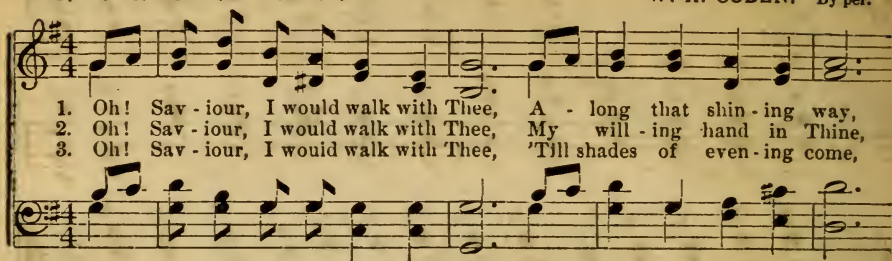
No. 6.

I WOULD WALK WITH THEE.

"It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."—Jer. x: 23.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

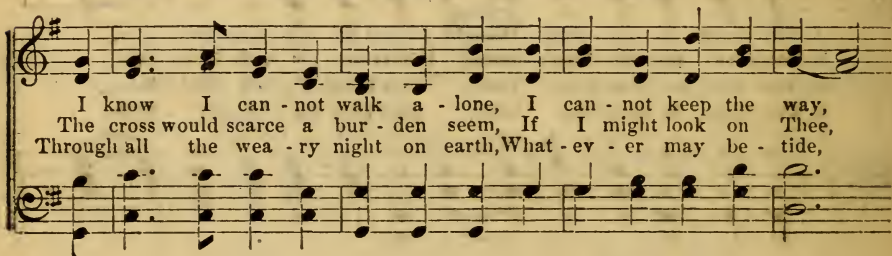
W. A. OGDEN. By per.



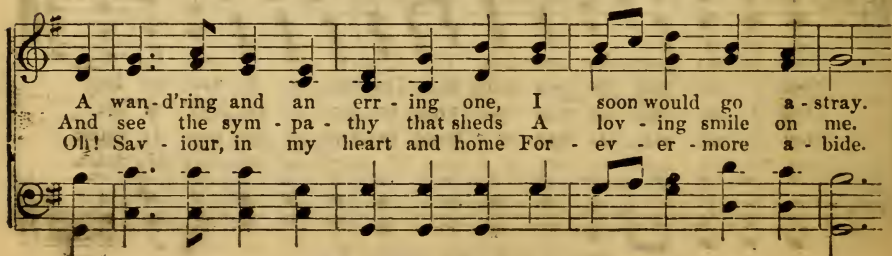
1. Oh! Sav - iour, I would walk with Thee, A - long that shin - ing way,
 2. Oh! Sav - iour, I would walk with Thee, My will - ing hand in Thine,
 3. Oh! Sav - iour, I would walk with Thee, 'Till shades of even - ing come,



That lead - eth thro' the dark - ness here, To worlds of end - less day.
 Thy cheer - ing word would fill my soul, With joy al - most di - vine.
 And when the dark - ness round me falls, In - vite Thee to my home.



I know I can - not walk a - lone, I can - not keep the way,
 The cross would scarce a bur - den seem, If I might look on Thee,
 Through all the wea - ry night on earth, What - ev - er may be - tide,



A wan - d'ring and an err - ing one, I soon would go a - stray.
 And see the sym - pa - thy that sheds A lov - ing smile on me.
 Oh! Sav - iour, in my heart and home For - ev - er - more a - bide.

I WOULD WALK WITH THEE.

CHORUS.

Oh Sav-iour, I would walk with Thee, A - long that shin - ing way,

That lead - eth thro' the dark - ness here, To worlds of end - less day.

No. 7.

ABIDE THOU WITH ME.

"Lo! I am with you alway."—Matt. xxviii: 20.

ARRANGED.

1. { Come, Je - sus, Re-deem - er, A - bide Thou with me, Come, glad-den my
 Thy smile ev-ery sha - dow Shall chase from my heart, *Omit.*
 2. { Thy love, oh so faith - ful, So ten - der and true, Thy pro-mise faith's
 Thy love, like the sun-shine, My cold heart can warm, *Omit.*

spi - rit that wait-eth for Thee;
 anchor, how steadfast and true. And soothie ev-ery sor-row, tho' keen be the smart.
 Thy promise makes stea-dy my soul in the storm.

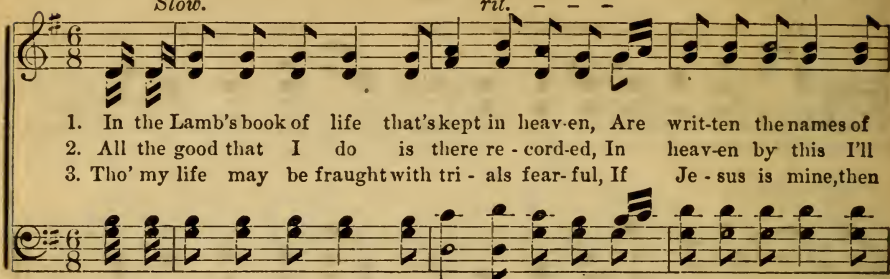
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No. 8. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

"Thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book." — Phil. iv: 3.

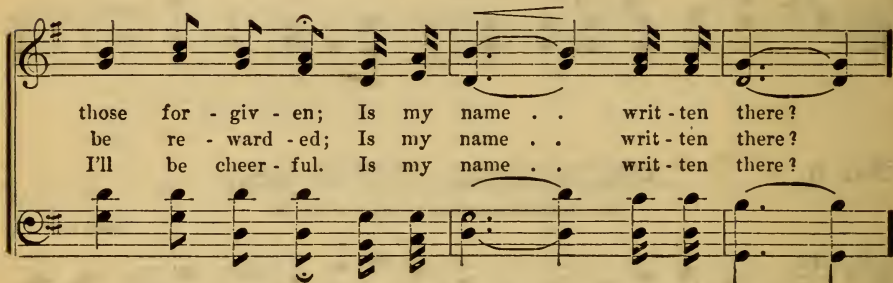
W. T. GIFFE.
Slow.

W. T. GIFFE.



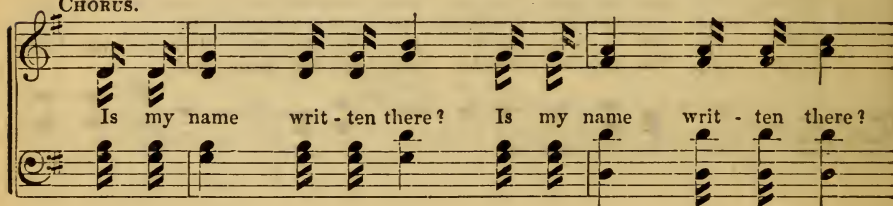
1. In the Lamb's book of life that's kept in heaven, Are writ-ten the names of
2. All the good that I do is there re-cord-ed, In heav-en by this I'll
3. Tho' my life may be fraught with tri-als fear-ful, If Je-sus is mine, then

Ad lib.

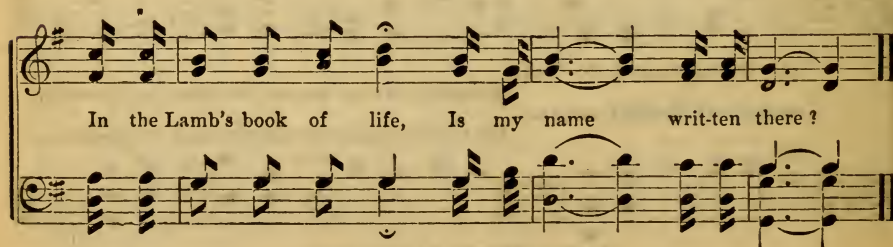


those for-giv-en; Is my name . . writ-ten there?
be re-ward-ed; Is my name . . writ-ten there?
I'll be cheer-ful. Is my name . . writ-ten there?

CHORUS.



Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there?



In the Lamb's book of life, Is my name writ-ten there?

(By per. of the GEO. D. NEWHALL Co.)

"My sheep hear my voice, . . . and they follow me." — John x: 27.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me; His light and love a-round me shine,
 2. He lead-eth me, in pas-tures green; By wat-ers still, His face I see,
 3. He lead-eth me, through tri-als sore, His lov-ing hand I may not see,
 4. He lead-eth me, oh, bless His name, I hear His voice a-long my way,

Tho' all un-wor-thy I may be, I know my Sav-iour lead-eth me.
 My head up-on His breast I lean, I know and feel He lead-eth me.
 I know His grace will bear me o'er, I know my Sav-iour lead-eth me.
 I look and see from whence it came, And know He is my strength and stay.

CHORUS.

He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, A-long my wea-ry pil-grim way,

And though I may un-wor-thy be, Yet bless the Lord, He lead-eth me.

"Lo! I am with you always."

J. E. HALL.

J. E. HALL.

Earnestly.

1. I am just now per - sua - ded That naught can take from me, The
 2. Should earth - ly friends for - sake me, Yet still for Him I'll stand; For
 3. No pow'r on earth can take from My heart this love di - vine, For

pre - cious love of Je - sus, So bound - less and so free; 'Tis
 He will sure - ly hold me, With His most lov - ing hand; No
 He has sure - ly pro - mised For - ev - er to be mine; So

not in me to keep Him, But He doth keep me sure, For
 pres - ent things can drive me A - way from His dear face, Nor
 I will trust Him ful - ly, To keep me all the way, Oh,

I am now per - sua - ded, His love will e'er en - dure.
 things to come, no! nev - er! Since I am kept by grace.
 then at last He'll lead me To realms of end - less day.

From "SING THE GOSPEL." By per.

CHORUS.

I AM PERSUADED.

Yes, I am now per - sua - ded That naught can take from me, The

pre - cious love of Je - sus, So bound - less and so free.

No. 11.

WATCH AND PRAY.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

W. A. O.

Rather slow.

1. { O lis - ten! from Geth - sem - a - ne, At clos - ing of the day,
Our Lord, with sad, en - treat - ing tone, *Omit.*
2. { O watch, lest in temp - ta - tion's path, Ye wan - der far a - way,
Im - plore the Lord's as - sist - ing might, *Omit.*
3. { Be faith - ful to thy mis - sion here, Life's jour - ney's but a day,
Oh, lift thine eyes and thou shalt see, *Omit.*

Re - minds the weak and fal - t'ring one To watch, to watch and pray.
To keep you in the path of right, And watch, oh! watch and pray.
The Lord is watching o - ver thee; Then watch, oh! watch and pray.

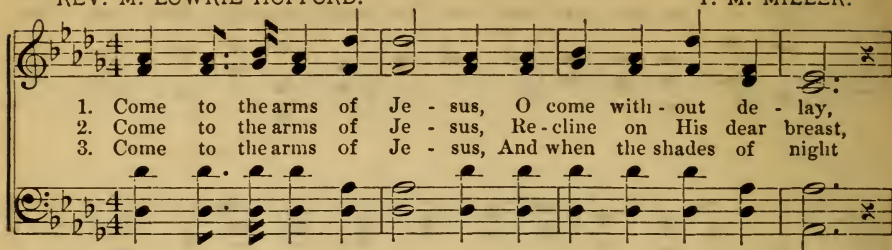
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No 12. COME TO THE ARMS OF JESUS.

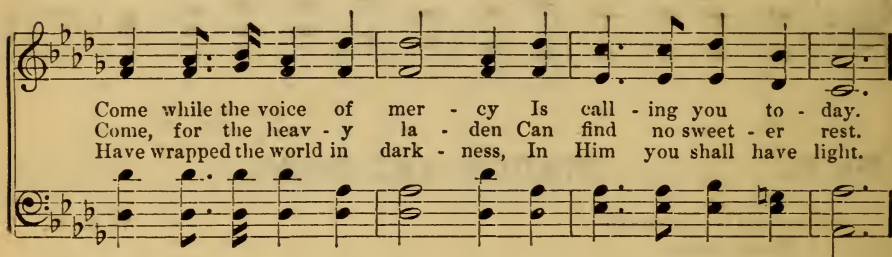
"To-day if ye hear his voice."—Ps. xcv: 7.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

T. M. MILLER.

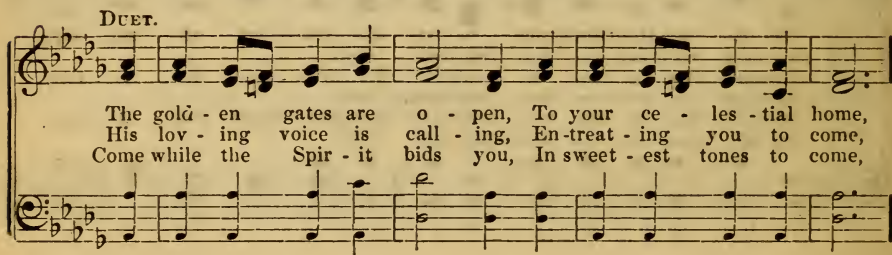


1. Come to the arms of Je - sus, O come with - out de - lay,
 2. Come to the arms of Je - sus, Re - cline on His dear breast,
 3. Come to the arms of Je - sus, And when the shades of night



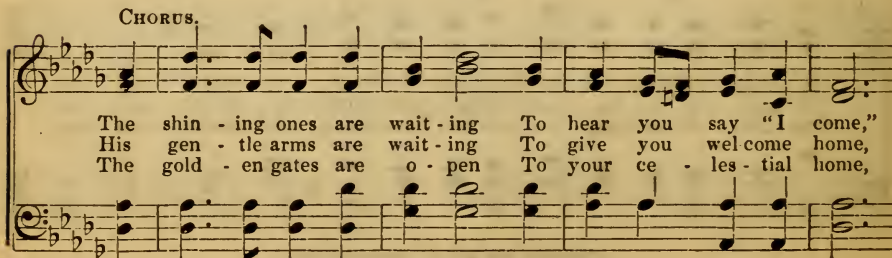
Come while the voice of mer - cy Is call - ing you to - day.
 Come, for the heav - y la - den Can find no sweet - er rest.
 Have wrapped the world in dark - ness, In Him you shall have light.

DUET.



The gold - en gates are o - pen, To your ce - les - tial home,
 His lov - ing voice is call - ing, En - treat - ing you to come,
 Come while the Spir - it bids you, In sweet - est tones to come,

CHORUS.



The shin - ing ones are wait - ing To hear you say "I come,"
 His gen - tle arms are wait - ing To give you wel come home,
 The gold - en gates are o - pen To your ce - les - tial home,

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COME TO THE ARMS.

The shin - ing ones are wait - ing To hear you say, "I come."
His gen - tle arms are wait - ing To give you wel - come home.
The gol - den gates are o - pen To your ce - les - tial home.

No. 13.

AH! MY HEART.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—Matt. xi: 28.

TR. BY JOHN M. NEALE.

M. Z. TINKER.

Slow.

1. Ah! my heart is heav - y la - den, Wea - ry and op - prest.
2. He hath marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide.
3. Is there di - a - dem, as mon - arch That His brow a - dorns?
4. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?

"Come to me" saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
In His feet and hands are wound - prints, And His side.
Yes, a crown in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns.
Not till earth and not till heav - en, Pass a - way.

REFRAIN

ril.

"Come to me, and be at rest," "Come to me, and be at rest."

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"Thou Lord makest me to dwell in safety."—1's. lv: 8.

WORDS ARRANGED.

SAMUEL F. CRAVENS.

1. God's al-migh-ty arms are round me, Peace is mine, peace di-
 2. Tho' life's o-cean wild-ly roll-eth, Peace is mine, peace di-
 3. Wel-come ev-ery ris-ing sun-light, Peace is mine, peace di-

- vine; Cares of life may not con-found me, Peace is mine,
 - vine; Winds and waves our God con-troll-eth, Peace is mine,
 - vine; Near-er home in ev-ery mid-night, Peace is mine,

peace di-vine. Je-sus came Him-self and sought me;
 peace di-vine. I-can sing with Christ be-side me,
 peace di-vine. Death and hell can-not ap-pall me,

To His lov-ing fold He brought me, Bless-ed free-dom Je-sus
 Tho' a thou-sand ills be-tide me, He will safe-ly keep and
 Safe in Christ what-e'er be-fall me, Calm-ly wait I 'till He

PEACE IS MINE !

taught me, Ev - er - last - ing peace is mine.
 guide me, Ev - er - last - ing peace is mine.
 call me, Ev - er - last - ing peace is mine.

[No. 15.

LIKE AS A FATHER.

"A refuge for the oppressed."— Ps. ix: 9.

F. E. BELDEN.

D. S. HAKES. By per.

1. Like as a fa - ther pit - ies his child, So the Lord
 2. Like as a fa - ther when we be - lieve, Mer - ci - ful
 3. Like as a fa - ther con - stant is He, God in com -

pit - ies the sin - ner de - filed, Wait - eth in kind - ness, Pit - ies our
 still, He will glad - ly re - ceive; Lis - tens to hear us, Bless - es to
 pas - sion re - gard - eth our plea, Par - dons us ev - er, Leav - eth us

blind - ness, Long - eth to wel - come, tho' of - ten re - viled.
 cheer us, Pit - ies, when - ev - er His Spir - it we grieve.
 nev - er, Fa - ther in heav - en for - ev - er is He.

No. 16.

O WANDERER RETURN.

"Let him come unto me."—John vii: 37.

E. D. KECK.

1. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, now re - turn, The Fa - ther calls for
 2. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, now re - turn, The Sav - iour calls for
 3. Re - turn, O wan - der - er, now re - turn, The gos - pel call o -

thee, No long - er now an ex - ile roam, In guilt and mis - er - y.
 thee, The Spir - it longs to guide thee home, Oh, now for ref - uge flee.
 bey, Oh, heed its voice, nor long - er roam, Oh, come to Christ to - day.

CHORUS.

Re - turn, [re-turn,] re - turn, [re-turn,] O grieve not the Spir - it a - way. Re -

turn, [re-turn,] re - turn, [re - turn,] O wan - d'r'er, re - turn to - day.

No. 17.

JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—Acts iv: 12.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

T. M. MILLER.

Rather slow.

1. Who can *cleanse* my soul from sin? Je - sus, on ly Je sus.
 2. Who can *keep* my soul from sin? Je - sus, on ly Je - sus.
 3. Who can *save* my soul from sin? Je - sus, on ly Je - sus.

Who can make me pure with-in? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
 Ban - ish e - vil thoughts with-in? Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
 All my trust is placed in Him, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.

He can wash me white as snow, He can make me ho - ly;
 He can guard the way of life, Keep - ing me se - cure - ly;
 Ev - er - more His name I'll plead, In His love con - fi - ding;

To His gen - tle arms I go, Pen - i - tent and low - ly.
 In the war - fare ev - ery - where, Send - ing vic - t'ry sure - ly.
 Ev - er - more my soul shall rest In His grace a - bi - ding.

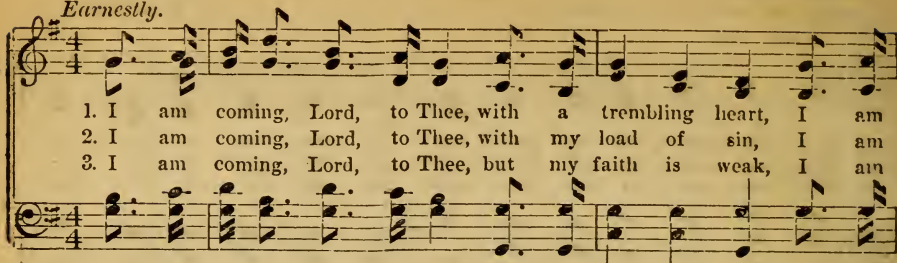
No. 18. I AM COMING, LORD, TO THEE.

"In returning, ye shall be saved."—Isa. xxx: 15.

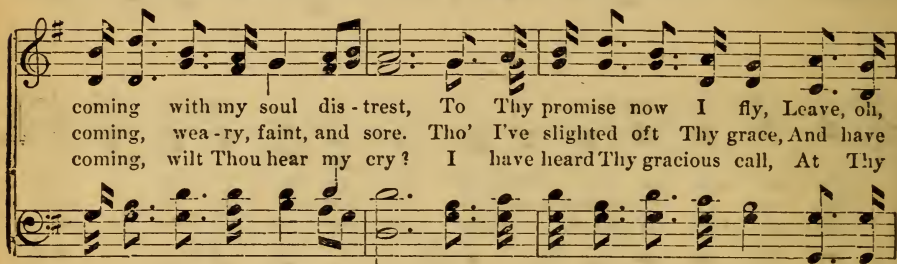
W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

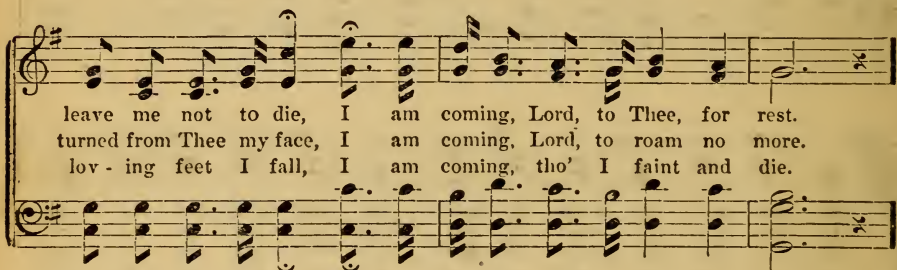
Earnestly.



1. I am coming, Lord, to Thee, with a trembling heart, I am
 2. I am coming, Lord, to Thee, with my load of sin, I am
 3. I am coming, Lord, to Thee, but my faith is weak, I am

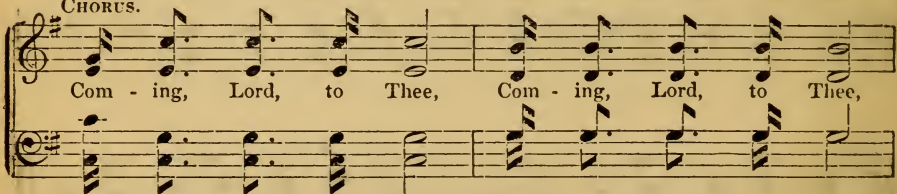


coming with my soul dis-trest, To Thy promise now I fly, Leave, oh,
 coming, wea-ry, faint, and sore. Tho' I've slighted oft Thy grace, And have
 coming, wilt Thou hear my cry? I have heard Thy gracious call, At Thy

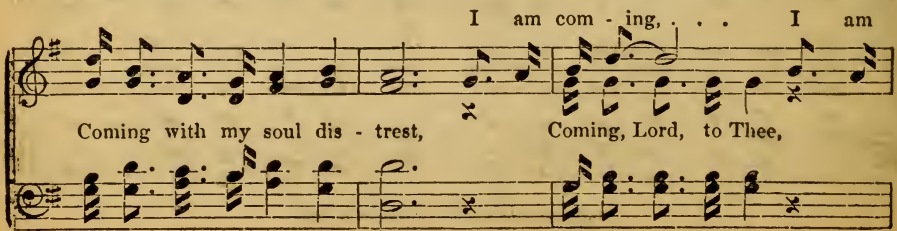


leave me not to die, I am coming, Lord, to Thee, for rest.
 turned from Thee my face, I am coming, Lord, to roam no more.
 lov-ing feet I fall, I am coming, tho' I faint and die.

CHORUS.



Com-ing, Lord, to Thee, Com-ing, Lord, to Thee,



I am com-ing, . . . I am
 Coming with my soul dis-trest, Coming, Lord, to Thee,

com - ing .

I AM COMING, LORD.

com - ing, Lord, to Thee, I am coming, Lord, to Thee for rest.

This block contains the musical notation for the first piece. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

No. 19.

JESUS CALLING.

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi: 28.

W. A. O. By per.

Slow.

1. Je - sus is call - ing "Come to me and live," Hear ye His
2. Je - sus will nev - er Be un - kind to you, Trust Him for -
3. Why will you lin - ger, When He bids you come? Christ will de -

This block contains the musical notation for the second piece, marked 'Slow'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

warn - ing; Wilt the Spir - it grieve?
ev - er, All life's jour - ney thro'. } Je - sus is call - ing,
liv - er When your life is done. }

This block contains the musical notation for the chorus of the second piece. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Call - ing, call - ing, Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing you to - day.

This block contains the musical notation for the final line of the second piece. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

No. 20.

COME UNTO ME.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.

Moderato.

1. O the love and com - pas - sion the Sav - iour doth show, To
 2. O the love and com - pas - sion the Lord hath re vealed, To
 3. O the love and com - pas - sion in Je - sus I see, To

of - fer sal - va - tion to mor - tals be - low; The sin - ful may find Him for
 die on the cross, there His life blood to yield, That I might be saved from the
 pro - mise sal - va - tion to you and to me Heavy la - den, and wea - ry, and

lo! He is near, To suc - cor the faint - ing, the wea - ry to cheer.
 bond - age of woe, To love and to serve Him a pil - grim be - low.
 sore - ly op - prest; The Lord is thy ref - uge, in Him there is rest.

CHORUS.

Then come un - to me, Come un - to me, And

rest from your la - bor, From sor - row be free.

"Happy are these thy servants."—1 Kings x: 8.

REV. FRANK POLLOCK.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Oh the bliss of an hour spent with Je-sus, No mor-tal un-ho-ly may know;
 2. How un-wor-thy we feel as we ren-der, The hom-age of love to our Lord;
 3. Oh the pleasure of giv-ing to Je-sus, Our bo-dies and souls to be His!

'Tis an hour full of heav-en's en-dear-ments, En-joyed by the Christ-ian be-low.
 As we qui-et-ly lean on His bo-som, And thrill at the sound of His word.
 To be His in the earth and in glo-ry, Oh won-der-ful, won-der-ful bliss!

Oh! the love ev-er-last-ing that holds us, And fills us with life that is sweet,
 Oh! the joy of sal-va-tion o'er-flows us! When plead-ing His pro-mise in prayer;
 Oh the bliss of an hour spent with Je-sus, No mor-tal un-ho-ly may know;

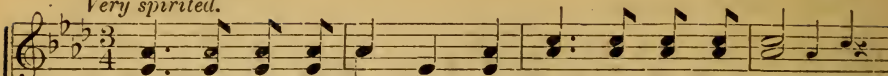
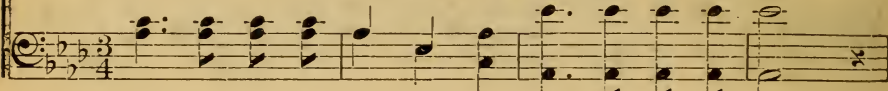
When we come like the pen-i-tent Ma-ry, To weep for our sins at His feet.
 Oh the full-ness of peace stealing o'er us; When leav-ing with Je-sus our care.
 'Tis an hour full of heav-en's en-dear-ments, En-joyed by the Christian be-low.


"Arise, He calleth thee."—Mark x: 49.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

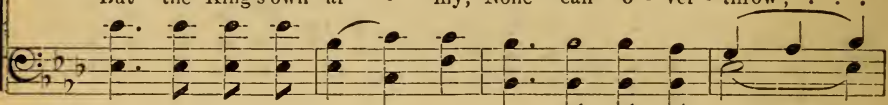
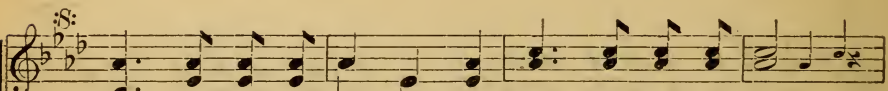
W. A. OGDEN. By per.

Very spirited.

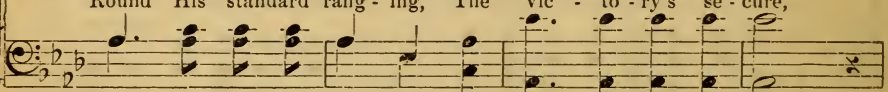
- 
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Oh who will serve the King?
 2. Not for weight of glo - ry, And not for crown and palm,
 3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, And not with gold or gem,
 4. Fierce may be the con - flict, And strong may be the foe,
- 



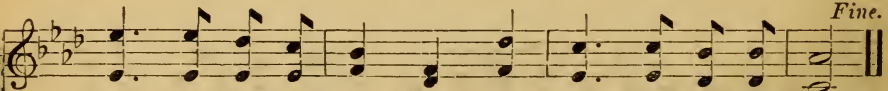
Who will be His help - ers Oth - er souls to bring? . . .
 En - ter we the ar - my, Raise the warrior's psalm: . . .
 But with Thine own life - blood, For Thy di - a - dem. . . .
 But the King's own ar - my, None can o - ver - throw; . . .

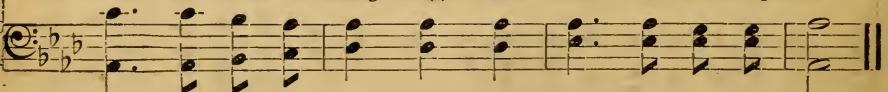
Who will leave the world's side? Oh who will face the foe?
 But for love that claimeth, The souls for whom He died;
 With Thy bless - ing fill - ing, Each soul who comes to Thee,
 Round His standard rang - ing, The vic - to - ry's se - cure,



d.s. By Thy call of mer - cy, And by Thy grace di - vine,

Fine.


Who is on the Lord's side? Now who for Him will go?
 Whom the Sav - iour nam - eth, Must be on Je - sus' side.
 Thou hast made us will - ing, Oh! Thou hast made us free.
 For His truth un - chang - ing, Hath made the tri - umph sure.



We are on the Lord's side, Oh! Sav - iour we are Thine.

WE ARE ON THE LORD'S SIDE.

CHORUS.

By Thy call of mer - cy, By Thy grace di - vine,
 By Thy love con - strain - ing, By Thy grace di - vine,
 By Thy great Re - demp - tion, By Thy grace di - vine,
 Mas - ter, Thou wilt keep us By Thy grace di - vine,

D.S.

We are on the Lord's side, Oh! Sav - iour, we are Thine! . . D.S.
 We are on the Lord's side, Oh! Sav - iour, we are Thine! . . D.S.
 We are on the Lord's side, Oh! Sav - iour, we are Thine! . . D.S.
 Al - ways on the Lord's side, Dear Sav - iour, al - ways Thine! . . D.S.

No. 23.

ALL TO THEE.

"Let us draw near with a true heart."—Heb. x: 22.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. { Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee.
 2. { Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 3. { Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
 4. { Take my voice, and let it sing Al ways, on - ly for my King.
 5. { Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise.
 6. { Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.

CHORUS.

D.C.

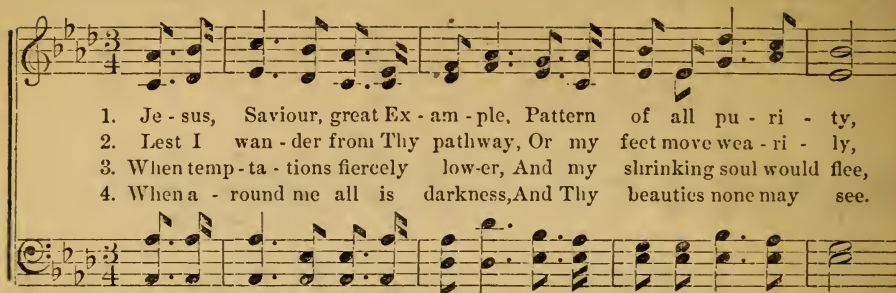
All to Thee, yes, All to Thee, Con - se - cra - ted all to Thee.

Copyright, 1884, by S. T. GORDON & SON.

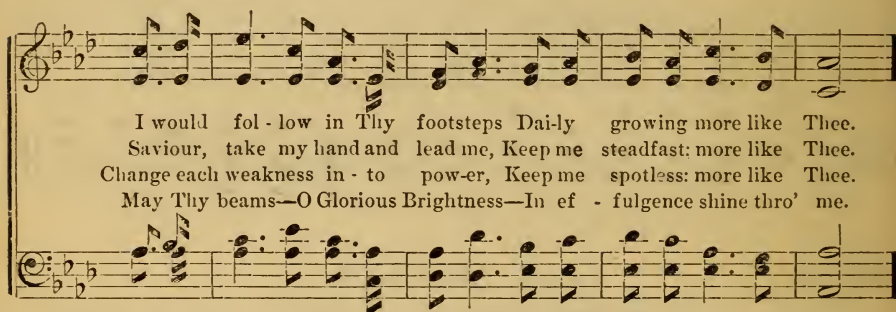
"That the power of Christ may rest upon me."—2 Cor. xii: 9.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

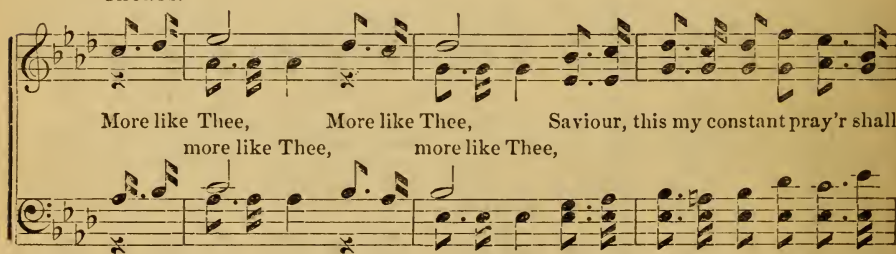


1. Je - sus, Saviour, great Ex - am - ple, Pattern of all pu - ri - ty,
 2. Lest I wan - der from Thy pathway, Or my feet move wea - ri - ly,
 3. When temp - ta - tions fiercely low - er, And my shrinking soul would flee,
 4. When a - round me all is darkness, And Thy beauties none may see.

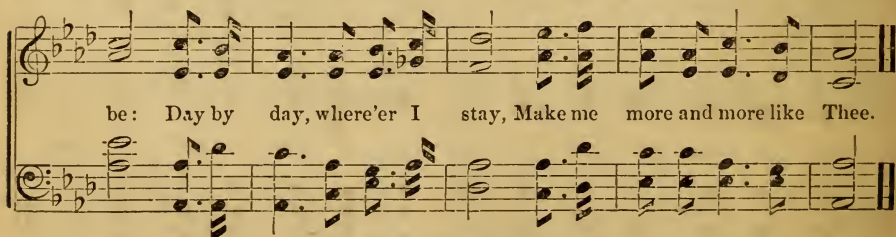


I would fol - low in Thy footsteps Dai - ly growing more like Thee.
 Saviour, take my hand and lead me, Keep me steadfast: more like Thee.
 Change each weakness in - to pow - er, Keep me spotless: more like Thee.
 May Thy beams—O Glorious Brightness—In ef - fulgence shine thro' me.

CHORUS.



More like Thee, More like Thee, Saviour, this my constant pray'r shall
 more like Thee, more like Thee,

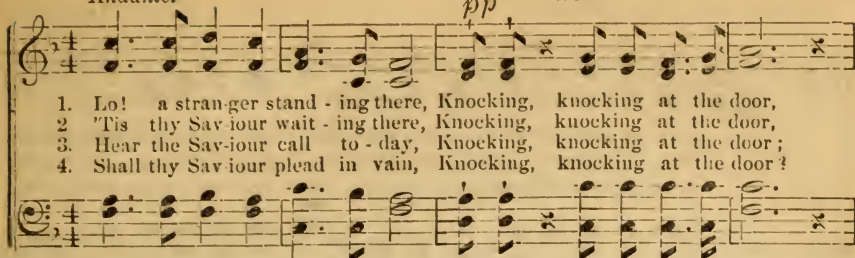


be: Day by day, where'er I stay, Make me more and more like Thee.

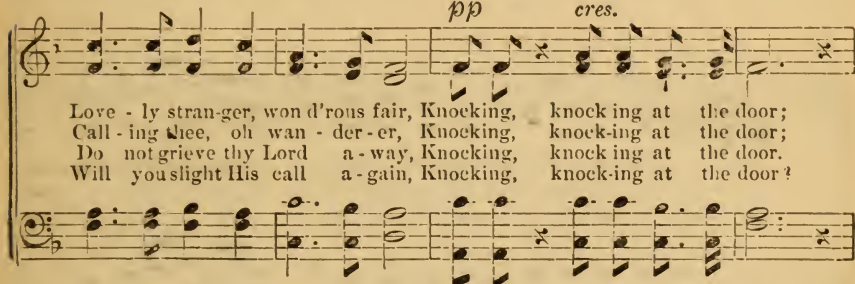
From "Songs of Triumph." By per.

W. A. O.

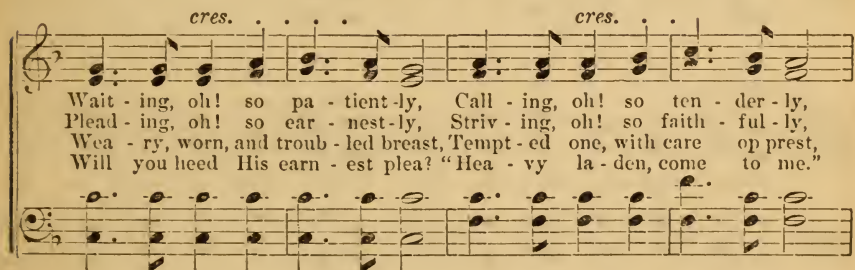
N. E. TOWNSEND.

*Andante.**pp**cres.*


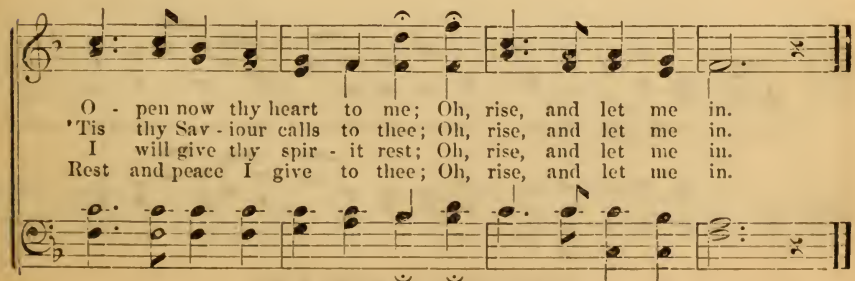
1. Lo! a stran-ger stand - ing there, Knocking, knocking at the door,
 2. 'Tis thy Sav-iour wait - ing there, Knocking, knocking at the door,
 3. Hear the Sav-iour call to - day, Knocking, knocking at the door;
 4. Shall thy Sav-iour plead in vain, Knocking, knocking at the door?

*pp**cres.*


Love - ly stran-ger, won d'rous fair, Knocking, knock ing at the door;
 Call - ing thee, oh wan - der - er, Knocking, knock-ing at the door;
 Do not grieve thy Lord a - way, Knocking, knock ing at the door.
 Will yousight His call a - gain, Knocking, knock-ing at the door?

*cres.**cres.*


Wait - ing, oh! so pa - tient-ly, Call - ing, oh! so ten - der-ly,
 Plead - ing, oh! so ear - nest-ly, Striv - ing, oh! so faith - ful - ly,
 Wea - ry, worn, and troub - led breast, Tempt - ed one, with care op prest,
 Will you heed His earn - est plea? "Hea - vy la - den, come to me."



O - pen now thy heart to me; Oh, rise, and let me in.
 'Tis thy Sav - iour calls to thee; Oh, rise, and let me in.
 I will give thy spir - it rest; Oh, rise, and let me in.
 Rest and peace I give to thee; Oh, rise, and let me in.

"Come over and help us."— Acts xvi : ix.

(FOR GOSPEL TEMPERANCE, MISSIONARY, &c.)

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

E. P. ANDREWS.

1. A - way, a - way o'er the o - cean wave, A - way to the woodlands deep,
 2. A - way, a - way with a bound - ing heart, A - way with a burn - ing tongue,
 3. A - way, a - way with the word of life, A - way with the promise given,

A - way, a - way where the western winds O - ver bound - less prai - ries sweep.
 A - way, a - way where the tidings sweet Of His grace was nev - er sung.
 A - way, a - way to a - wake the lost, And to point the way to heav'n.

CHORUS.

At the Mas - ter's ear - nest call, To the Mas - ter's work we go,

From morning light to the evening shade The seeds of truth to sow.

"Why art thou cast down, my soul? Hope thou in God!"—Psalms xliii: 11.

MRS. J. H. LESLIE.

Slow, with feeling.

1. Droop - ing souls, no long - er mourn, Je - sus still is pre - cious,
 2. He has par - don full and free, Droop - ing souls to glad - den,
 3. Pre - cious is the Sav - iour's name, Dear to all that love Him;

If to Him you now re - turn, Heav'n will be pro - pi - tious;
 Still He cries, come un - to me, Wea - ry, hea - vy - la - den;
 He to save the dy - ing came, Go to Him and prove Him;

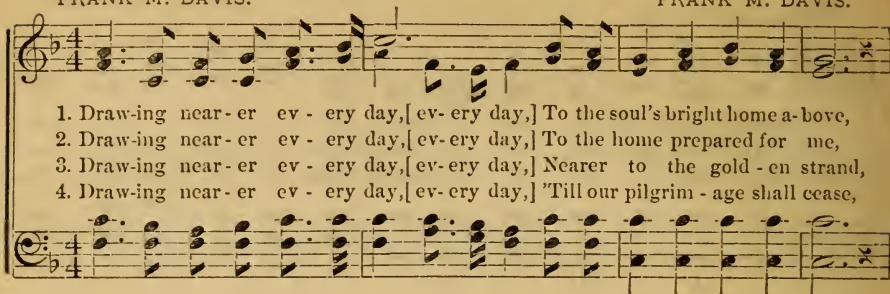
Je - sus now is pass - ing by, Call - ing wan - d'ers near Him;
 Tho' your sins, like moun - tains high, Rise and reach to heav - en,
 Wan - d'ring sin - ners, now re - turn, Con - trite souls, be - lieve Him,

Droop - ing souls, you need not die, Go to Him and hear Him.
 Soon as you on Him re - ly, All shall be for - giv - en.
 Je - sus calls you, cease to mourn, Wor - ship Him, re - ceive Him.

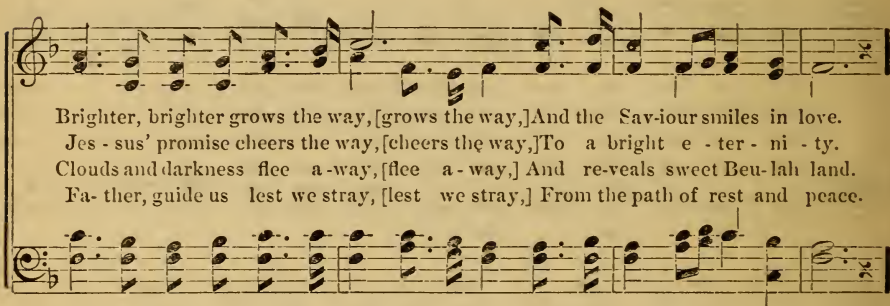
"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you."—Num. x: 29.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

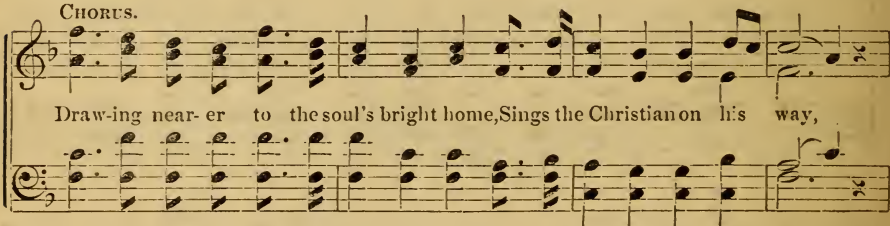


1. Draw-ing near-er ev-ery day, [ev-ery day,] To the soul's bright home a-bove,
 2. Draw-ing near-er ev-ery day, [ev-ery day,] To the home prepared for me,
 3. Draw-ing near-er ev-ery day, [ev-ery day,] Nearer to the gold-en strand,
 4. Draw-ing near-er ev-ery day, [ev-ery day,] 'Till our pilgrim-age shall cease,

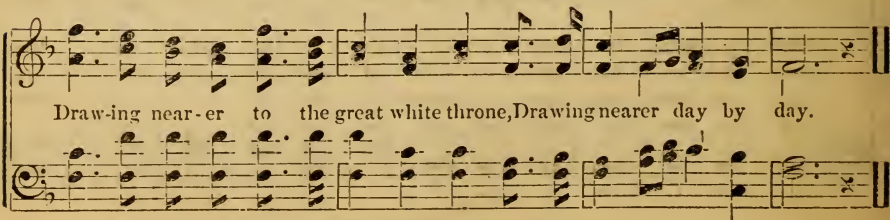


Brighter, brighter grows the way, [grows the way,] And the Sav-iour smiles in love.
 Jes-sus' promise cheers the way, [cheers the way,] To a bright e-ter-ni-ty.
 Clouds and darkness flee a-way, [flee a-way,] And re-veals sweet Beau-lah land.
 Fa-ther, guide us lest we stray, [lest we stray,] From the path of rest and peace.

CHORUS.



Draw-ing near-er to the soul's bright home, Sings the Christian on his way,



Draw-ing near-er to the great white throne, Drawing nearer day by day.

No. 29.

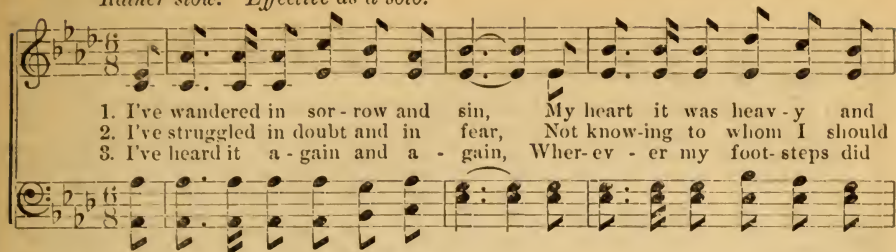
WHO CAN IT BE?

"A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. xviii: 24.


W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

Rather slow. Effective as a solo.

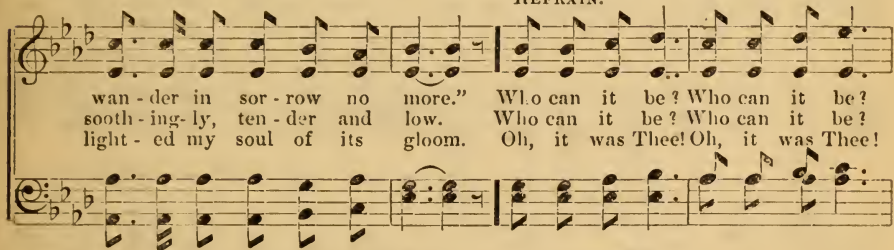


1. I've wandered in sor-row and sin, My heart it was heav-y and
 2. I've struggled in doubt and in fear, Not know-ing to whom I should
 3. I've heard it a-gain and a-gain, Wher-ev - er my foot-steps did

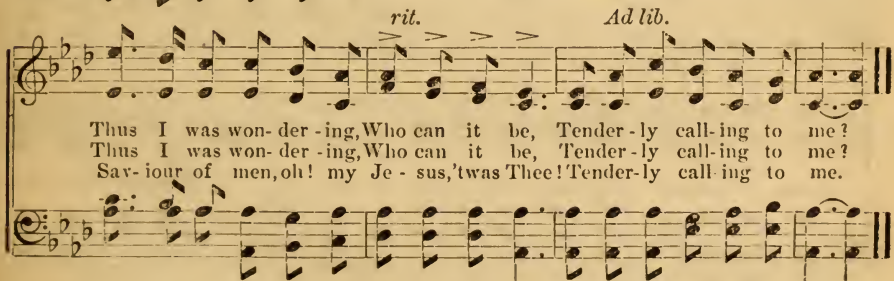


sore, I heard a voice say - ing, "A - rise, and come in, Oh!
 go, I heard a voice say - ing, "Son, be of good cheer," So
 roam, It melt - ed my heart with its pit - y - ing strain, It

REFRAIN.



wan - der in sor - row no more." Who can it be? Who can it be?
 sooth - ing - ly, ten - der and low. Who can it be? Who can it be?
 light - ed my soul of its gloom. Oh, it was Thee! Oh, it was Thee!



rit. *Ad lib.*
 Thus I was won - der - ing, Who can it be, Tender - ly call - ing to me?
 Thus I was won - der - ing, Who can it be, Tender - ly call - ing to me?
 Sav - iour of men, oh! my Je - sus, 'twas Thee! Tender - ly call - ing to me.

4 I turned to my Father above,
 I read of His promises sure,
 I thought of my Saviour, His cross and His
 love,
 And, oh! what a Friend I found there!
 REF.—Oh! what a Friend!
 Oh! what a Friend!
 Saviour of men thou hast been unto me,
 Saviour thou'st been unto me.

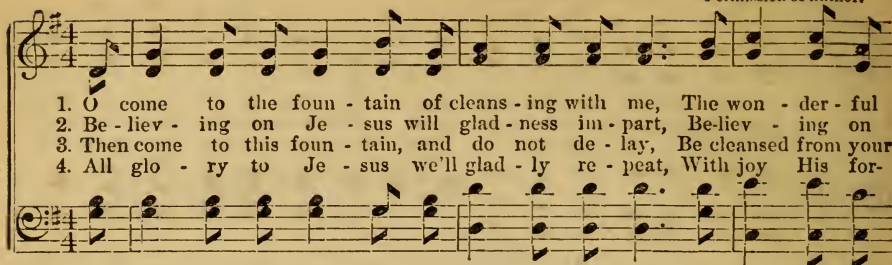
5 I'm groping in darkness no more,
 His glory illumines my way,
 I'm walking by faith, and His promises are
 My solace and joy every day.
 REF.—Yes, every day!
 Yes, every day!
 Jesus of Nazareth lighteth my way,
 Jesus now lighteth my way.

"A fountain opened to the house of David."—Zec. xlii: 1.

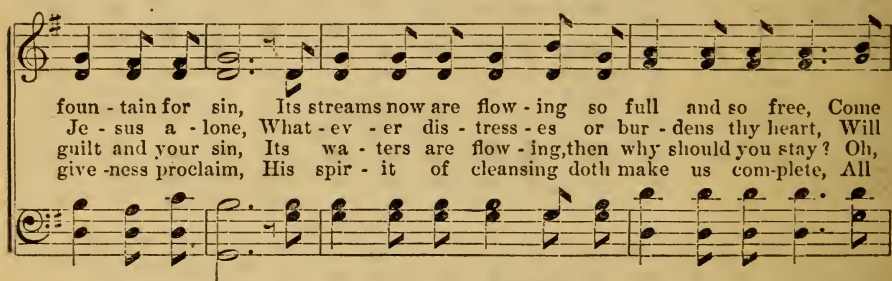
REV. S. F. HARMER.

J. H. LESLIE.

Permission of author.

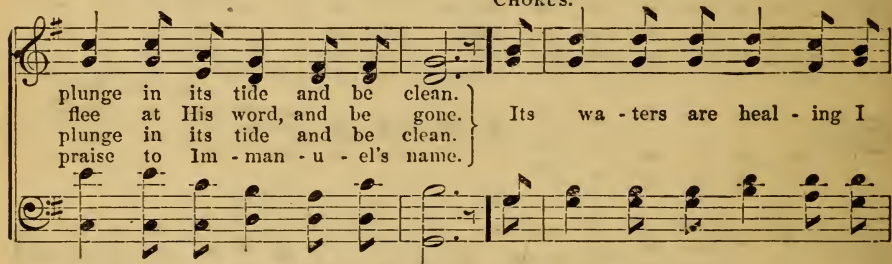


1. O come to the foun - tain of cleans - ing with me, The won - der - ful
 2. Be - liev - ing on Je - sus will glad - ness im - part, Be - liev - ing on
 3. Then come to this foun - tain, and do not de - lay, Be cleansed from your
 4. All glo - ry to Je - sus we'll glad - ly re - peat, With joy His for -



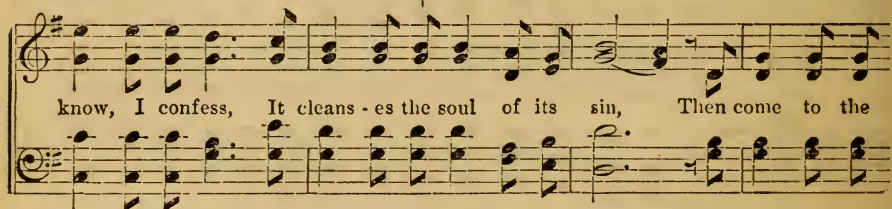
foun - tain for sin, Its streams now are flow - ing so full and so free, Come
 Je - sus a - lone, What - ev - er dis - tress - es or bur - dens thy heart, Will
 guilt and your sin, Its wa - ters are flow - ing, then why should you stay? Oh,
 give - ness proclaim, His spir - it of cleansing doth make us com - plete, All

CHORUS.

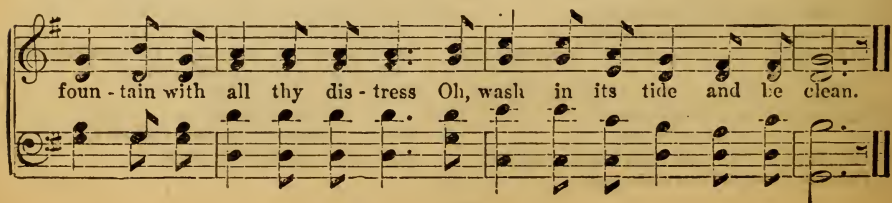


plunge in its tide and be clean.
 flee at His word, and be gone.
 plunge in its tide and be clean.
 praise to Im - man - u - el's name.

Its wa - ters are heal - ing I



know, I confess, It cleans - es the soul of its sin, Then come to the



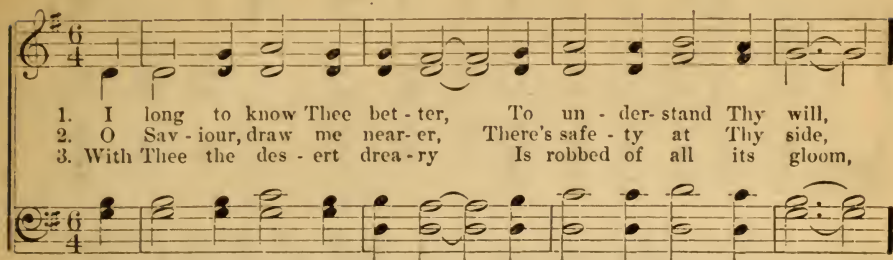
foun - tain with all thy dis - tress Oh, wash in its tide and be clean.

No. 31. I LONG TO KNOW THEE BETTER.

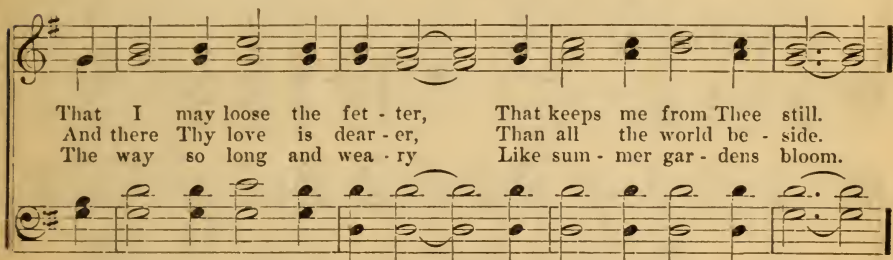
"Whom to know aright is life eternal."

MRS. M. L. DAVIDSON.

J. H. FILLMORE.

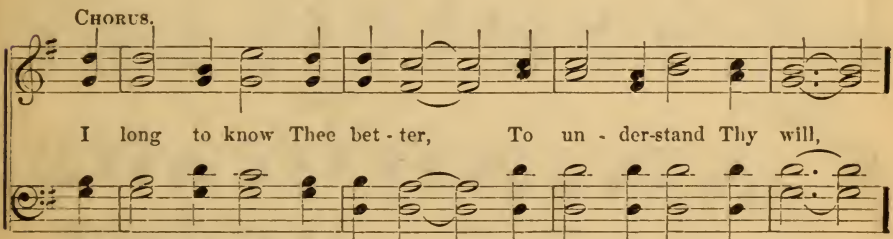


1. I long to know Thee bet - ter, To un - der - stand Thy will,
 2. O Sav - iour, draw me near - er, There's safe - ty at Thy side,
 3. With Thee the des - ert drea - ry Is robbed of all its gloom,

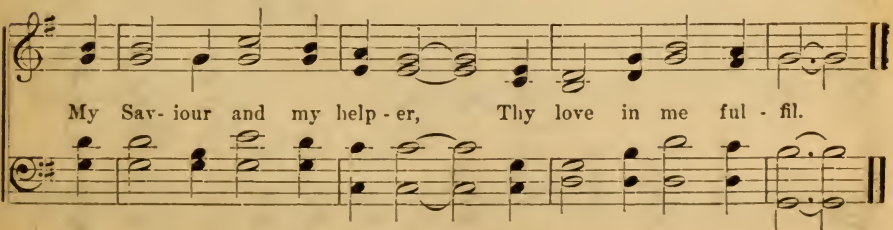


That I may loose the fet - ter, That keeps me from Thee still.
 And there Thy love is dear - er, Than all the world be - side.
 The way so long and wea - ry Like sum - mer gar - dens bloom.

CHORUS.



I long to know Thee bet - ter, To un - der - stand Thy will,



My Sav - iour and my help - er, Thy love in me ful - fil.

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No. 32.

SHALL I MEET YOU?

"The nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it."—Rev. xxi: 24.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Shall I meet you in the gol - den morn - ing, Shall I
 2. Shall I meet you in the gol - den morn - ing, In the
 3. Shall I meet you in the gol - den morn - ing, With the

meet you on the heav'nly plain? Where ce - les - tial light the saints a
 presence of the GREAT I AM? Shall we join the friends in shin - ing
 ran - somed up the plains of light? Shall our voi - ces swell the song e -

dorn - ing, Shows the glo - ry of a Sav - iour slain?
 rai - ment, Thro' the cleansing blood of Christ the Lamb?
 ter - nal, With the shin - ing ones ar - rayed in white?

CHORUS.
DUET.

TUTTI.

Shall I meet you, Shall I meet you, In the sweet and blessed by-and -

by ? by - and - by ? Shall I meet you, Shall I
 Shall I meet you by - and - by, Shall I

SHALL I MEET YOU.

meet you by - and - by, In the hap - py land be - yond the sky?

No. 33. KNOCKING, KNOCKING.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." — Rev. iii: 20.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Knocking, knocking, Who is there? Knocking, knocking, Oh, how fair!
 2. Knocking, knocking, Lingers He, Knocking, knocking, Patiently.
 3. Knocking, knocking, Still He's there, Knocking, knocking, Wondrous fair.

a tempo.
 'Tis the Sav - iour, wait - ing, plead - ing, At thy heart He's
 O my soul, why still de - ny Him? O my soul, why
 Not in vain, Lord, art Thou beat - ing, At my sin - ful

in - ter - ced - ing; O trou - bled soul, He can make thee whole.
 cru - ci - fy Him? O trou bled heart, Let Him not de - part.
 heart en - treat - ing, Tho' I'm un - clean, Sav - iour, en - ter in.


No. 34.

VICTORY, VICTORY!

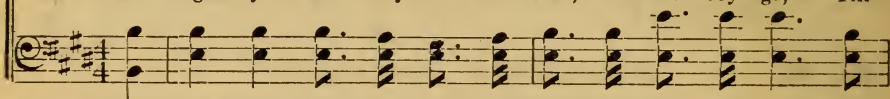

"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 John v: 4.

MRS. A. L. D.


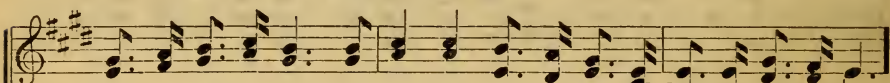
J. H. FILLMORE. By per.



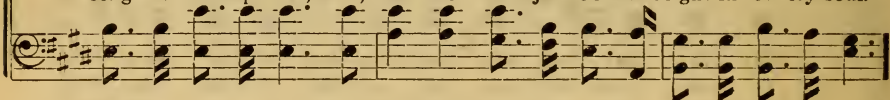
1. Whence comes this count - less host with ban - ners float - ing fair, Whose
 2. They heed not, tho' they walk where sin and sor - row stand, Nor
 3. Oh might - y ar - my of the Lord, to vic - t'ry go, 'Till

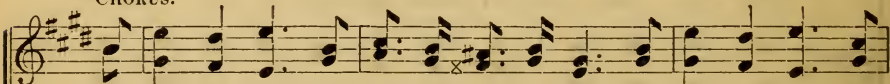
voi - ces chant the song that fills the hap - py air? Oh, these are they whose feet have
 fear when night draws near with death on ev'ry hand; O'er all the wait - ing world this
 ev - ery land shall hear and of the Saviour know; O'er ev - ery na - tion may the


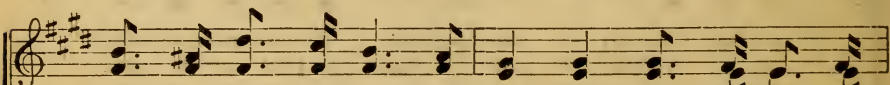
found the up - ward way, Up - on whose souls has shone the light of per - fect day.
 song of joy shall rise, Its thrill - ing strains shall reach the por - tals of the skies.
 song of triumph roll, Oh, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus reigns in ev - ery soul.



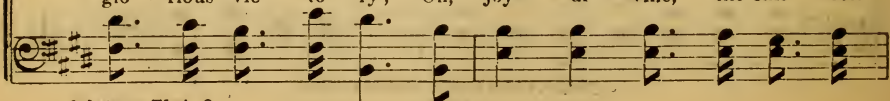
CHORUS.



And glad they sing, "In Christ shall ev - er be 'Thro' life and death the

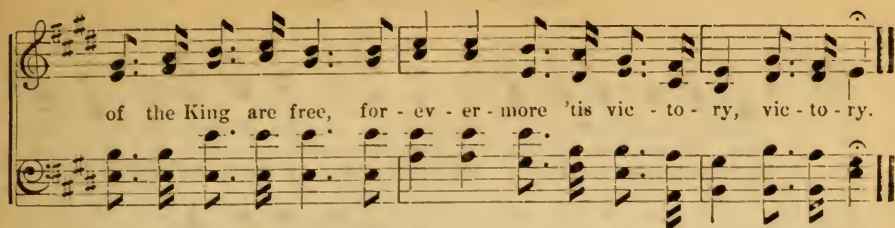



glo - rious vic - to - ry;" Oh, joy di - vine, the chil - dren



3rd stanza W. A. O.

VICTORY, VICTORY.



of the King are free, for - ev - er - more 'tis vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry.

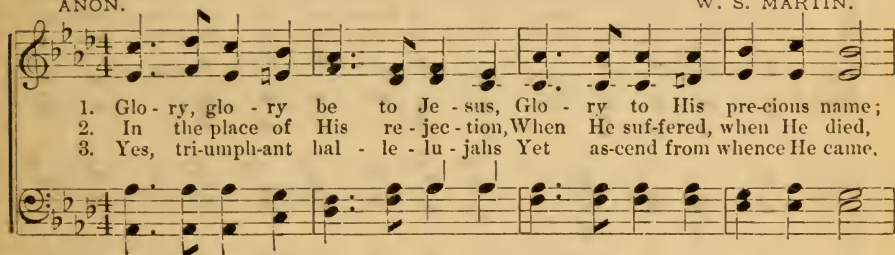
No. 35.

GLORY BE TO JESUS.

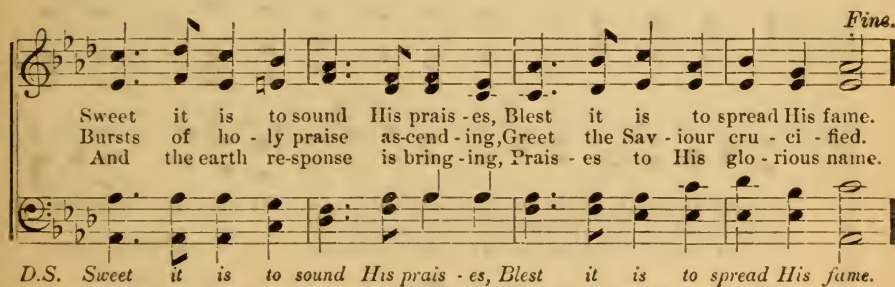
"Praise is comely for the upright."—Ps. xxxiii: 1.

ANON.

W. S. MARTIN.

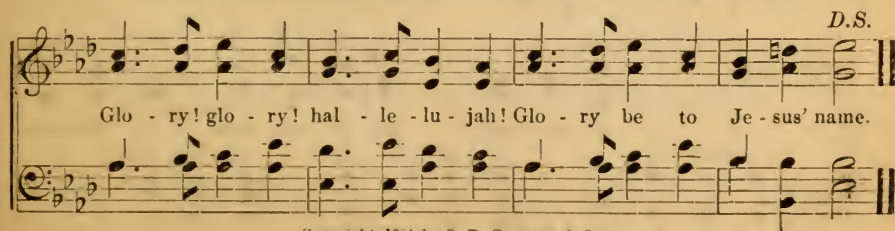


1. Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, Glo - ry to His pre-cious name;
2. In the place of His re - jec - tion, When He suf-fered, when He died,
3. Yes, tri-umph-ant hal - le - lu - jahs Yet as-cend from whence He came.



Fine.
Sweet it is to sound His prais - es, Blest it is to spread His fame.
Bursts of ho - ly praise as-cend - ing, Greet the Sav - iour cru - ci - fied.
And the earth re-sponse is bring - ing, Prais - es to His glo - rious name.

D.S. Sweet it is to sound His prais - es, Blest it is to spread His fame.

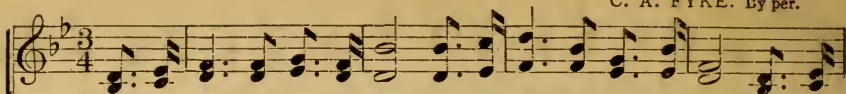


D.S.
Glo - ry! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry be to Je - sus' name.

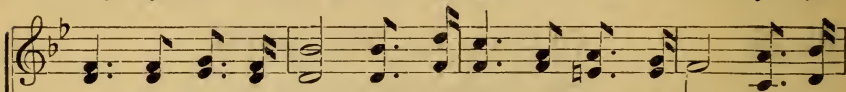
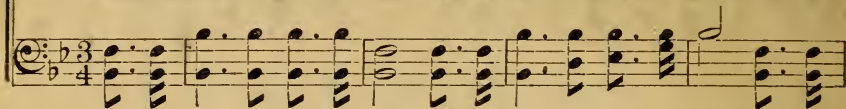
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"Conquerors through him that loved us."

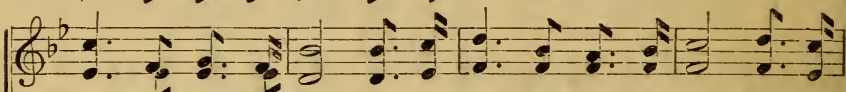
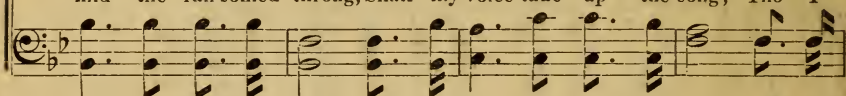
C. A. FYKE. By per.



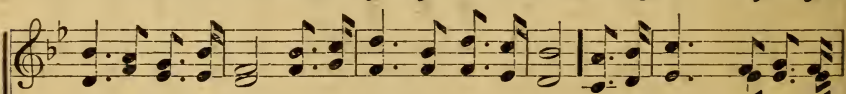
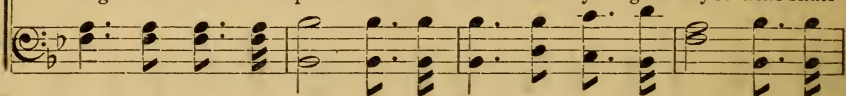
1. When the mar-tyred one I see, Think of all His love for me, Love that
 2. Bless - ed one, hear Thou my cry, Weak and worthless, Lord, am I; Noth - ing
 3. When this heart is stilled to rest, When I rise to meet the blest, When a -



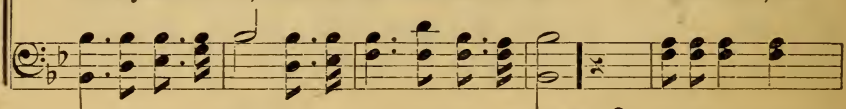
suf - fered grief and shame, Crown of thorns, and slander - ed name; See His
 from Thy hand I claim, No de - fence my lips can frame; Help me
 mid the ran - somed throng, Shall my voice take up the song; Tho' I



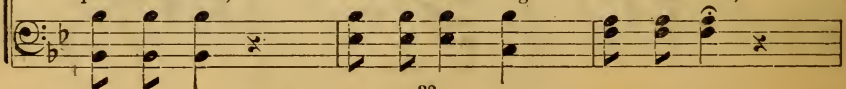
tears of an - guish flow, Shed for me, those tears I know: This must
 in Thy love to trust, Mer - ci - ful, and good, and just: Though a
 sing a Sav - iour's praise Thro' e - ter - ni - ty's glad days: This shall



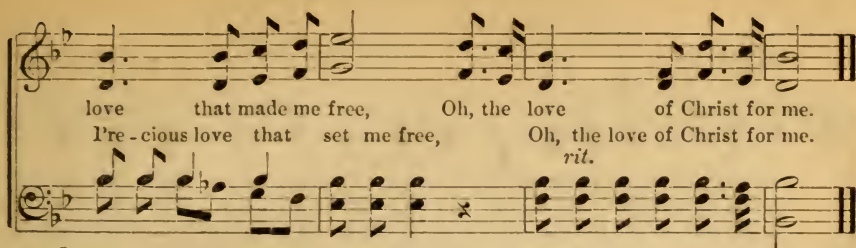
still my wonder be, That the Sav - iour died for me. In His love, His precious
 wonder still it be, That the Sav - iour died for me. In His love, His
 still my wonder be, That the Sav - iour died for me. In His love, His



love, I am rest - ing in His love, Precious
 pre - cious love, I am rest - ing in His love,



THE LOVE OF CHRIST.



love that made me free, Oh, the love of Christ for me.
 Pre-cious love that set me free, Oh, the love of Christ for me.
rit.

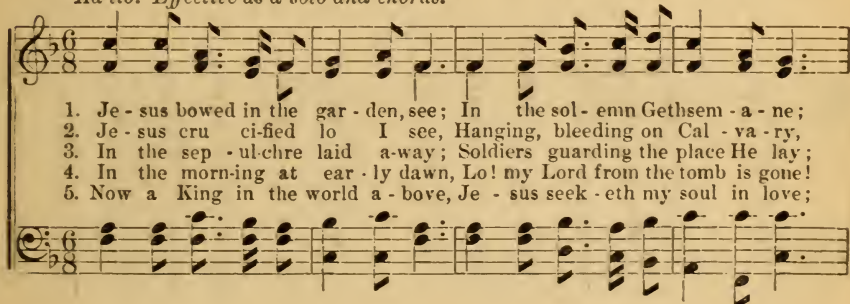
No. 37. 'Twas for Thee!

"Was crucified, dead and buried,—The third day he arose from the dead."—Apostle's Creed.

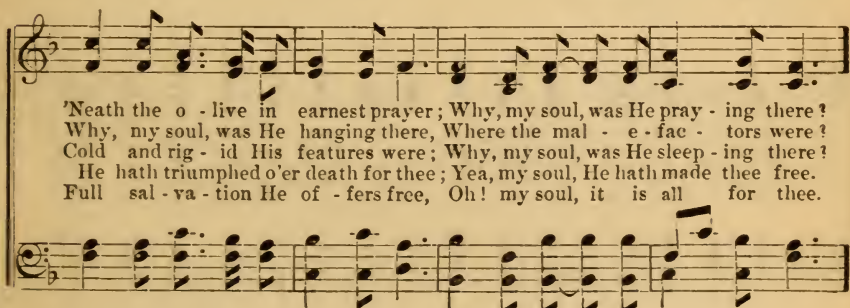
W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.

Ad lib. Effective as a solo and chorus.

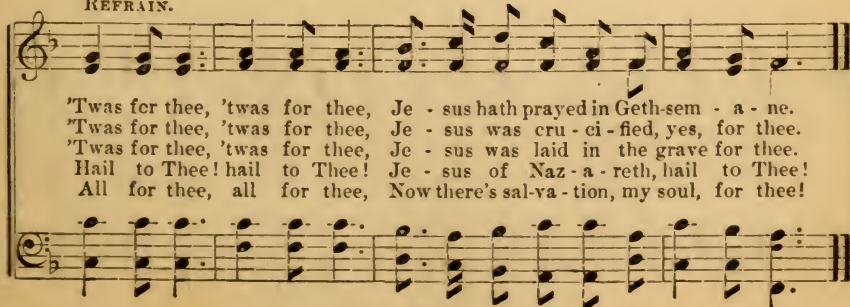


1. Je - sus bowed in the gar - den, see; In the sol - emn Gethsem - a - ne;
 2. Je - sus cru - ci - fied lo I see, Hanging, bleeding on Cal - va - ry,
 3. In the sep - ul - chre laid a - way; Soldiers guarding the place He lay;
 4. In the morn - ing at ear - ly dawn, Lo! my Lord from the tomb is gone!
 5. Now a King in the world a - bove, Je - sus seek - eth my soul in love;



'Neath the o - live in earnest prayer; Why, my soul, was He pray - ing there?
 Why, my soul, was He hanging there, Where the mal - e - fac - tors were?
 Cold and rig - id His features were; Why, my soul, was He sleep - ing there?
 He hath triumphed o'er death for thee; Yea, my soul, He hath made thee free.
 Full sal - va - tion He of - fers free, Oh! my soul, it is all for thee.

REFRAIN.

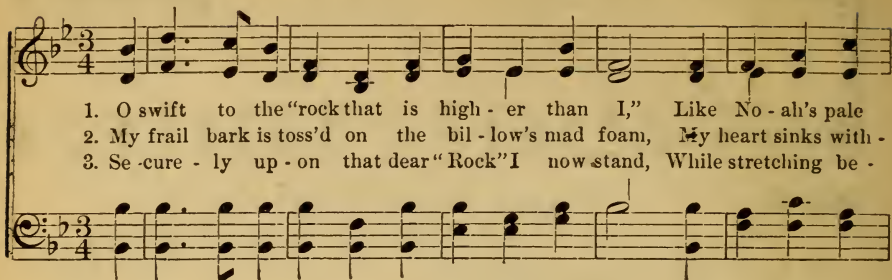


'Twas for thee, 'twas for thee, Je - sus hath prayed in Geth-sem - a - ne.
 'Twas for thee, 'twas for thee, Je - sus was cru - ci - fied, yes, for thee.
 'Twas for thee, 'twas for thee, Je - sus was laid in the grave for thee.
 Hail to Thee! hail to Thee! Je - sus of Naz - a - reth, hail to Thee!
 All for thee, all for thee, Now there's sal - va - tion, my soul, for thee!

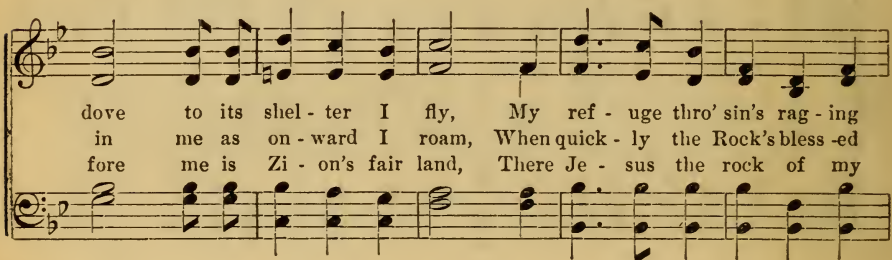
"His children shall have a place of refuge."—Prov. xiv: 26.

H. REYNOLDS.

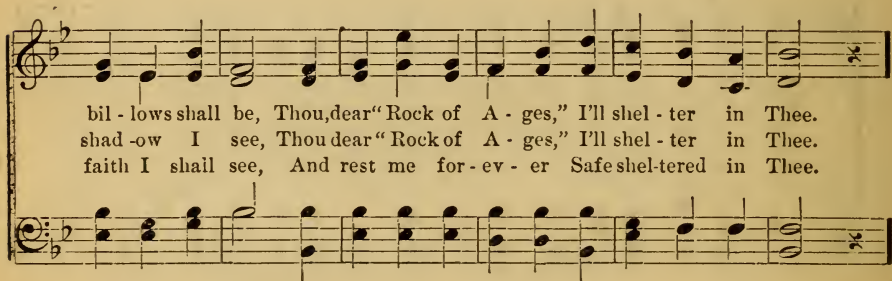
W. A. OGDEN.



1. O swift to the "rock that is high - er than I," Like No - ah's pale
 2. My frail bark is toss'd on the bil - low's mad foam, My heart sinks with -
 3. Se - cure - ly up - on that dear "Rock" I now stand, While stretching be -

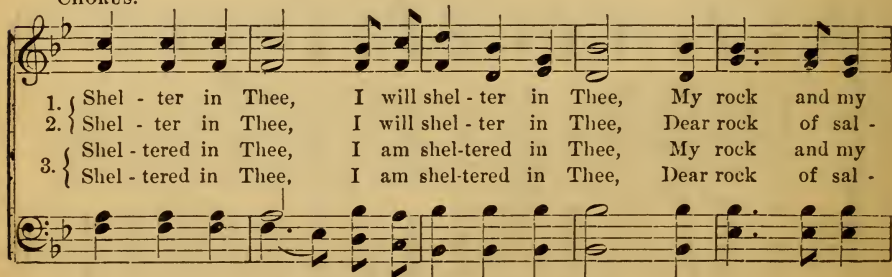


dove to its shel - ter I fly, My ref - uge thro' sin's rag - ing
 in me as on - ward I roam, When quick - ly the Rock's bless - ed
 fore me is Zi - on's fair land, There Je - sus the rock of my



bil - lows shall be, Thou, dear "Rock of A - ges," I'll shel - ter in Thee.
 shad - ow I see, Thou, dear "Rock of A - ges," I'll shel - ter in Thee.
 faith I shall see, And rest me for - ev - er Safe shel - tered in Thee.

CHORUS.



1. { Shel - ter in Thee, I will shel - ter in Thee, My rock and my
 2. { Shel - ter in Thee, I will shel - ter in Thee, Dear rock of sal -
 3. { Shel - tered in Thee, I am shel - tered in Thee, My rock and my
 { Shel - tered in Thee, I am shel - tered in Thee, Dear rock of sal -

SHELTERED IN THEE.

for - tress, for - ev - er Thou'lt be.
 va - tion, *Omit.* I'll shel - ter in Thee.
 for - tress, for - ev - er Thou'lt be.
 va - tion, *Omit.* I'm shel - tered in Thee.

[No. 39. JESUS MADE ME CLEAN.

"Thy sins are forgiven."—Luke vii: 48.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I had wan - dered far a - way And my heart was full of sin, But my
 2. Most unwor - thy I have been, And of sin - ners was the chief, Yet my
 3. I will praise Him ev - ery day, Of His mer - cies I will sing, At the

CHORUS
 darkness turned to day When my Sav - iour took me in. Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le -
 Sav - iour took me in, Gave my sin - sick soul re - lief.
 cross my all I lay, Lord, ac - cept my of - fer - ing.

lu - jah! To His fold He took me in, Je - sus washed and made me clean.

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"In thy presence is fulness of joy."—Ps. xvi: 11.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

JAS. M. NORTH.

Rather slow.

1. How te - dious and tasteless the hours When Je - sus no lon - ger I see,
 2. His name yields the richest per - fume, And sweeter than mu - sic His voice,
 3. Con - tent with be - hold - ing His face, My all to His pleasure re - signed,
 4. While blest with a sense of His love, A pal - ace a toy would ap - pear,

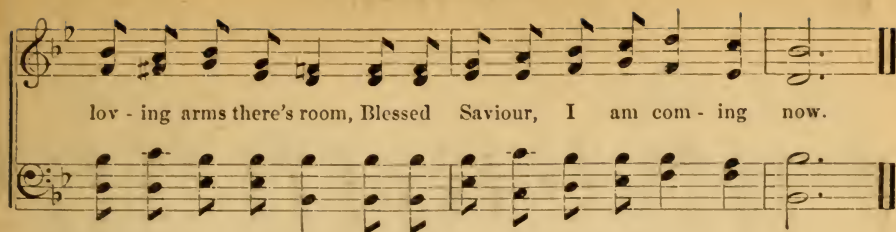
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me.
 His presence dis - pers - es my gloom, And makes all with - in me re - joice.
 No changes of sea - son or place, Would make an - y change in my mind.
 And pris - ons would pal - a - ces prove, If Je - sus would dwell with me there.

CHORUS.

Oh His name how I love;

Oh His name how I love, how I love, Name of

Je - sus, all oth - er names a - bove, . . . Oh, His mer - cy bids me come, In His



lov - ing arms there's room, Blessed Saviour, I am com - ing now.

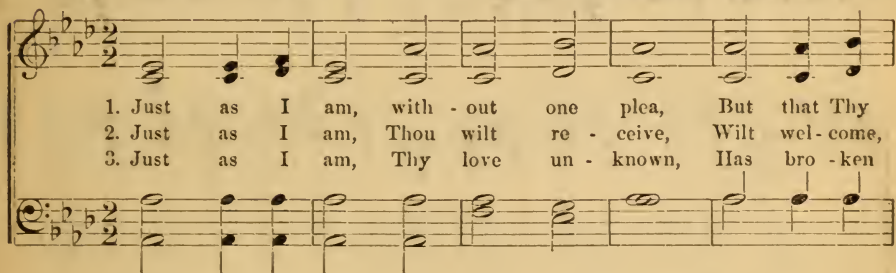
No. 41.

JUST AS I AM.

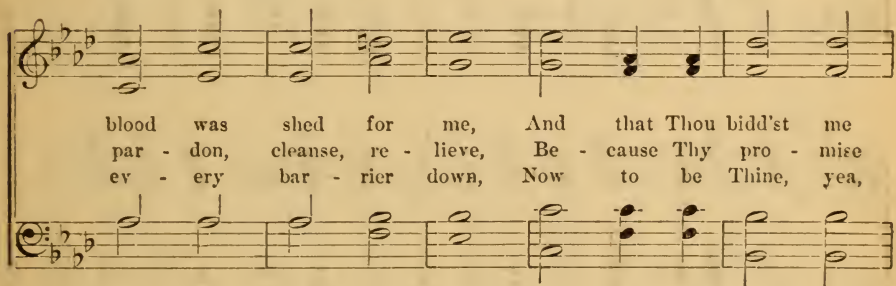
"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. vi: 2.

REV. CHAS. ELLIOTT.

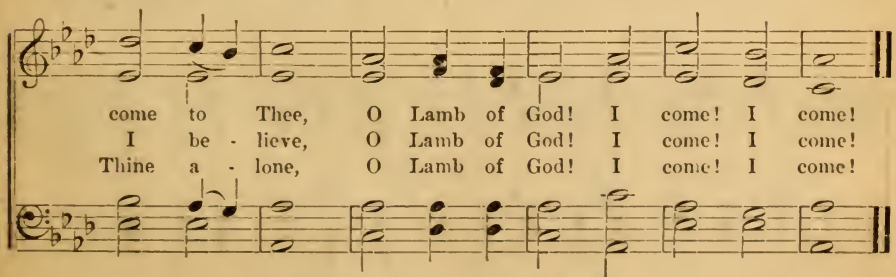
Arr. from DR. HCPKINS. By W. A. O.



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy
2. Just as I am, Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come,
3. Just as I am, Thy love un - known, Has bro - ken



blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
par - don, cleanse, re - lieve, Be - cause Thy pro - mise
ev - ery bar - rier down, Now to be Thine, yea,



come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
I be - lieve, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

"He is faithful that promised."—Heb. x : 23.

REV. E. H. STOKES.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. All the prom - is - es of Je - sus, All His bless - ed words di - vine,
 2. All His prom - is - es of par - don, Com - ing from the throne a - bove,
 3. All His prom - is - es of com - fort, Ev - ery prom - ise of re - lief,
 4. All His prom - is - es e - ter - nal, Hon - ored in the a - ges past,

All His prom - is - es of fa - vor, All are mine, for - ev - er mine,
 All His prom - is - es of cleans - ing, All His prom - is - es of love.
 All His prom - is - es of glad - ness, Prom - is - es of joy in grief.
 Bless - ed words of trust un - brok - en, Prom - is - es of heav'n at last.

REFRAIN.

All are mine, Oh, matchless mer - cy! Oh, how bound - less is the store.

All His prom - is - es of fa - vor, All are mine for - ev - er more.

From "SONGS OF TRIUMPH." By permission.

No. 43.

A CHILD OF THE KING.

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God."—Rom. viii: 16.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.

Andante.

1 Saved by His good-ness I am; I will tri-umph-ant-ly sing;
2. Tid-ings of grace I would tell; Tid-ings of love I will sing;
3. Glo-ry to God and the Lamb! Glo-ry to Je-sus I'll sing!

Washed in the blood of the Lamb, I am a child of the King.
An-thems of prais-es would swell; I am a child of the King.
Saved thro' His pro-mise I am; Yea, I'm a child of the King.

Though I have slighted His mer-cy and grace, Though I have
I at the moun-t of my sin stood a-ghast; Threat-en-ing
O the sweet com-fort in Je-sus I find! O the sweet

turn'd from His dear lov-ing face, Yet like a Shepherd my
clouds o'er my soul gathered fast; Je-sus of Naz-a-reth
peace and con-tent-ment of mind! I can see clear-ly, where

steps He did trace,— Now I'm a child of the King.
heard me at last,— Now I'm a child of the King.
once I was blind,— I am a child of the King.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts ii: 21.

MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

Arr. from KUCKEN.

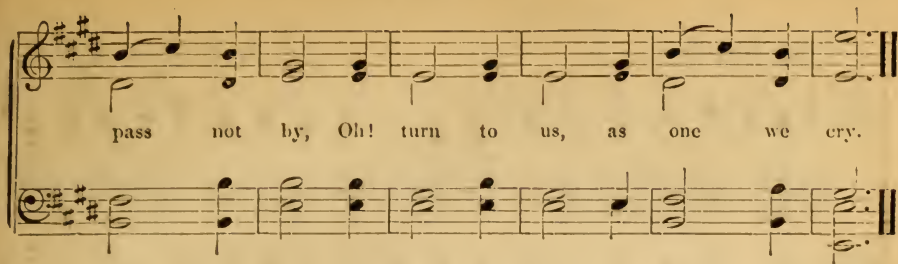
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pass not by, Lo! we join
 2. We have heard Thy foot - steps near, Pause, be - hold
 3. Pros - trate in Thy path we lie, Lest our ver -
 4. Lord, we can - not let Thee go; With us, now

as one to cry,— Lord, ful - fil Thy pro - mise now,
 the plead - ing tear; Je - sus, Sav - iour, come at last,
 y faith should die, To Thy gar - ments we will cling,
 Thy pres - ence show. Breathe, oh, breathe on us we pray,

Pour Thy spir - it while we bow, Pour Thy
 Lest in bless - ing we be passed, Lest in
 All our need be - fore Thee bring, All our
 Tar - ry not, Lord, come to - day, Tar - ry

REFRAIN.

spir - it while we bow.
 bless - ing we be passed.
 need be - fore Thee bring.
 not, Lord, come to - day. } Oh! pass not by, Lord,



pass not by, Oh! turn to us, as one we cry.

No. 45.

THE PERFECT REST.

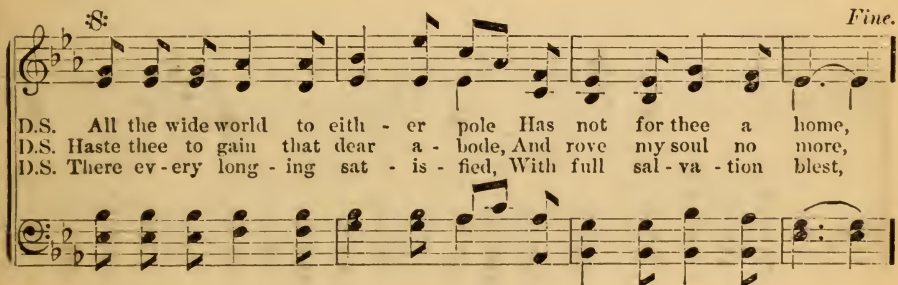
"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—Rev. iii: 8.

W. A. MULENBERG.

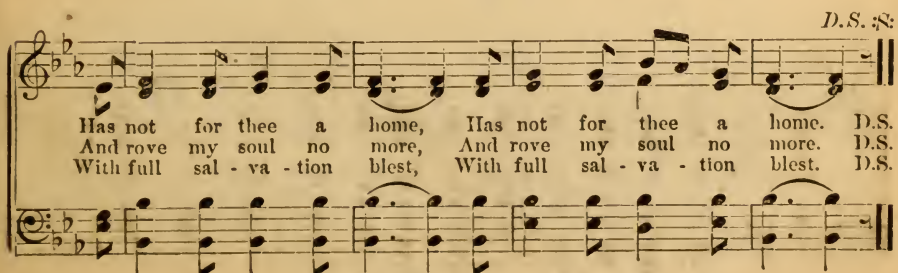
MARCUS O. MERRITT, CANADA.



1. O cease, my wan - d'ring soul, On rest - less wings to roam,
2. Be - hold the ark of God, Be - hold the o - pen door,
3. There safe shalt thou a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest,



Fine.
D.S. All the wide world to eith - er pole Has not for thee a home,
D.S. Haste thee to gain that dear a - bode, And rove my soul no more,
D.S. There ev - ery long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest,



D.S. ; 8:
Has not for thee a home, Has not for thee a home. D.S.
And rove my soul no more, And rove my soul no more. D.S.
With full sal - va - tion blest, With full sal - va - tion blest. D.S.

"And the Lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. xxi: 23.

THEO. HYATT.

JNO. R. SWENEY. By per.

1. My path is dark, I can - not see, No ray of light il - lumes my way;
 2. I'm burden'd, Lord, and sore oppress'd, I faint beneath my hea - vy load;
 3. I'm vile, Oh Lord, I'm ve - ry vile, And sin assails with might - y power;

A sweet voice whispers, "come to me," I hear my blest Re-deem - er say,
 But Je - sus says, "in me find rest," For all thy wea - ry pil - grim road.
 A whis - per comes, — a heavenly smile, "I'll cleanse thy heart this ve - ry hour."

CHORUS.

I am the light, I am the light, I am the light, yes, I am the light.
 I am the light, yes, I am the light. I am the light, yes, I am the light.

Oh! walk in the light, oh, walk in the light, Oh! walk in the light.

I AM THE LIGHT.

The vi-sions of bliss will break on thy sight, Break, break, break on thy sight,
Break, will break, will

And the path I shall lead will ev - er be bright, Ev - er, ev - er be bright.

No. 47.

KEEP ON PRAYING.

"Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray."—Ps. lv: 17.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Keep on praying, brother, press bravely on, Je-sus will aid you in the work be-gun.
2. Make your armor faith and prayer all the way, Trust in the promise of a bet-ter day.
3. Cling to Je-sus for your friend and your guide, Oh there is safety when He's by your side.

CHORUS.

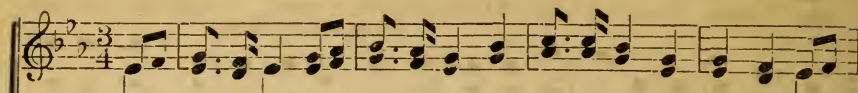
Keep on work-ing till the day is done, Keep on pray-ing till the crown is won.

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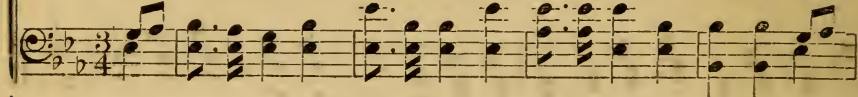

"I am the light of the world."— John ix: 5.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

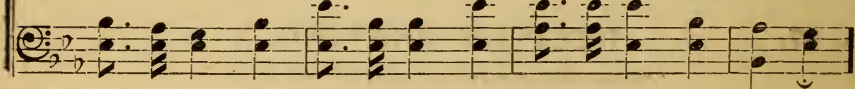
W. A. OGDEN. By per.



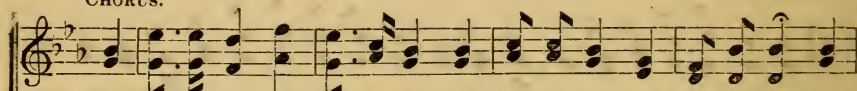
1. From Cal-va-ry, the precious light Of Je-sus' love is streaming; It
 2. Oh bright it shines from Calva-ry, The light of free sal-va-tion; May
 3 A lov-ing heart re-flects the light, And to the cross re- turning, By

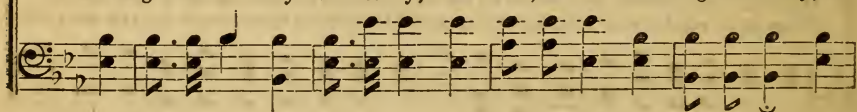
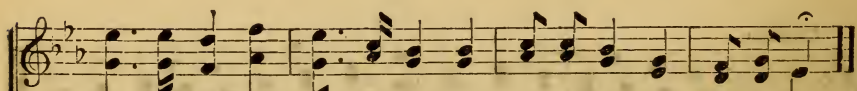
scat-ters far the dark-est night, Its rays on us are beaming.
 peace and joy its rays im-part To ev-ery land and na-tion.
 faith it wings its ra-pid flight, To where the stars are burn-ing.



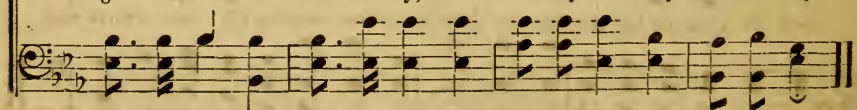
CHORUS.



The glories of thy vic-to-ry, Oh Christ, are seen more bright than day; Oh

light so true from Cal-va-ry, Shed o'er my soul thy sweetest ray.



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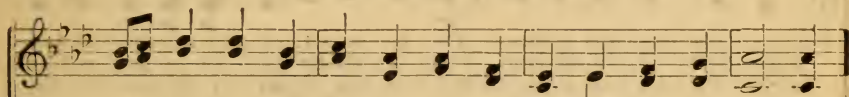
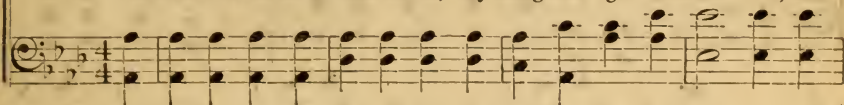
"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."—Ps. xxiii: 1.

HENRY W. BAKER. Arranged.

E. D. KECK.

Rather quick.

1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose goodness fail - eth nev - er; I
2. Where streams of living waters flow, My ransomed soul He lead - eth, And
3. In death's dark vale I'll fear no ill, My King will go be - side me, His



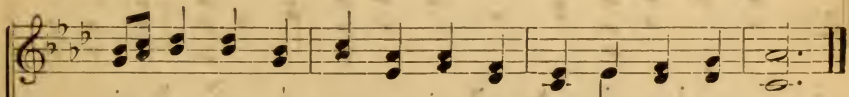
noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
 where the ver - dant pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 rod and staff my com - fort still, His cross be - fore to guide me.



CHORUS.



Then hail to the King! Right loy - al I will be. Through



ev - ery snare, with ten - der care, In love He guideth me.



"The Lord is my light and my salvation."

BISCHOFF.

By permission from GOSPEL BELLS.

1. The Lord is my light, then why should I fear? By day and by
 2. The Lord is my light, though clouds may a - rise; Faith, strong-er than
 3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength; I know in His
 4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in His

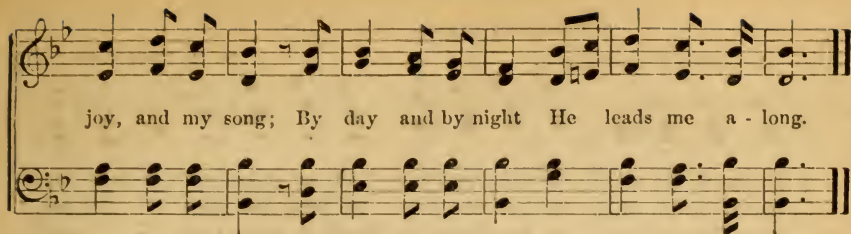
night His pres-ence is near; He is my sal - va - tion from sor-row and
 sight, looks up to the skies, Where Je - sus for-ev - er in glo - ry doth
 might I'll con-quer at length; My weak-ness in mer - cy He cov - ers with
 sight no dark-ness at all; He is my Re-deem - er, my Sav-iour and

sin; This bless - ed per - sua - sion the Spir - it brings in.
 reign; Then how can I ev - er in dark-ness re-main?
 pow'r, And walk - ing by faith He saves me each hour.
 King; With saints and with an - gels His prais - es I sing.

CHORUS.

The Lord is my light, my joy, and my song; By day and by

night He leads me a - long; The Lord is my light, my



joy, and my song; By day and by night He leads me a - long.

No. 51.

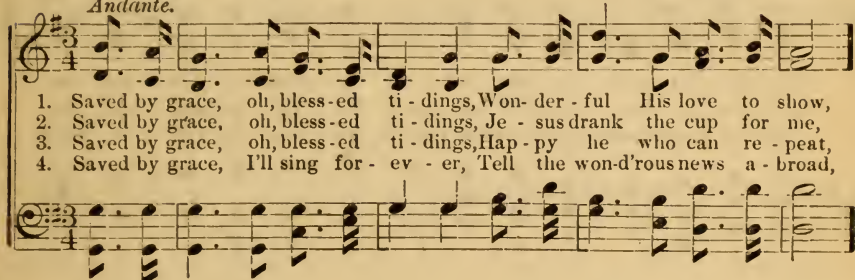
SAVED BY GRACE.

"By grace we are saved."—Eph. ii: 8.

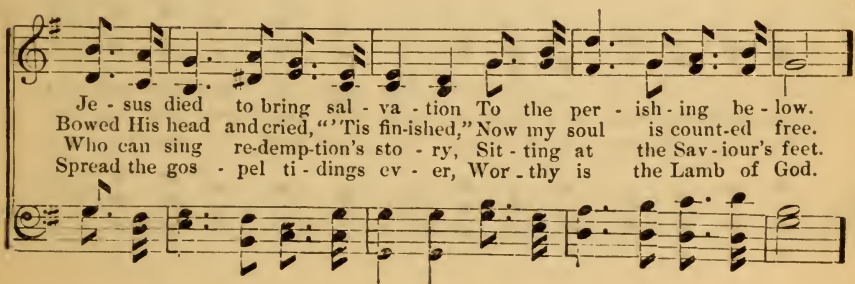
W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

Andante.

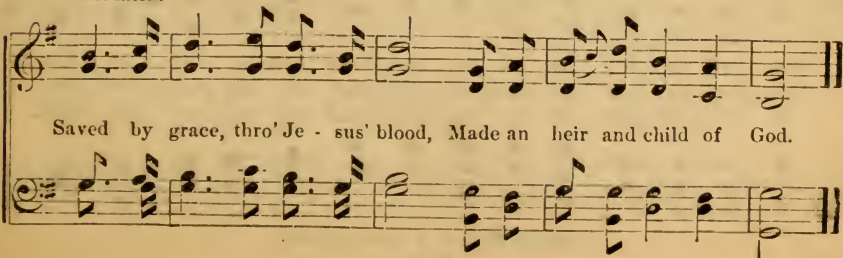


1. Saved by grace, oh, bless-ed ti - dings, Won - der - ful His love to show,
 2. Saved by grace, oh, bless-ed ti - dings, Je - sus drank the cup for me,
 3. Saved by grace, oh, bless-ed ti - dings, Hap - py he who can re - peat,
 4. Saved by grace, I'll sing for - ev - er, Tell the won-d'rous news a - broad,



Je - sus died to bring sal - va - tion To the per - ish - ing be - low.
 Bowed His head and cried, "'Tis fin - ished," Now my soul is count - ed free.
 Who can sing re - demp - tion's sto - ry, Sit - ting at the Sav - iour's feet.
 Spread the gos - pel ti - dings ev - er, Wor - thy is the Lamb of God.

REFRAIN.

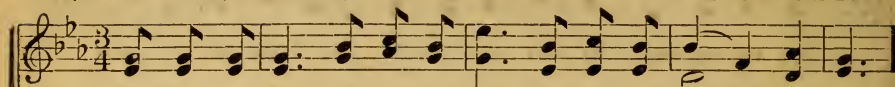


Saved by grace, thro' Je - sus' blood, Made an heir and child of God.

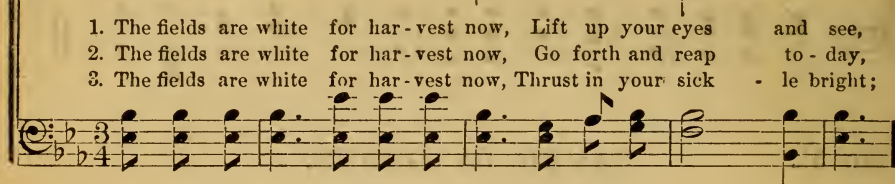
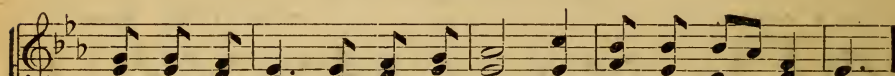
"Go work in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi: 28.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

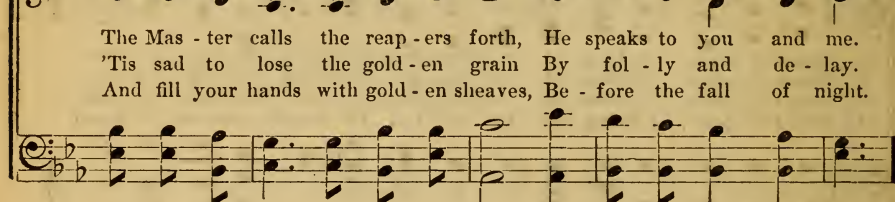
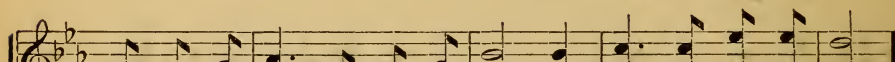
N. E. TOWNSEND.



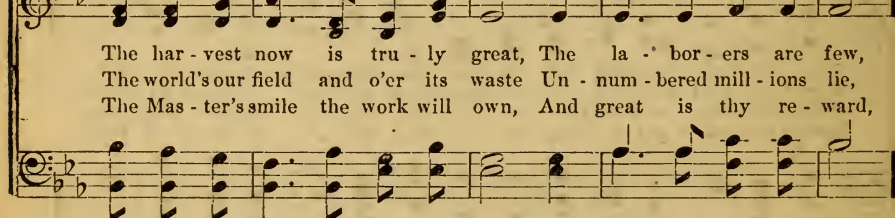

1. The fields are white for har-vest now, Lift up your eyes and see,
 2. The fields are white for har-vest now, Go forth and reap to-day,
 3. The fields are white for har-vest now, Thrust in your sick - le bright;

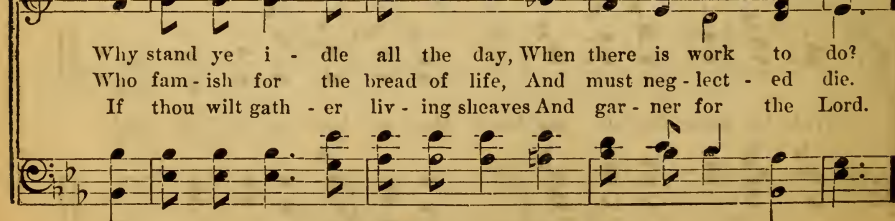
The Mas - ter calls the reap - ers forth, He speaks to you and me.
 'Tis sad to lose the gold - en grain By fol - ly and de - lay.
 And fill your hands with gold - en sheaves, Be - fore the fall of night.

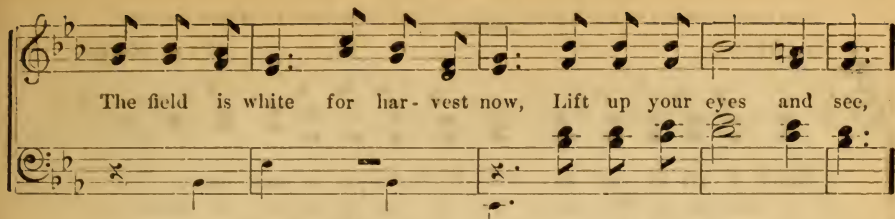
The har - vest now is tru - ly great, The la - bor - ers are few,
 The world's our field and o'er its waste Un - num - bered mill - ions lie,
 The Mas - ter's smile the work will own, And great is thy re - ward,

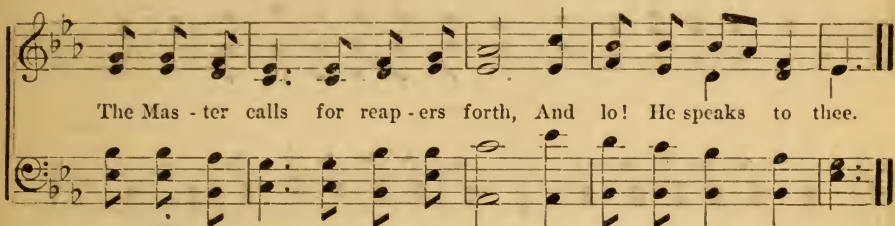
Why stand ye i - dle all the day, When there is work to do?
 Who fam - ish for the bread of life, And must neg - lect - ed die.
 If thou wilt gath - er liv - ing sheaves And gar - ner for the Lord.



THE FIELDS ARE WHITE.



The field is white for har-vest now, Lift up your eyes and see,



The Mas-ter calls for reap-ers forth, And lo! He speaks to thee.

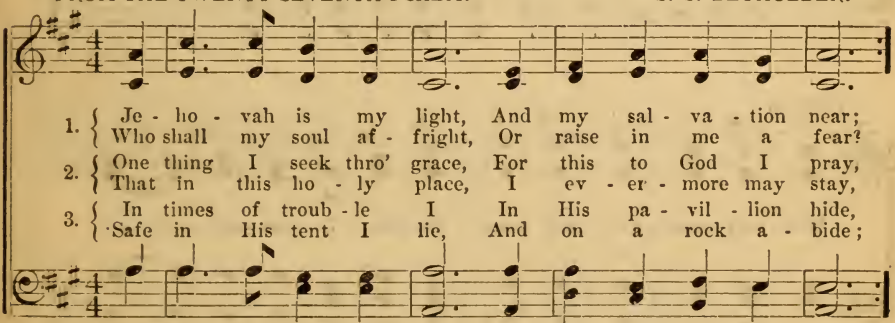
No. 53.

JEHOVAH IS MY LIGHT.

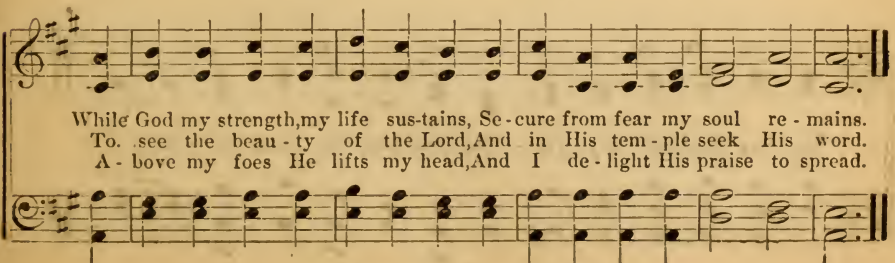
"I am the light of the world."—John ix: 5.

FROM THE TWENTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

S. S. BLYHOLDER.



1. { Je - ho - vah is my light, And my sal - va - tion near;
 { Who shall my soul af - fright, Or raise in me a fear?
 2. { One thing I seek thro' grace, For this to God I pray,
 { That in this ho - ly place, I ev - er - more may stay,
 3. { In times of troub - le I In His pa - vil - lion hide,
 { Safe in His tent I lie, And on a rock a - bide;

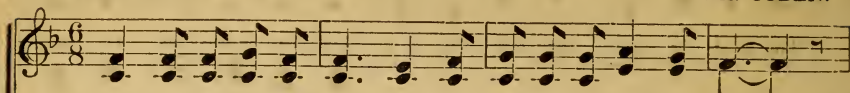


While God my strength, my life sus-tains, Se-cure from fear my soul re-mains.
 To see the beau-ty of the Lord, And in His tem-ple seek His word.
 A-bove my foes He lifts my head, And I de-light His praise to spread.

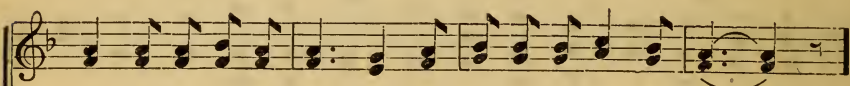
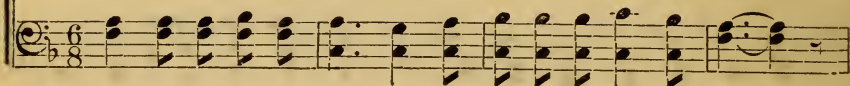
"I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth in me should not abide in darkness."
John xii: 46.

W. A. OGDEN.

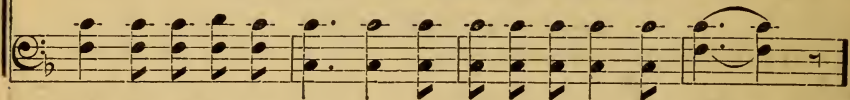
W. A. OGDEN.



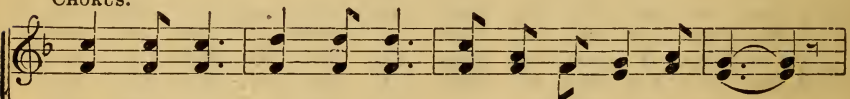
1. Blind I sit by the way - side, While Je - sus is pass - ing by. . .
2. I would go to Him glad - ly, If on - ly the way I knew,
3. If the hem of His gar - ment I touch, He will make me whole;



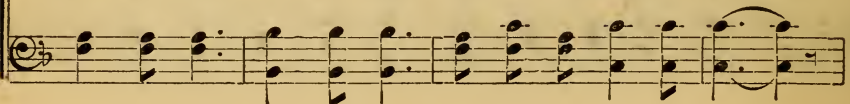
Who will help me to find Him, That I to His arms may fly? . . .
For I've heard that He's lov - ing, And ten - der, and kind and true. . .
Then His love and His glo - ry Will glad - den my wea - ry soul. . .



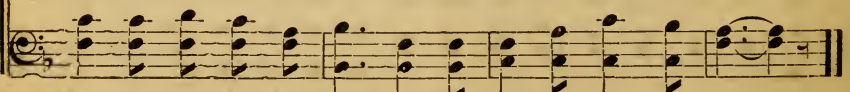
CHORUS.



Who will come? who will come? Saviour, I can - not see; . .



Sin has blind - ed my vis - ion, Come hith - er, Lord, to me. . .



"Yet there is room."—Luke xiv: 22.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

SAMUEL CAPPER.
Manchester, Eng.

1. Wel - come to a throne of grace, Wel - come, wel - come there,
 2. Wel - come to a throne of grace, With your ear - nest prayer,
 3. Wel - come to our Fa - ther's house, Wel - come, wel - come there,

D.C. Wel - come to a throne of grace, Wel - come, wel - come there.

Where the friends of Je - sus meet, Where they bow in prayer;
 Where re - pent - ant souls are found, Ev - er wel - come there;
 Where our ris - en Sav - iour's gone, Man - sions to pre - pare

Where the friends of Je - sus meet, Where they bow in prayer.

Where He shows His smil - ing face, Where His saints re - joice,
 Kind - ness for the Sav - iour's sake, Free - ly we ex - tend,
 For the ran - somed when they come, With the voice of song,

Where in songs of love and praise, They lift up their voice.
 Sym - pa - thy of Chris - tian hearts, Hand of friend to friend.
 And through ev - er - last - ing years, Notes of praise pro - long.

"Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost."—LUKE XV: 6.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Seek - ing the lost, yes, kind ly en treat - ing Wan - der - ers
 2. Seek - ing the lost, and point - ing to Je - sus, Souls that are
 3. Thus I would go on mis - sions of mer - cy, Fol - low ing

on the mountain a - stray;" "Come un - to me," His mes - sage re -
 weak, and hearts that are sore; Lead - ing them forth in ways of sal -
 Christ from day un - to day; Cheering the faint, and raising the

peat - ing, Words of the Mas - ter speak - ing to - day.
 va - tion, Show - ing the path to life ev - er - more.
 fal - len; Pointing the lost to Je - sus the way.

CHORUS, WITH BASS SOLO.

Go - ing a - far up - on the mountain,
 Going a - far . . . upon the moun - tain, Bringing the

Bringing the wan - d'r'er back a - gain, back a - gain.
 wan - d'r'er back a - gain.

In - to the fold of my Re-deem - er,
In - to the fold of my Re-deem - er, Je-sus the

Je - sus, the Lamb for sin - ners slain, for sin - ners slain.
Lamb, for sin - ners slain.

No. 57.

CHEER THEE.

"Be not far from me for there is none to help."—Ps. cxli: 11.

ARRANGED.

1. God is near thee, There - fore cheer thee, Sad soul, sad soul;
2. Calm thy sad - ness, Look in glad - ness, On high, on high;
3. Mark the sea - bird Wild - ly wheel - ing, Thro' skies, thro' skies;
4. There - fore cheer thee, God is near thee, sad soul, sad soul;

He'll de - fend thee, When a - round thee Bil - lows roll, bil - lows roll.
Faint and wea - ry Pil - grim cheer thee, Help is nigh, help is nigh.
God de - fends him, God at - tends him When he cries, when he cries.
In thy blind - ness, Trust His kind - ness, When storms roll o'er thy soul.

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"The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

J. L. ORR.

J. L. ORR. By per.

1. I have drank of the wa - ter of life, I've been wash'd in the sin-cleansing flood ;
 2. I have tast - ed the pleasures of sin, But they quenched not the thirst of my soul,
 3. Now, at peace with my Saviour and God, I am bound for the ev - ergreen shore.

Christ hath pit - ied my weakness, and pardoned my sin, Wash'd me white in His own
 Then I came to the stream of sal - va - tion and drank, And my heart from that mo -
 I am saved by His grace and redeemed by His blood, Hal - le - lu - jah to God

CHORUS.

precious blood. } I've been wash'd in the blood, And sal -
 ment was whole. }
 ev - er - more. } I've been wash'd in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb, And sal -

va - tion I've found in His name, And my sin - stain - ed soul He hath

FROM "SING THE GOSPEL."

made white as snow, I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

No. 59. WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM.

"We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."—1 John iii: 2.

W. T. GIFFE. By per.

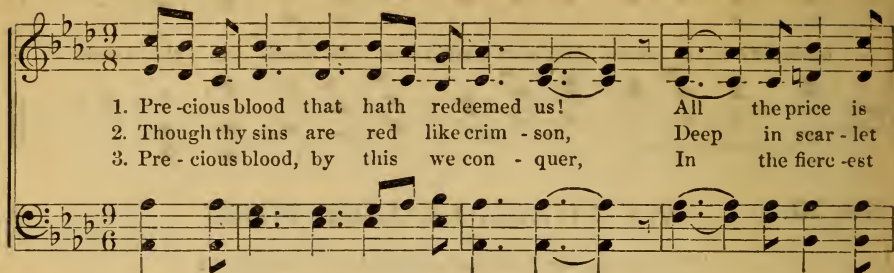
1. We shall be like Him, oh, beau - ti - ful thought, Well may our
 2. Af - ter the con - flict, in peace to sit down, Af - ter the
 3. This is the thought that from death takes the sting; Makes us tri -

glad souls with rap - ture be wrought, Af - ter the sor - rows, the
 cross to be wreathed with the crown; Af - ter the dust and the
 umph ant to meet and Thee sing; Glo - ry to God, when the

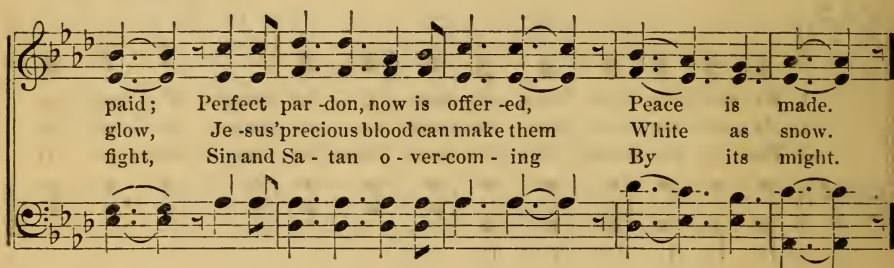
woe and the tears, We shall be like Him when Je - sus ap - pears.
 toil of the way, Like Him, and with Him for - ev - er to stay.
 Jor - dan is pass'd, We shall go home and be like Him at last.

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."—Heb. ix: 28.

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

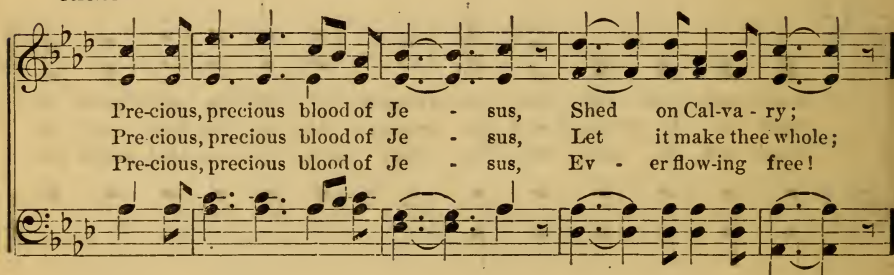


1. Pre-cious blood that hath redeemed us! All the price is
 2. Though thy sins are red like crim-son, Deep in scar-let
 3. Pre-cious blood, by this we con-quer, In the fierc-est

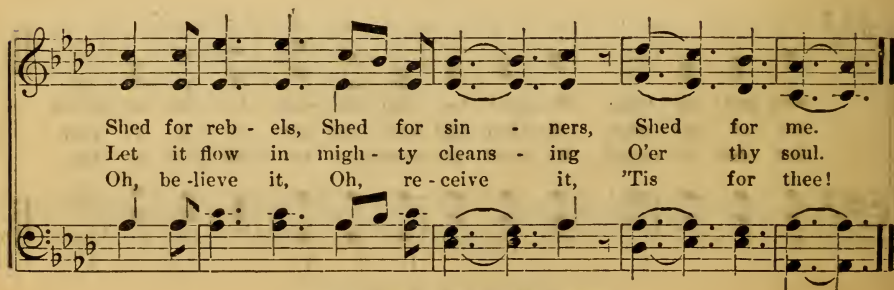


paid; Perfect par-don, now is offer-ed, Peace is made.
 glow, Je-sus' precious blood can make them White as snow.
 fight, Sin and Sa-tan o-ver-com-ing By its might.

CHORUS.




Pre-cious, precious blood of Je-sus, Shed on Cal-va-ry;
 Pre-cious, precious blood of Je-sus, Let it make thee whole;
 Pre-cious, precious blood of Je-sus, Ev-er flow-ing free!



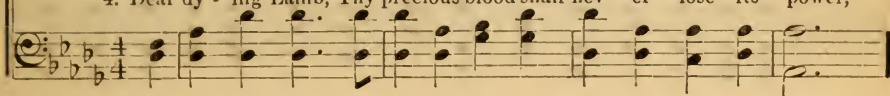

Shed for reb-els, Shed for sin-ners, Shed for me.
 Let it flow in migh-ty cleans-ing O'er thy soul.
 Oh, be-lieve it, Oh, re-ceive it, 'Tis for thee!

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

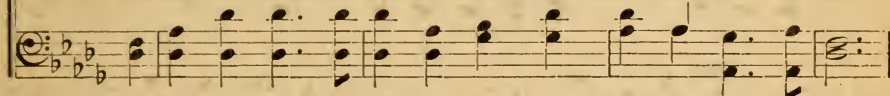
AIR FROM THE SCOTCH.




1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Imman-uel's veins;
 2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
 3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
 4. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood shall nev - er lose its power,


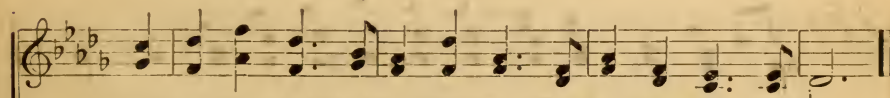
And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guil - ty stains.
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Re-deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Are saved to sin no more.




CHORUS.



The crim - son fount, the cleansing tide, Which now by faith I see

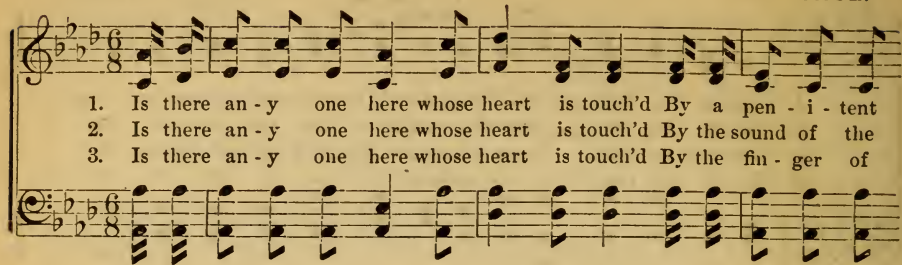
Fresh flow - ing from the Sav-iour's side, Was shed for you and me.



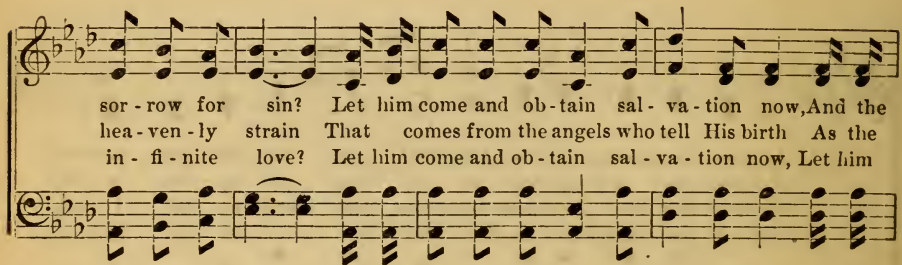
"I will cause you to dwell in this place."—Jas. vii : 3.

EDEN R. LATTA.

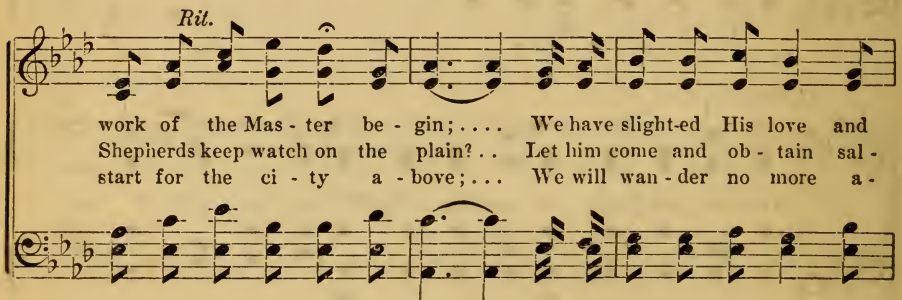
W. T. GIFFE.



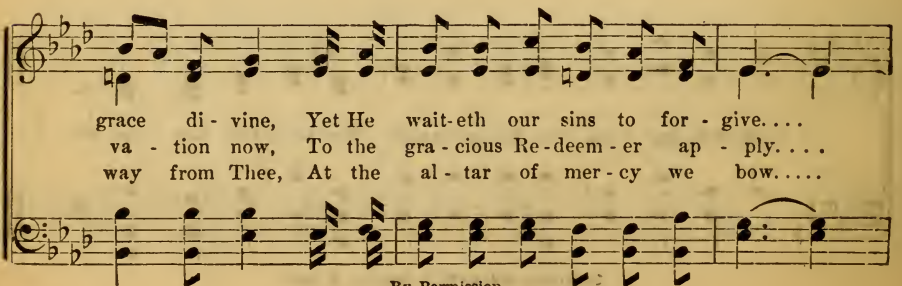
1. Is there an - y one here whose heart is touch'd By a pen - i - tent
 2. Is there an - y one here whose heart is touch'd By the sound of the
 3. Is there an - y one here whose heart is touch'd By the fin - ger of



sor - row for sin? Let him come and ob - tain sal - va - tion now, And the
 hea - ven - ly strain That comes from the angels who tell His birth As the
 in - fi - nite love? Let him come and ob - tain sal - va - tion now, Let him



Rit.
 work of the Mas - ter be - gin; . . . We have slight - ed His love and
 Shepherds keep watch on the plain? . . . Let him come and ob - tain sal -
 start for the ci - ty a - bove; . . . We will wan - der no more a -



grace di - vine, Yet He wait - eth our sins to for - give . . .
 va - tion now, To the gra - cious Re - deem - er ap - ply . . .
 way from Thee, At the al - tar of mer - cy we bow . . .

By Permission.

IS THERE ANY ONE HERE.

Rit.

He is call - ing you now with lov - ing voice, To ac - cept of His mer - cy and
Let him, cast - ing a - side his pride and fear, To the sin - ner's Be - thes - da draw.
In Thy pi - ty and love our sins for - give, We are coming, dear Lord, to Thee

CHORUS.

live.
nigh.
now.

Come oh come

Come to the Sav - iour, come, oh come,

Come oh come.

Come to the Sav - iour
Omit.

Pen - i - tent sin - ner, come.

now.

Come to the Sav - iour now.

"But Christ is all in all."—Col. iii: 11.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

E. D. KECK. By per.

1. Oh Christ, Thou art my sun and shield, My ref-uge and my source of grace,
 2. A home for wea-ry souls Thou art, A rock on which my faith I stay,
 3. Be - hold how man-i-fold my sins, Yet Thou for sin-ners came to die,

When earth-ly help-ers fail and flee, In Thee I find a hid-ing place.
 My Shep-herd and my right-eous-ness, Thou art my ev-er-last-ing way.
 Thy cross in wondrous beau-ty stands, An emblem of Thy vic-to-ry.

CHORUS.

I come to Thee, . . . I come to Thee, . . . In
 I come to Thee, I come to Thee,

sor-row and in deep dis-tress I come to Thee, . . . I come to
 I come to Thee,

SON OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Thee, . . . Thou bless - ed Son of Right - eous - ness.
I come to Thee,

[No. 64. STANDING, KNOCKING, PLEADING.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock," etc.—Rev. iii: 20.

W. W. HOW.

GEORGE BAKER.

1. O Sav - iour, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - closed door,
2. O Sav - iour, Thou art knock - ing; And lo! Thy hand is scarr'd,
3. O Sav - iour, Thou art plead - ing, In ac - cents meek and low,

Fine.
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To cross the thresh - old o'er:
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marr'd.
"I died for you, poor sin - ner, And will you treat me so?"

D.S. 1 O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there.
2 O sin, that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate.
3 Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.

D.S.
Shame on us guilt - y mor - tals, Who can His fa - vor share:
O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait,
O Lord, with shame and sor - row, We o - pen now the door,

"Put on the whole armor of God."—Eph. vi: 11.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

E. P. ANDREWS.

Vigorously.

1. Ar - my of the Lord's a - noint-ed, On-ward march! right on-ward march!
 2. Ar - my of the meek and low - ly, On-ward march! right on-ward march!
 3. Ar - my 'neath His bloodstained banner On-ward march! right on-ward march!

He your war-fare has ap - point-ed, On ward march! right onward march!
 In the footsteps of the ho - ly, On - ward march! right onward march!
 Shout a-loud and sing ho - san - na, On - ward march! right onward march!

With a step of gal-lant bear-ing, With a soul of no - ble dar-ing,
 In the love of Je - sus hid-ing, Look - ing up for heavenly guid-ing,
 Till o'er sin and death vic - to-rious, You have gained a tri-umph glo-rious,

Ev - ery toil and dan - ger shar-ing, On - ward march! right onward march!
 Ev - er-more in Christ a - bid - ing, On - ward march! right onward march!
 Join - ing in the conqueror's clo - rus, On - ward march! right onward march!

CALLENA FISK.

JOHN T. GRAPE. By per.

1. I stand all be-wil-dered with won-der, . . . And
 2. I strug-gled and wrest-led to win it,— . . . The
 3. He laid His hand on me and healed me, . . . And
 4. The Prince of my Peace is now pass-ing, . . . The

gaze on the o-cean of love, . . . And o-ver the waves of my
 bless-ing that set-teth me free, . . . But when I had ceased from my
 bade me be ev-ery whit whole, . . . I touched but the hem of His
 light of His face is on me, . . . But lis-ten, be-lov-ed, He

D.S. In Je-sus I'm hope-ful-ly

spir-it . . . Comes peace like a heav-en-ly dove. . . .
 strug-gles, . . . His peace Je-sus gave un-to me. . . .
 gar-ment, . . . And glo-ry came thrill-ing my soul. . . .
 speak-eth, . . . "My grace I will give un-to thee." . . .

trust-ing, My will is the will of the Lord. . . .

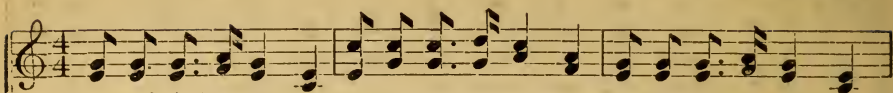
CHORUS.

D.S.

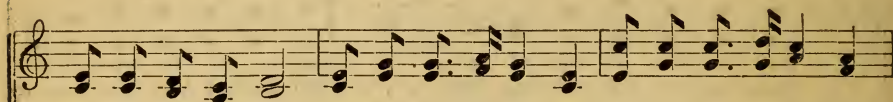
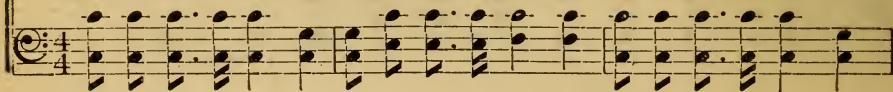
The cross now cov-ers my sins, . . . The past is un-der the blood,

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. cxxvi: 5.

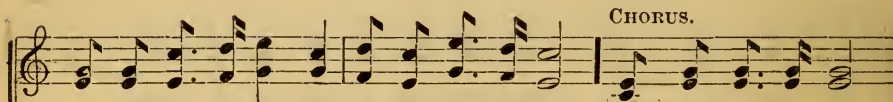
GEORGE A. MINOR.



1. Sowing in the morning, Sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide
2. Sowing in the sun-shine, Sowing in the shadow, Fearing not the clouds nor
3. Go, then, ever weeping, Sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

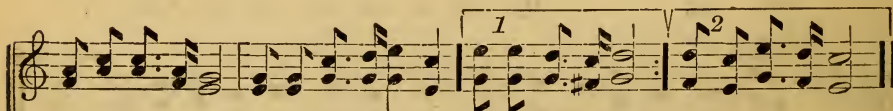
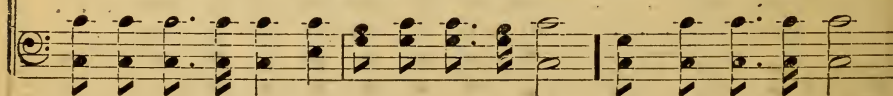


And the dew-y eve; Waiting for the harvest And the time of reaping,
 Winter's chilling breeze; By-and-by the harvest And the labor ended,
 Spirit sore-ly grieves; When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,

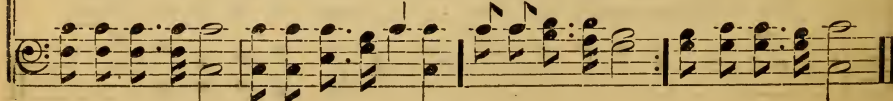


CHORUS.

We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,



Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.



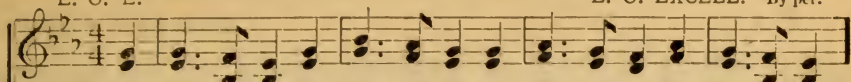
By per.

No. 68. I'VE WASHED MY ROBES.

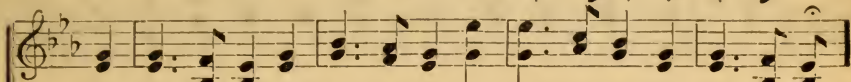
"What are these which are arrayed in white robes? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Rev. vii: 14.

E. O. E.

E. O. EXCELL. By per.



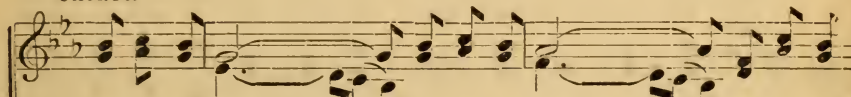
1. My robes were once all stain'd with sin, I knew not how to make them clean;
2. That promise, "Whoso - ev - er will," In - clud - ed me,—includes me still;
3. I do not doubt, nor do I say, "I hope the stains are wash'd away,"
4. Oh, who will come and wash today, 'Till all their stains are wash'd away;



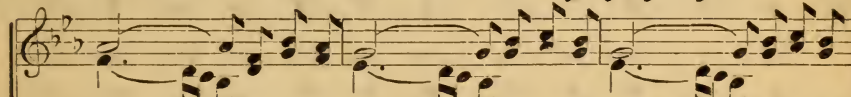
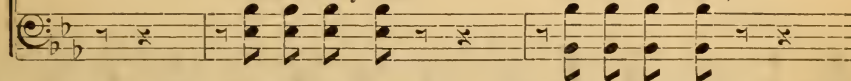
Un - til a voice said, sweet and low, "Go wash, I'll make them white as snow."
I came, and ev - er since, I know, His blood it cleanseth white as snow.
For in His Word I read it so, His blood it cleanseth white as snow.
Un - til by faith they see and know Their robes are wash'd as white as snow?



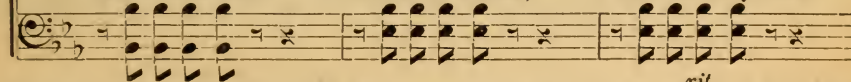
CHORUS.



I've wash'd my robes . . . in Je - sus' blood, . . . And he has
I've wash'd my robes In Je - sus' blood,



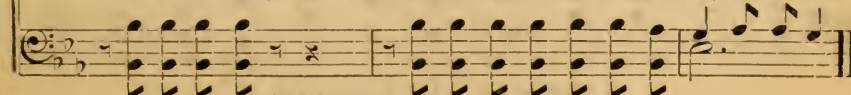
made . . . them white as snow: . . . I've washed my robes . . . In Jesus'
And He has made them white as snow, I've wash'd my robes



rit.



blood, . . . And he has made . . . them white as snow.
In Jesus' blood, And He has made them white as snow, white as snow.



"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke xix: 10.

W. A. O.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. The gos - pel's joy - ful tid - ings Is sound - ing far and wide,
 2. It comes to wea - ry pil - grims With heal - ing in its wings,
 3. Re - joice, re - joice, oh, mor - tals, And shout a - loud the strain,

Pro - claim - ing free sal - va - tion, Thro' Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
 The deaf in tri - umph hear it, The loosen'd tongue now sings.
 'Till all the earth shall hear it, And send it back a - gain.

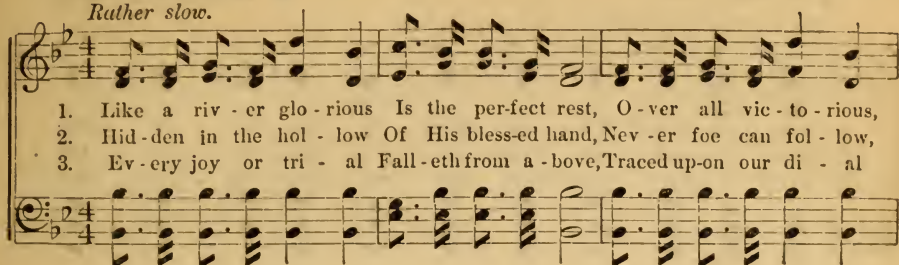
CHORUS.

Sal - va - tion! Sal - va - tion! The joy - ful news pro - claim;

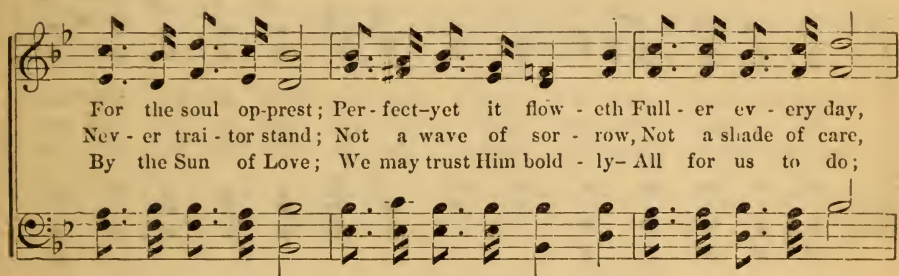
Sal - va - tion! Sal - va - tion! Through Je - sus' bless - ed name.

"He hath given us rest by His sorrow, and life by His death."—John Bunyan.

F. R. HAVERGAL. Arr.

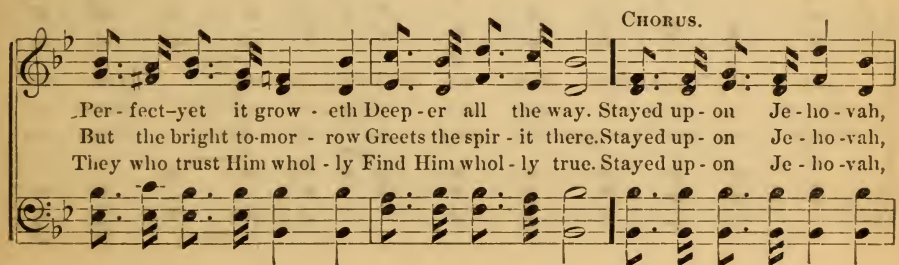
Rather slow.


1. Like a riv - er glo - rious Is the per - fect rest, O - ver all vic - to - rious,
 2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can fol - low,
 3. Ev - ery joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Traced up - on our di - al

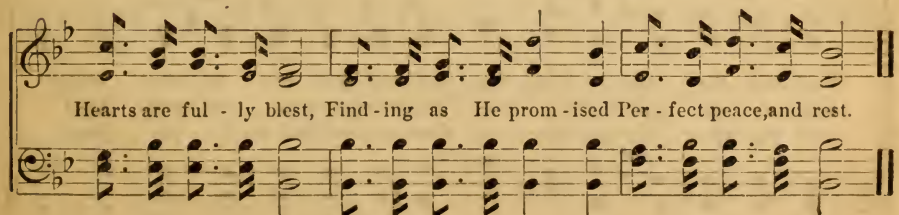


For the soul op - prest; Per - fect - yet it flow - eth Full - er ev - ery day,
 Nev - er trai - tor stand; Not a wave of sor - row, Not a shade of care,
 By the Sun of Love; We may trust Him bold - ly - All for us to do;

CHORUS.



Per - fect - yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way. Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah,
 But the bright to - mor - row Greets the spir - it there. Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah,
 They who trust Him whol - ly Find Him whol - ly true. Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah,



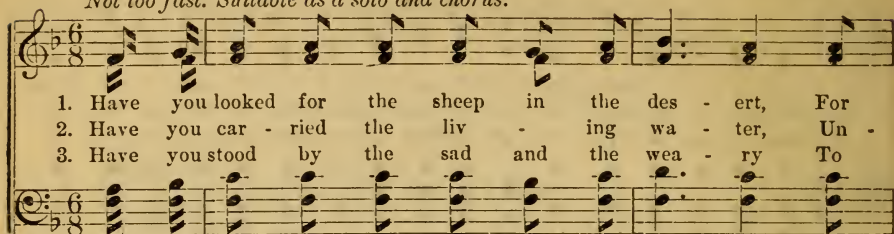
Hearts are ful - ly blest, Find - ing as He prom - ised Per - fect peace, and rest.

"Be thou faithful unto death."—Rev. ii : x.

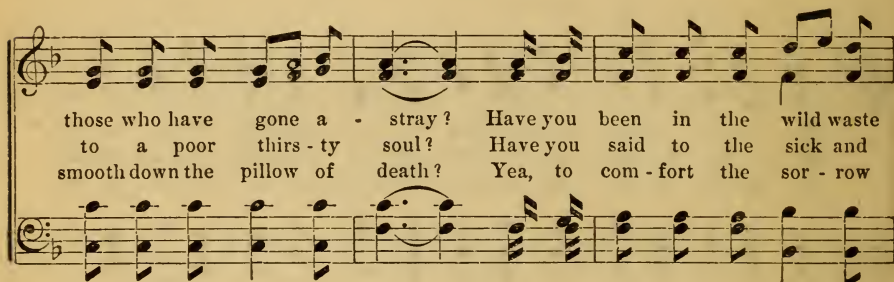
W. M. TRELOAR.

W. M. TRELOAR. By per.

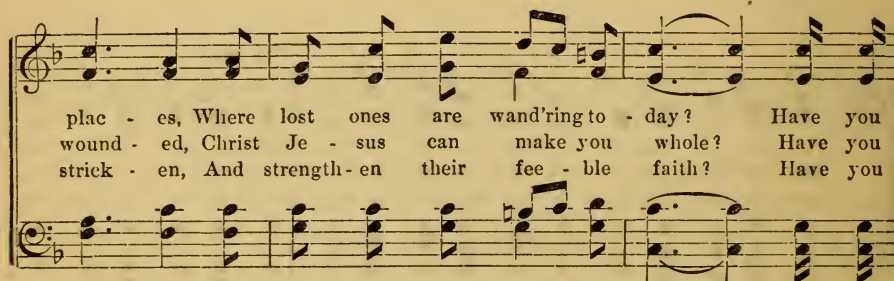
Not too fast. Suitable as a solo and chorus.



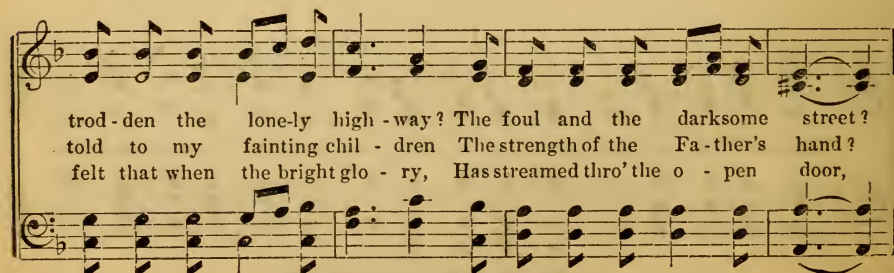
1. Have you looked for the sheep in the des - ert, For
 2. Have you car - ried the liv - ing wa - ter, Un -
 3. Have you stood by the sad and the wea - ry To



those who have gone a - stray? Have you been in the wild waste
 to a poor thirs - ty soul? Have you said to the sick and
 smooth down the pillow of death? Yea, to com - fort the sor - row



plac - es, Where lost ones are wand'ring to - day? Have you
 wound - ed, Christ Je - sus can make you whole? Have you
 strick - en, And strength - en their fee - ble faith? Have you



trod - den the lone - ly high - way? The foul and the darksome street?
 told to my fainting chil - dren The strength of the Fa - ther's hand?
 felt that when the bright glo - ry, Has streamed thro' the o - pen door,

GO AND SEARCH.

It may be you'd see in the gloam-ing, The print of my wound-ed feet.
Go guide now the fal-ter-ing foot-steps To shores of the gol-den land.
And scat-tered the wav-er-ing shad-ows That I had been there be-fore?

CHORUS.

Go search in the des - - - - ert, Go
Go and search, go and search,

search . . . in the des - ert, Search . . . in the
Go and search in the Go and search in the

des - - - ert, For those who have gone a - stray.
des - ert, the des - ert,

"Sing praises unto thy name O most high."—Ps. xcii: 1.

WM. B. BLAKE.

J. H. TENNEY. By per.

1. Ring the bells of heav'n to-day, let the glad, glad strain Of re -
 2. Ring the bells of heav'n to-day, while the an - gels thron Round the
 3. Ring the bells of heav'n to-day, ev - er - last - ing praise Be to

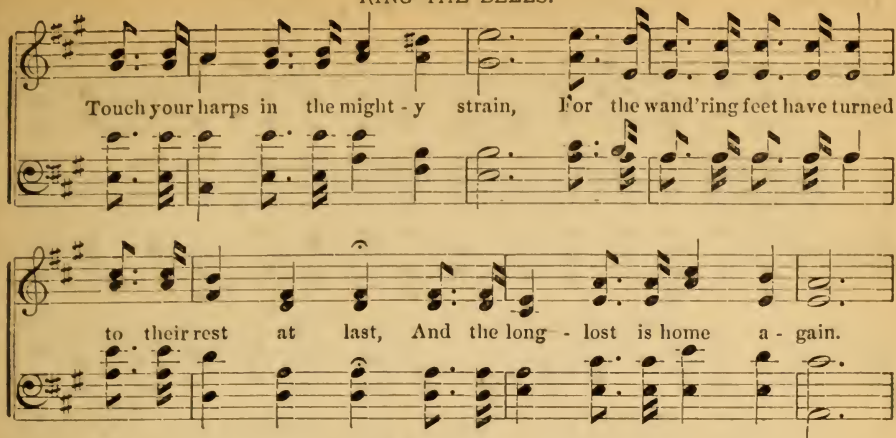
joie - ing and praise be - gin, O'er the wan - der - er's re - turn
 por - tals of mer - cy's door; And the Fa - ther takes his hand,
 God's ev - er - bless - ed Son, Who has bought us with His blood,

to his Fa - ther's house, From the bleak, drear - y plains of sin.
 bids him wel - come in, To go out from the fold no more.
 made us heirs of God, And pre - pared for our rest a home.

CHORUS.

Ring the bells of heav'n to-day, Chant re - demp - tion's ho - ly song;

RING THE BELLS.



Touch your harps in the might - y strain, For the wand'ring feet have turned
to their rest at last, And the long - lost is home a - gain.

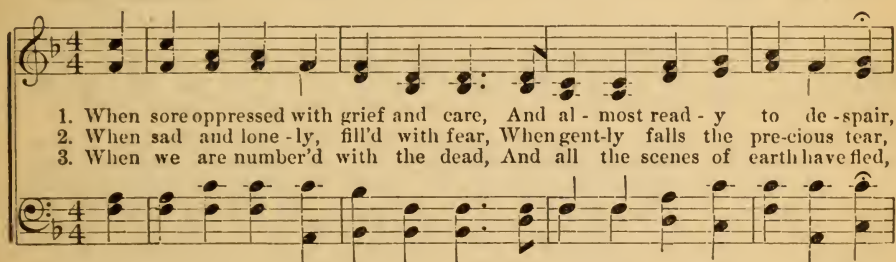
No. 73.

SWEET REST IN JESUS.

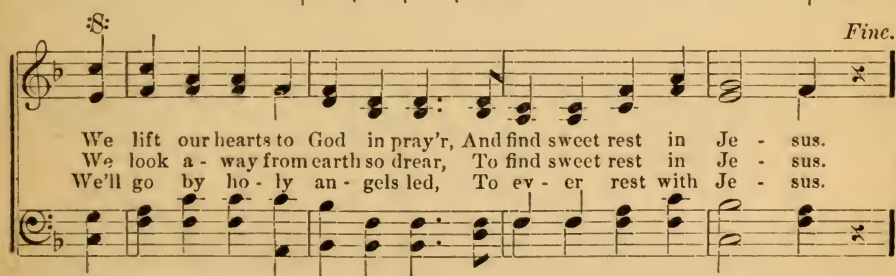
"Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi: 28.

J. H. LESLIE.

J. H. LESLIE. By per.



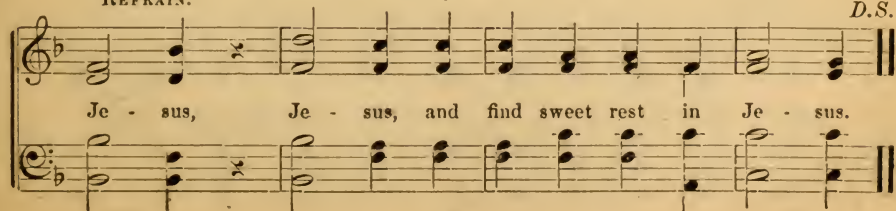
1. When sore oppressed with grief and care, And al - most read - y to de - spair,
2. When sad and lone - ly, fill'd with fear, When gent - ly falls the pre - cious tear,
3. When we are number'd with the dead, And all the scenes of earth have fled,



Fine.
We lift our hearts to God in pray'r, And find sweet rest in Je - sus.
We look a - way from earth so drear, To find sweet rest in Je - sus.
We'll go by ho - ly an - gels led, To ev - er rest with Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

D.S.



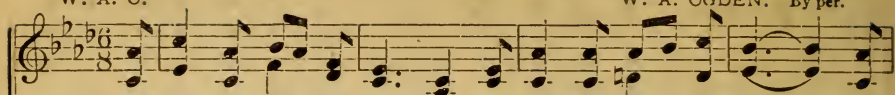
Je - sus, Je - sus, and find sweet rest in Je - sus.

No. 74.

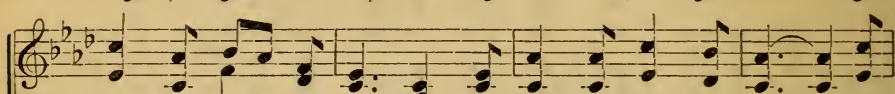
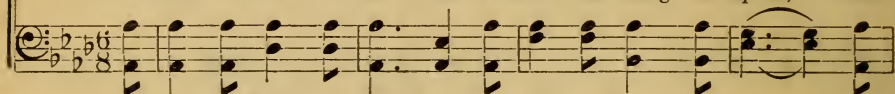
COME, PRODIGAL, COME.

W. A. O.

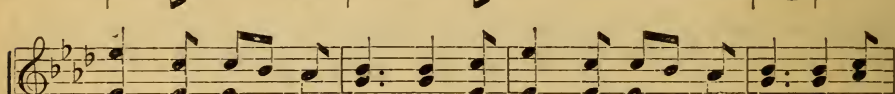
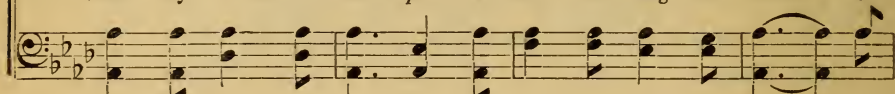
W. A. OGDEN. By per.



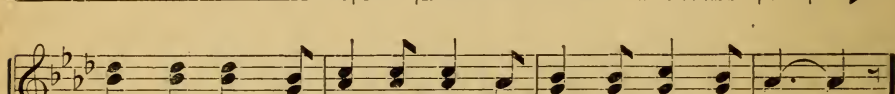
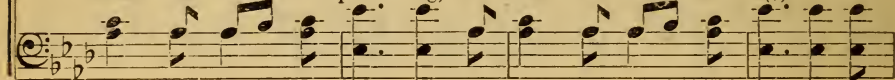
1. The fountain of sal - va - tion Is flow - ing full and free, And
 2. I hear His cry, "'Tis fin - ished;" His bleed - ing bod - y see; His
 3. His bless - ed in - vi - ta - tion I will no long - er spurn, And



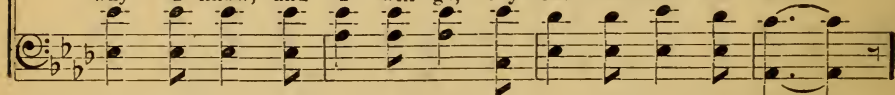
Je - sus stands in - vit - ing, "O sin - ner, come to me." I
 lov - ing ac - cents thrill me, His bless - ed "come to me." I
 from my Great Ex - am - ple I will no long - er turn. I



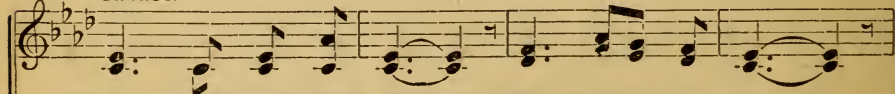
hear His sweet voice plead - ing, For me 'tis in - ter - ced - ing; The
 hear His sweet voice plead - ing, For me 'tis in - ter - ced - ing; The
 hear His sweet voice plead - ing, For me 'tis in - ter - ced - ing; The



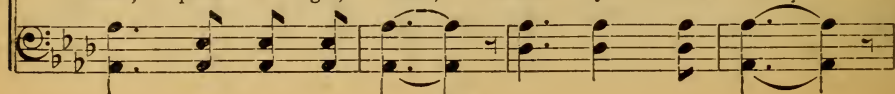
way I know, and I will go, My Sav - iour calls for me.
 way I know, and I will go, My Sav - iour calls for me.
 way I know, and I will go, My Sav - iour calls for me.



CHORUS.



Come, prod - i - gal, come, While yet there's room;



COME, PRODIGAL, COME.

Come, prod - i - gal, come, Thy Sav - iour calls for thee.

No. 75.

JESUS, OUR FRIEND.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. xviii: 24.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. Sweet 'tis to sing of Thee, Je - sus, our friend, Prais - ing Thy
 2. When Thou wast here be - low, Je - sus, our friend, Thou tast - ed
 3. By Thy re - deem - ing grace, Je - sus, our friend, We hope to

love so free, Je - sus, our friend; O, for a heart to praise Thro' all my
 all our woe, Je - sus, our friend; Grant to each heart to feel That Thou hast
 see Thy face, Je - sus, our friend; Then will we sing Thy praise Throughout e -

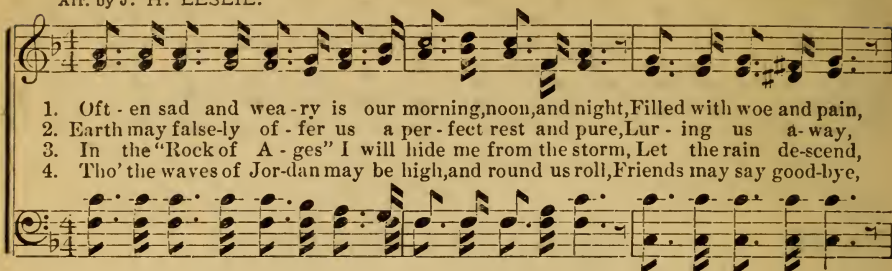
earth - ly days, Thy won-d'rous works and ways, Je - sus, our friend.
 power to heal, And O Thy - self re - veal, Je - sus, our friend.
 ter - nal days, And bless Thy works and ways, Je - sus, our friend.

"They shall behold the land that is far off."— Isa. xxxiii: 17.

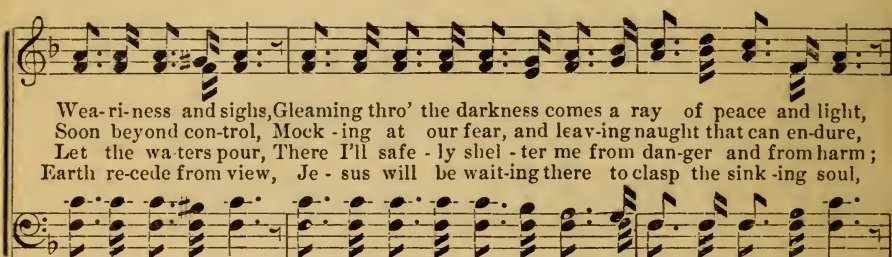
J. D. DETAR.

G. W. FIELDS.

Arr. by J. H. LESLIE.

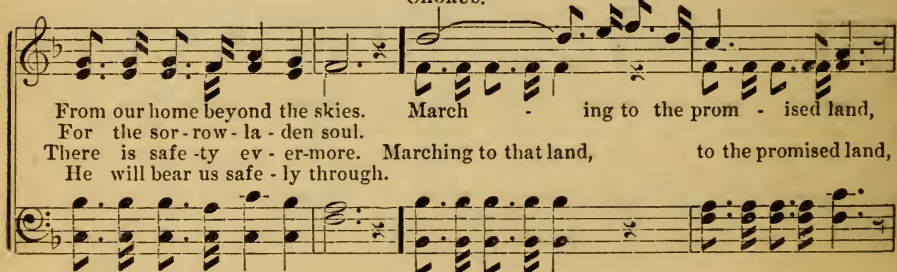


1. Oft - en sad and wea - ry is our morning, noon, and night, Filled with woe and pain,
 2. Earth may false - ly of - fer us a per - fect rest and pure, Hur - ring us a - way,
 3. In the "Rock of A - ges" I will hide me from the storm, Let the rain de - scend,
 4. Tho' the waves of Jor - dan may be high, and round us roll, Friends may say good - bye,

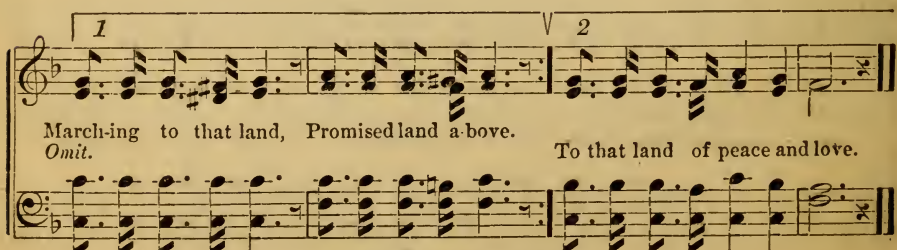


Wea - ri - ness and sighs, Gleaming thro' the darkness comes a ray of peace and light,
 Soon beyond con - trol, Mock - ing at our fear, and leav - ing naught that can en - dure,
 Let the wa - ters pour, There I'll safe - ly shel - ter me from dan - ger and from harm;
 Earth re - cede from view, Je - sus will be wait - ing there to clasp the sink - ing soul,

CHORUS.



From our home beyond the skies. March ing to the prom - ised land,
 For the sor - row - la - den soul.
 There is safe - ty ev - er - more. Marching to that land, to the promised land,
 He will bear us safe - ly through.



1 March - ing to that land, Promised land a - bove.
 Omit. 2 To that land of peace and love.

By permission of J. H. LESLIE.

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John xiv: 2.

J. E. WHITE. By per.

1. Home, home, beameth be - fore us, When, when shall we get there?
 2. Home, home, there in thy bow - ers, Sweet, sweet mu - sic shall swell;
 3. Home, home, bliss to the part - ed, Friends, friends meet on the shore;
 4. Home, home, let us now hast - en, See the an - gels a - bove!

Long, long here we have wan - dered, Bur - dened with sor - row and care.
 Sin, sin nev - er can en - ter, Peace in each bo - som shall dwell.
 Here, here lone - ly they've left us, Soon we shall see them once more.
 Hark! hark! now they are call - ing, Home to their dwell - ing a - bove.

CHORUS.

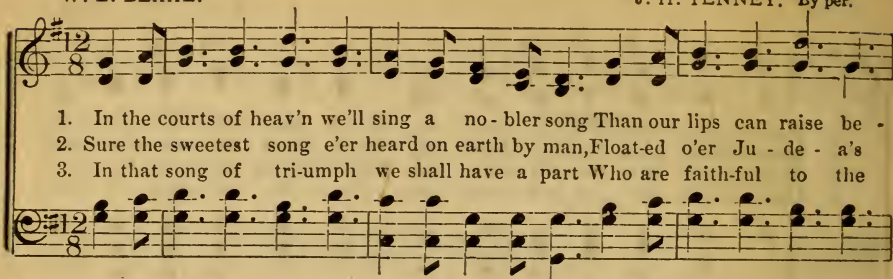
Home, beau - ti - ful home, Home, beau - ti - ful home,
 Home, sweet home, beautiful home, sweet home, Home, sweet home, beautiful home, sweet home.

Home, beau - ti - ful home, Je - sus will welcome us home.
 Home, sweet home, beau - ti - ful home, sweet home,

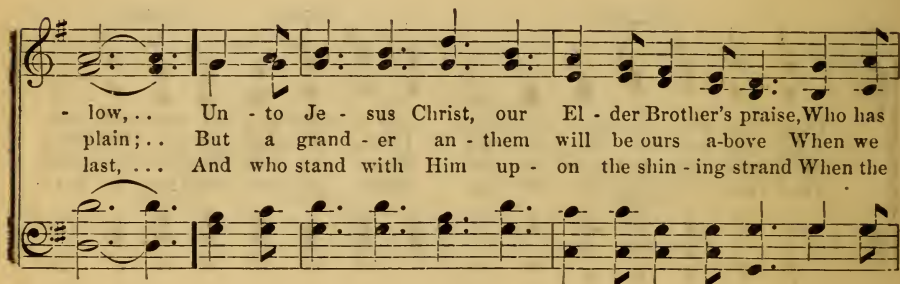
"And they sang as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev. xiv: 3.

W. B. BLAKE.

J. H. TENNEY, By per.



1. In the courts of heav'n we'll sing a no - bler song Than our lips can raise be -
 2. Sure the sweetest song e'er heard on earth by man, Float-ed o'er Ju - de - a's
 3. In that song of tri-umph we shall have a part Who are faith-ful to the

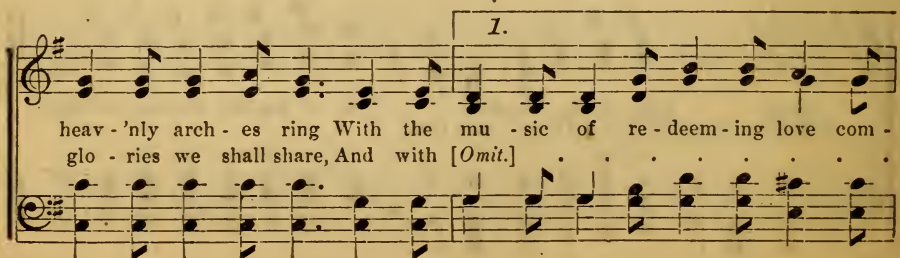


- low, .. Un - to Je - sus Christ, our El - der Brother's praise, Who has
 plain; .. But a grand - er an - them will be ours a - bove When we
 last, ... And who stand with Him up - on the shin - ing strand When the

CHORUS.

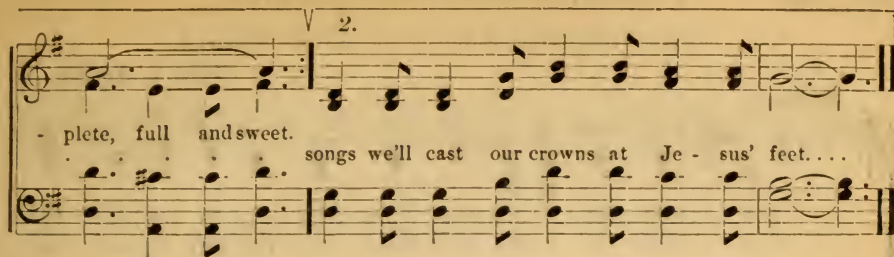


wash'd us white as snow... } 'Twill be "glo - ry to Christ our King," While the
 go with Him to reign... } Safe in heav - en - ly man - sions fair, All its
 Jor - dan we have passed... }



heav - 'nly arch - es ring With the mu - sic of re - deem - ing love com -
 glo - ries we shall share, And with [Omit.]

V 2.



- plete, full and sweet. songs we'll cast our crowns at Je - sus' feet...

No. 79.

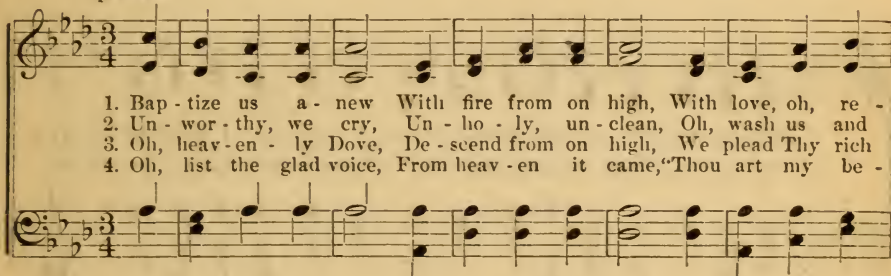
BAPTIZE US ANEW.

"But he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."—Matt. iii: 11.

W. A. O.

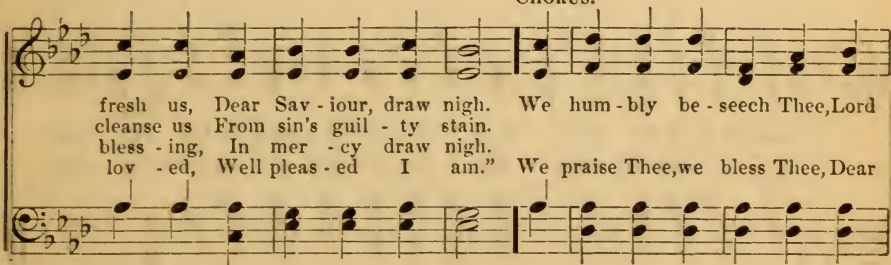
W. A. O. By per.

Spirited.

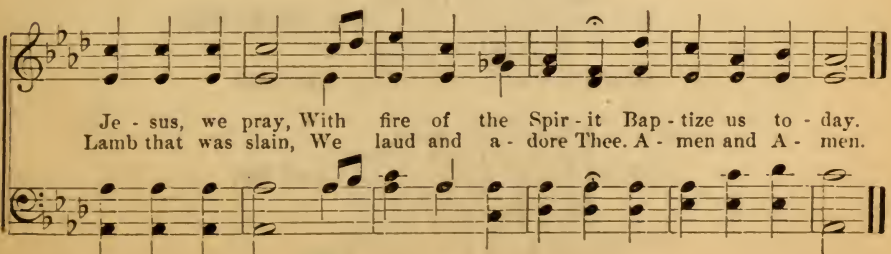


1. Bap - tize us a - new With fire from on high, With love, oh, re -
 2. Un - wor - thy, we cry, Un - ho - ly, un - clean, Oh, wash us and
 3. Oh, heav - en - ly Dove, De - scend from on high, We plead Thy rich
 4. Oh, list the glad voice, From heav - en it came, "Thou art my be -

CHORUS.



fresh us, Dear Sav - iour, draw nigh. We hum - bly be - seech Thee, Lord
 cleanse us From sin's guil - ty stain.
 bless - ing, In mer - cy draw nigh.
 lov - ed, Well pleas - ed I am." We praise Thee, we bless Thee, Dear



Je - sus, we pray, With fire of the Spir - it Bap - tize us to - day.
 Lamb that was slain, We laud and a - dore Thee. A - men and A - men.

"Look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."—John iv: 35.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

Moderato.

1. I . . dare not i - dle stand, While here on ev - ery hand, The
 2. I . . dare not i - dle stand, While on the shift - ingsand The

whitening fields de - clare the harvest near; A glean - er I would be, . . And
 o - cean casts bright treasures at my feet; Beneath some shell's rough side The

gath - er, Lord, for Thee, Lest I with empty hands at last ap - pear.
 tint - ed pearl may hide, And I with precious gifts my Lord may meet.

3 I dare not idle stand,
 While over all the land
 Poor wandering souls need humble help like mine;
 Brighter than brightest gem
 In monarch's diadem,
 Each soul, a star in Jesus' crown may shine.

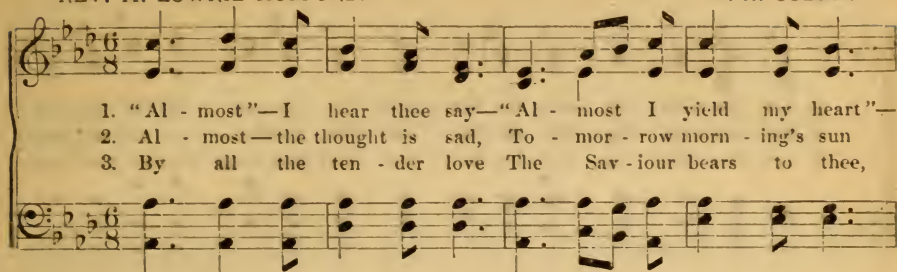
4 I dare not idle stand,
 But at my Lord's command,
 Labor for Him throughout my life's short day,
 Evening will come at last,
 Day's labor all be passed,
 And rest eternal my brief toil repay.

Copyright, 1884, by S. T. GORDON & SON.

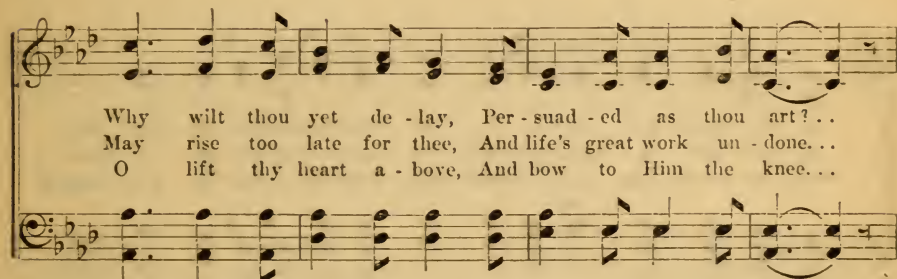
"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—Acts xxvi: 28.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

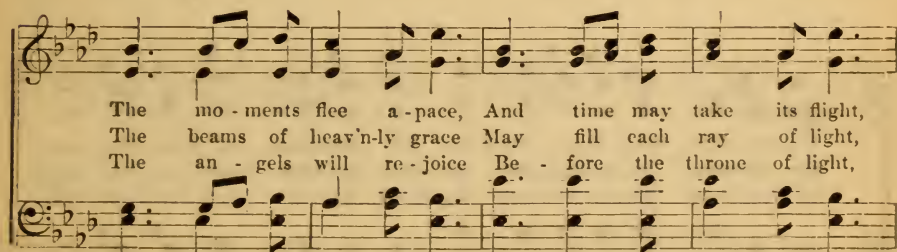
W. A. OGDEN.



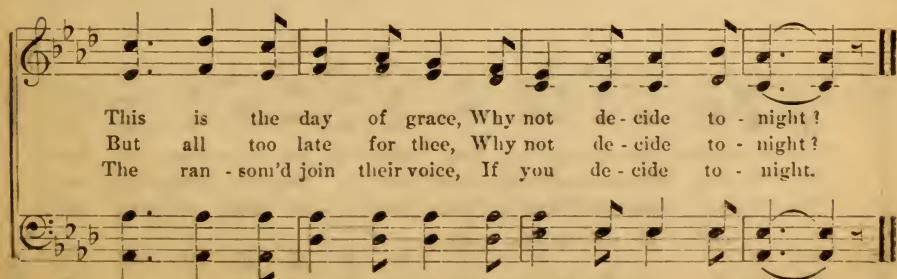
1. "Al - most"—I hear thee say—"Al - most I yield my heart"—
 2. Al - most—the thought is sad, To - mor - row morn - ing's sun
 3. By all the ten - der love The Sav - iour bears to thee,



Why wilt thou yet de - lay, Per - suad - ed as thou art?..
 May rise too late for thee, And life's great work un - done..
 O lift thy heart a - bove, And bow to Him the knee..



The mo - ments flee a - pace, And time may take its flight,
 The beams of heav'n - ly grace May fill each ray of light,
 The an - gels will re - joice Be - fore the throne of light,



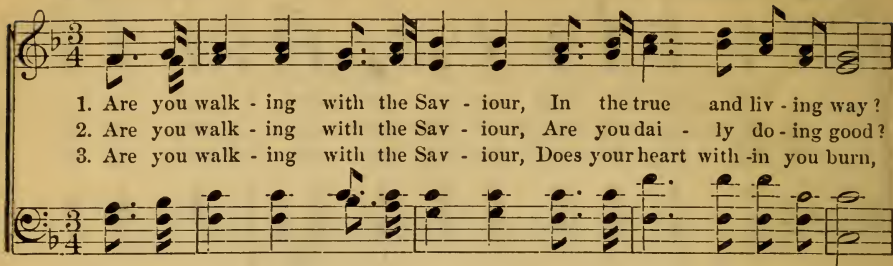
This is the day of grace, Why not de - cide to - night?
 But all too late for thee, Why not de - cide to - night?
 The ran - som'd join their voice, If you de - cide to - night.

No. 82. WALKING WITH THE SAVIOUR.

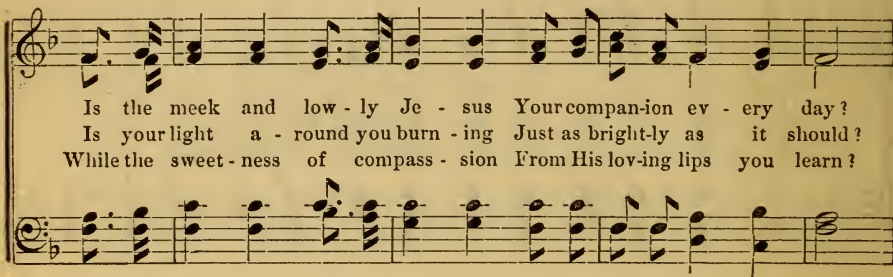
"Ye ought so to walk, even as he walked."—1 John ii: 6.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

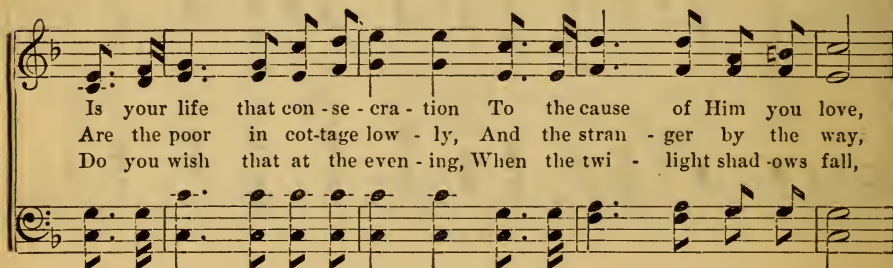
W. A. OGDEN. By per.



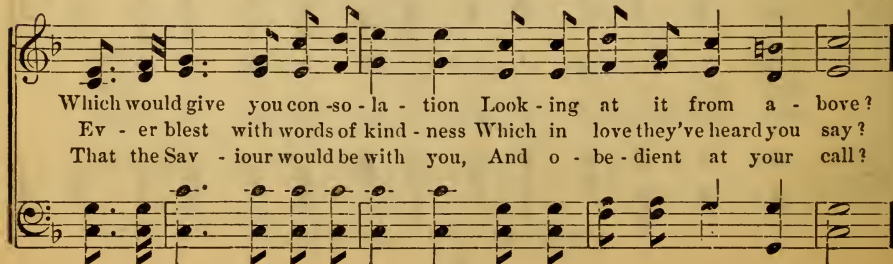
1. Are you walk - ing with the Sav - iour, In the true and liv - ing way?
 2. Are you walk - ing with the Sav - iour, Are you dai - ly do - ing good?
 3. Are you walk - ing with the Sav - iour, Does your heart with - in you burn,



Is the meek and low - ly Je - sus Your compan - ion ev - ery day?
 Is your light a - round you burn - ing Just as bright - ly as it should?
 While the sweet - ness of compass - ion From His lov - ing lips you learn?



Is your life that con - se - cra - tion To the cause of Him you love,
 Are the poor in cot - tage low - ly, And the stran - ger by the way,
 Do you wish that at the even - ing, When the twi - light shad - ows fall,



Which would give you con - so - la - tion Look - ing at it from a - bove?
 Ev - er blest with words of kind - ness Which in love they've heard you say?
 That the Sav - iour would be with you, And o - be - dient at your call?

CHORUS.

Are you walk - ing with the Sav - iour, In the true and liv - ing way?

Is the meek and low - ly Je - sus Your compan - ion ev - ery day?

No. 83.

MY SHEPHERD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."—Ps. xxiii: 1.

FROM ROUSES VERSION.

N. E. TOWNSEND.

1. The Lord, my Shep - herd feeds me, And I no want shall know;
 2. He doth when ill be - tides me, Re - store me from dis - tress;
 3. Thy rod and staff shall cheer me, When pass - ing death's dark vale;
 4. Thy good - ness shall not leave me, Thy mer - cy still shall guide,

He in green pas - tures leads me; By streams which gent - ly flow.
 For His name's sake He guides me In paths of right - eous - ness.
 Thou Lord wilt still be near me And I shall fear no ill.
 'Till heav - en above re - ceive me, For - ev - er to a - bide.

I WILL GO BEFORE.

"The Lord went before them."—Ex. xiii: 21.

DR. C. NYSEWANDER.

THEME BY BENJ. F. NYSEWANDER.

1. Ah! what peace . . and con - so - la - tion, . . . I a
 2. Tho' I climb . . the rug - ged moun - tain, . . . Tho' I
 3. Ag - o - niz - ing in the gar - den, . . . Then a
 4. When I near . . the brink of Jor - dan, . . . When I

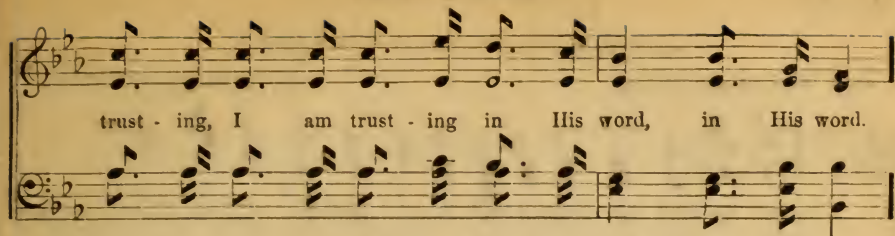
pil - grim have in store, In each tri - al and temp -
 pass the lone - ly moor, Or the jour - ney hard be
 crown of thorns He wore, Less - er tri - als can - not
 near . . the gol - den shore, Tho' the wa - ters round me

ta - tion, Christ my lead - er goes be - fore. . .
 count - ed, Christ my lead - er goes be - fore. . .
 harm me, Christ my lead - er goes be - fore. . .
 gath - er, Christ my lead - er goes be - fore. . .

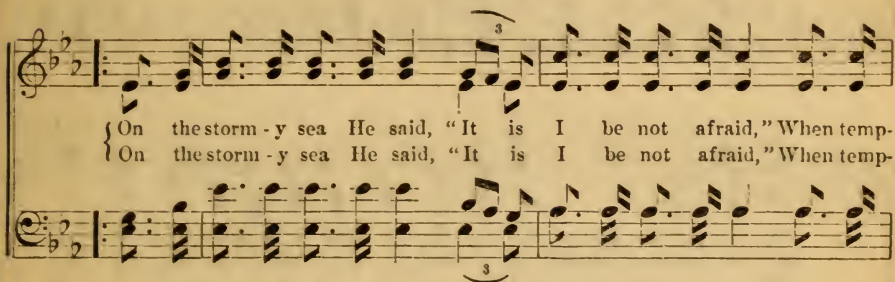
CHORUS.

I am trust - ing, I am trust - ing in the Lord, I am
 in the Lord,

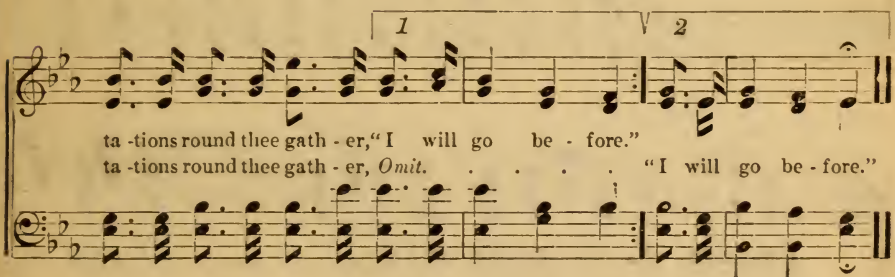
I WILL GO BEFORE.



trust - ing, I am trust - ing in His word, in His word.



{ On the storm - y sea He said, "It is I be not afraid," When temp-
On the storm - y sea He said, "It is I be not afraid," When temp-



ta - tions round thee gath - er, "I will go be - fore."
ta - tions round thee gath - er, *Omit.* . . . "I will go be - fore."

No. 85.

IN THE CROSS.

(This Hymn may be sung to "I will go before thee".)

1 In the cross of Christ I glory
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

CHORUS.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

CHORUS.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

CHORUS.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace there is that knows no measure,
Joys that thro' all time abide.

CHORUS.

"I will take the stony heart out of their flesh."—Ezek. xi: 19.

REV. ISAIAH BALTZELL.

REV. ISAIAH BALTZELL.
By per.

1. Take my heart, dear Lord, and Make it all Thine own, All Thine own, [all Thine own,]
 2. Take my heart, dear Lord, and Make it pure and clean, Pure and clean, [pure and clean,]
 3. Take my heart, dear Lord, and Make it white as snow, White as snow, [white as snow,]

all Thine own, [all Thine own,] Let Thy Ho - ly Spir - it break this heart of stone,
 pure and clean, [pure and clean,] Let Thy blood still flow - ing, wash a - way my sin,
 white as snow, [white as snow,] May the cleans - ing foun - tain o'er my spir - it flow,

CHORUS.

And make it all, yes, all Thine own. }
 And make it pure, yes, pure and clean. } Take my heart, . . and let it
 And wash me white, yes, white as snow. }

Take my heart, and let it

be Con - se - cra - - - - ted, Lord, to Thee.
 be, let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee, Lord, to Thee.

At Thy feet I bow; Take my heart just now, And make it all Thine own.

No. 87. I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.

"In returning, . . . ye shall be saved."—Isa. xxx: 15.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I can - not count, That
 2. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I can - not tell, No
 3. I bring my joys to Thee, The joys Thy love has given, That
 4. I bring my life to Thee, I would not be my own; O

all may cleansed be In Thy once opened fount; I bring them
 words shall needed be, Thou knowest all so well; I bring the
 each may be a wing To lift me near - er heaven; I bring them,
 Saviour, let me be Thine ev - er, Thine a - lone; My heart, my

Sav - iour, all to Thee, The bur - den is too great for me.
 sor - row laid on me, O suf - f'ring Saviour, all to Thee.
 Sav - iour, all to Thee, Who hast pro - cured them all for me.
 life, my all I bring To Thee, my Sav-iour and my King.

"He is faithful that promised."—Heb. x : 23.

REV. H. H. HARTZLER.

REV. E. S. LORENZ.

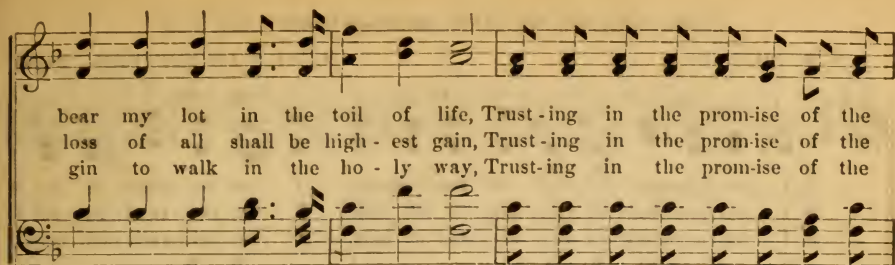
1. I have found re - pose for my wea - ry soul, Trust - ing in the
 2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trust - ing in the
 3. Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, Trust - ing in the

promise of the Sav - iour; And a har - bor safe when the bill - ows roll,
 promise of the Sav - iour; And re - joice in hope while I live or die,
 promise of the Sav - iour; Oh, the strength and grace on - ly God can give,

Trusting in the promise of the Sav - iour; I will fear no foe, in the
 Trusting in the promise of the Sav - iour; I can smile at grief, and a -
 Trusting in the promise of the Sav - iour; Who - so - ev - er will, may be

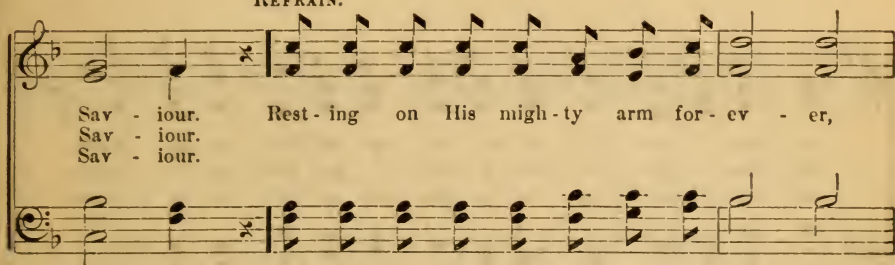
dead - ly strife, Trust - ing in the prom - ise of the Sav - iour; I will
 bide in pain, Trust - ing in the prom - ise of the Sav - iour; And the
 saved to - day, Trust - ing in the prom - ise of the Sav - iour; And be -

TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE.

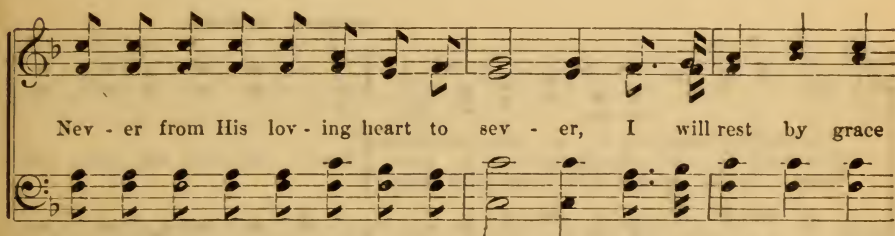


bear my lot in the toil of life, Trust-ing in the prom-ise of the
 loss of all shall be high-est gain, Trust-ing in the prom-ise of the
 gin to walk in the ho-ly way, Trust-ing in the prom-ise of the

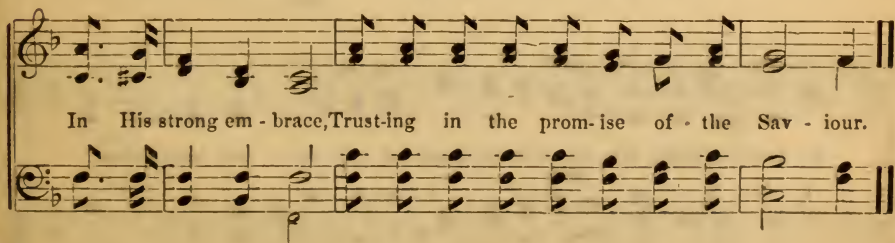
REFRAIN.



Sav - iour. Rest-ing on His migh-ty arm for-ev - er,
 Sav - iour.
 Sav - iour.



Nev - er from His lov-ing heart to sev - er, I will rest by grace

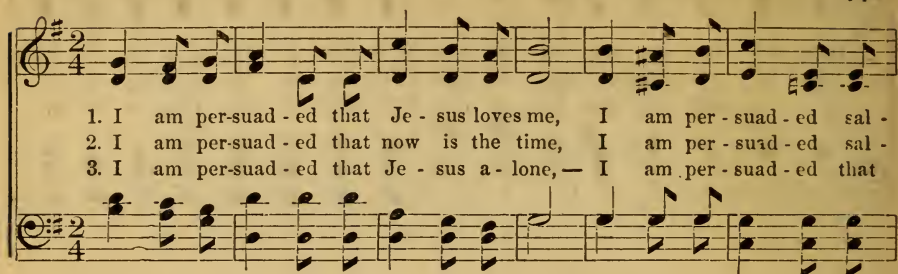


In His strong em-brace, Trust-ing in the prom-ise of - the Sav - iour.

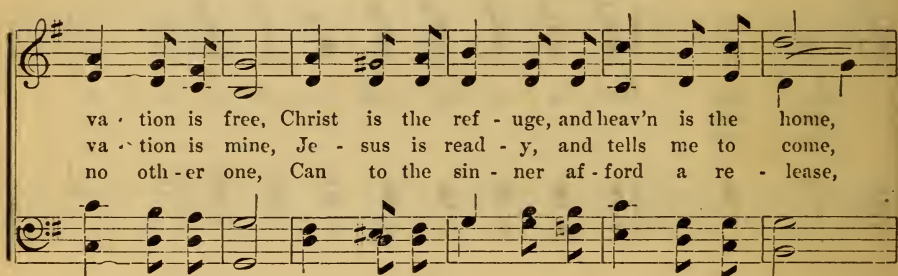
"Blessed are they which have not seen, and yet have believed."—John xx: 29.

E. E. SUFFERN.

J. WILLIAM SUFFERN. By per.

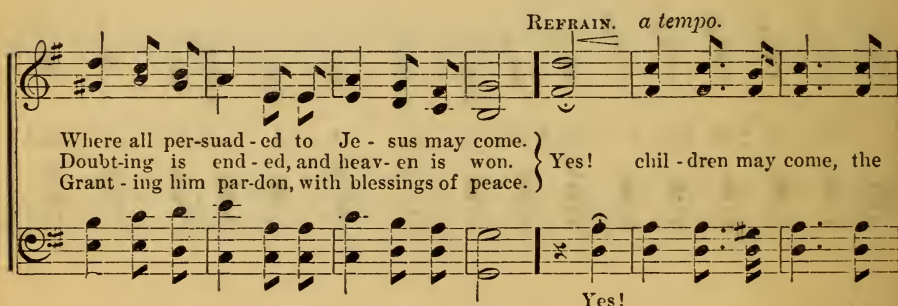


1. I am per-suad-ed that Je - sus loves me, I am per-suad-ed sal -
 2. I am per-suad-ed that now is the time, I am per-suad-ed sal -
 3. I am per-suad-ed that Je - sus a-lone, — I am per-suad-ed that

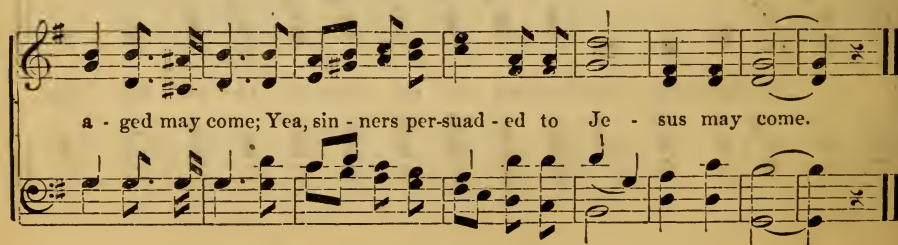


va - tion is free, Christ is the ref - uge, and heav'n is the home,
 va - tion is mine, Je - sus is read - y, and tells me to come,
 no oth - er one, Can to the sin - ner af - ford a re - lease,

REFRAIN. *a tempo.*



Where all per-suad-ed to Je - sus may come.
 Doubt-ing is end-ed, and heav-en is won. } Yes! chil - dren may come, the
 Grant - ing him par-don, with blessings of peace. }
 Yes!



a - ged may come; Yea, sin - ners per-suad-ed to Je - sus may come.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." - Acts ii: 21.

WILLIAM F. LLOYD.

W. A. OGDEN.

Slowly.

1. Wait, my soul, up - on the Lord, To His gra - cious prom - ise flee,
 2. Days of tri - al, days of grief, In suc - ces - sion thou may'st see,
 3. If the sor - rows of thy case Seem pe - cu - liar still to thee,
 4. Rock of A - ges, I'm se - cure, With Thy prom - ise full and free,

Lay - ing hold up - on His word, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
 This is still thy sweet re - lief, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
 God has prom - is'd need - ful grace, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
 Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure, "As thy days thy strength shall be."

REFRAIN. *pp*

Rock of A - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee,

Nothing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.

"Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi: 28.

ROBERT MOFFETT.

FRED. A. FILLMORE. By per.

1. Je - sus, I am com - ing now, Com - ing to the foun - tain;
 2. Je - sus, make me true to Thee, Pure, and meek, and low - ly,
 3. Je - sus, fill my heart with peace, Flow - ing like a riv - er,

Pre - cious is the theme to me, Told of Cal - vary's moun - tain.
 While I walk the nar - row way To the cit - y ho - ly.
 Day by day my joy in - crease, Till the glad for - ev - er.

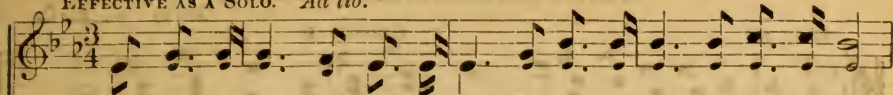
CHORUS.

Com - ing now, com - ing now, Seek - ing grace and fa - vor,

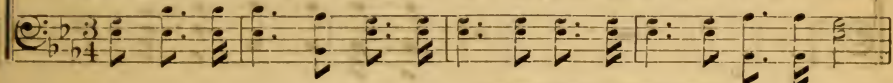
That my wea - ry soul may find Rest in Thee for - ev - er.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. ii: 7.

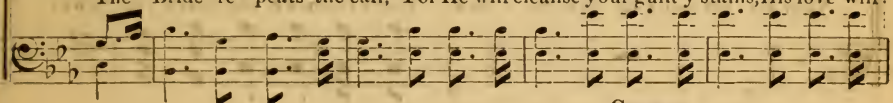
W. A. WILLIAMS.

EFFECTIVE AS A SOLO. *Ad lib.*

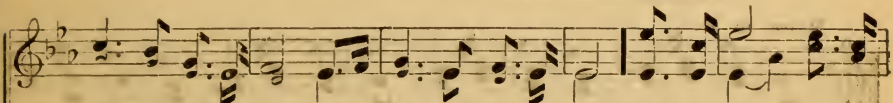
1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
2. I stood beside a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing head,
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour - age shake,
4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go, — To Af - ric's sand and Greenland's snow,
5. I dreamed that hoar - y time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
6. Then come to Christ, oh! come to - day, The Fa - ther, Son, and Spi - rit say;



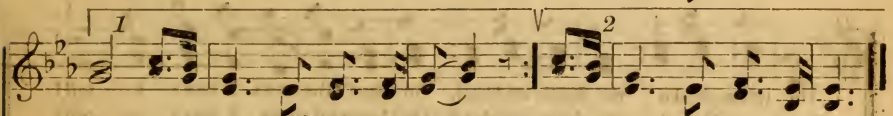
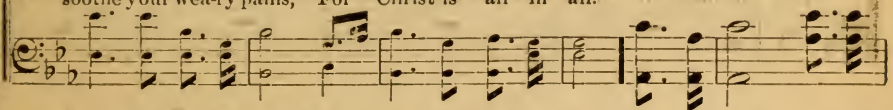
Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er whence Her helpless
 Wait - ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his
 Nor death his soul appall, I ask'd him whence his strength was given, He look'd tri -
 To save from Satan's thrall, Nor home nor life he count - ed dear, 'Midst wants and
 A fire dis - solv'd this ball, I saw the church's ransom'd throng, I heard the
 The Bride re - peats the call, For He will cleanse your guilt - y stains, His love will.



CHORUS.

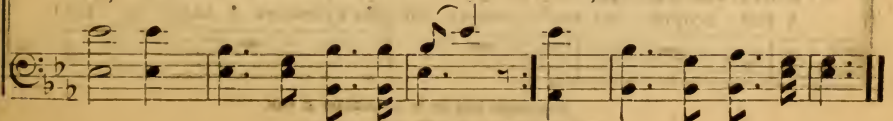


wid - owhood's defense, She told me "Christ was all." Christ is all, all in
 spir - it passed a - way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
 umph - ant - ly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all." Christ is all, all in
 per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
 bur - den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
 soothe your wea - ry pains, For "Christ is all in all."



all, yes, Christ is all in all,
 all, *Omit.*

Yes, Christ is all in all.



"In due time Christ died for the ungodly."—Rom. v : vi.

Arr. by W. A. O.

SOLI, *m*CHORUS. *p*

1. When e'er we meet you always say, What's the news, oh! what's the news?
 2. The Lamb was slain on Cal-va - ry, That's the news, oh! that's the news!
 3. The Lord has pardoned all my sin, That's the news, oh! that's the news!
 4. My Je - sus, He can save you too, That's the news, oh! that's the news!

*m*CHORUS. *p*

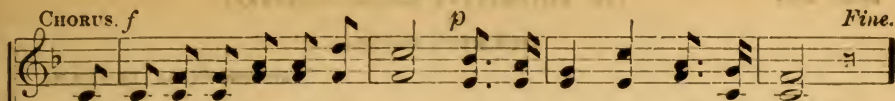
Oh what's the tid - ings of the day, What's the news, oh! what's the news?
 To set a world of sin - ners free, That's the news, oh! that's the news!
 I have the wit - ness now with - in, That's the news, oh! that's the news!
 Your sin - ful heart He can re - new, That's the news, oh! that's the news!

DUET. *m f*

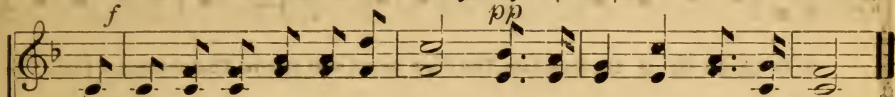
Oh I have got good news to tell, My Sav - iour hath done all things well,
 'Twas there His pre - cious blood He shed, 'Twas there He bowed His sa - cred head,
 And since He took my guilt a - way, And taught me how to watch and pray,
 This mo - ment, if your sins you grieve, This mo - ment, if you do be - lieve,

He triumphed o - ver death and hell, Oh! that's the news I have to tell!
 But now He's ris - en from the dead, Oh! bless - ed news I have to tell!
 I now am hap - py all the day, Oh! hap - py news I have to tell!
 A full ac quit - tal you'll receive, Oh! that's the news I have to tell!

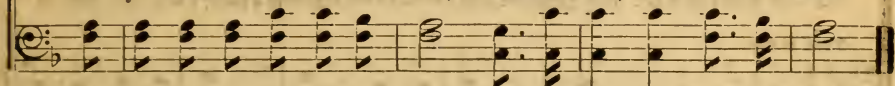
WHAT'S THE NEWS.



He triumphed o - ver death for thee, That's the news, oh! that's the news!
 es Christ is ris - en from the dead, That's the news, oh! that's the news!
 Yes I am hap - py all the day, That's the news, oh! that's the news!
 He's wait - ing to re - ceive you now, That's the news, oh! that's the news!



To set thy cap - tive spir - it free, That's the news' oh! that's the news.
 And glo - ry crowns His sa - cred head, That's the news, oh! that's the news.
 Since Je - sus washed my sins a - way, That's the news, oh! that's the news.
 If you sub - mis - sive to Him bow, That's the news, oh! that's the news.



No. 94.

HE KNOWS IT ALL.

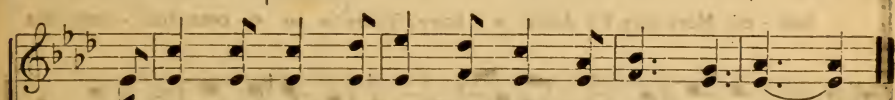
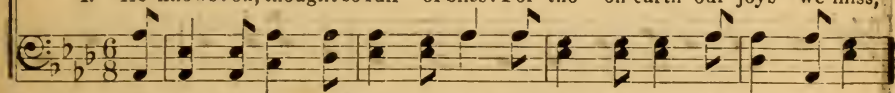
"I will deliver you."—Isa. xlv: 4.

J. H. LESLIE.

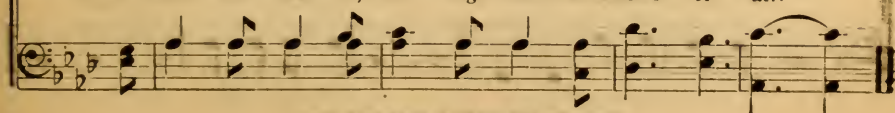
Slow.



1. He knows the bit - ter, wea - ry way, 'The end - less striv - ing day by day.
2. He knows how hard the fight has been, 'The clouds that come our lives between,
3. He knows when faint and worn we sink; How deep the pain, how near the brink
4. He knows! oh, thought so full of bliss! For tho' on earth our joys we miss,



The souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows it all!
 The wounds the world has nev - er seen, He knows it all!
 Of dark de - spair we pause and shrink, He knows it all!
 We still can bear it, feel - ing this— He knows it all!

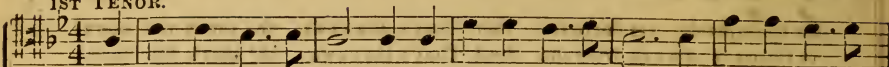


Permission of the Author.

(FOR MEN'S VOICES.)

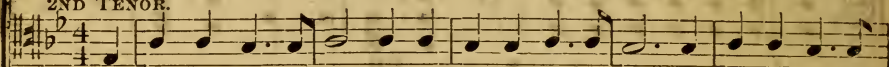
Arr. from CHAS. DEURAN.

1ST TENOR.



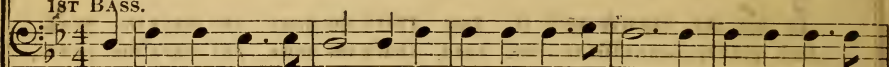
1. The sands of life are sink-ing, The dawn of heaven breaks ; The summer morn I've

2ND TENOR.



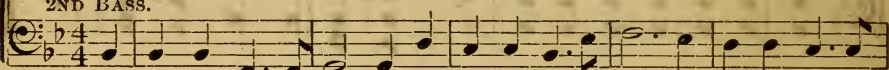
2. O Christ, He is the foun-tain, The deep sweet well of love, The streams of earth I've

1ST BASS.

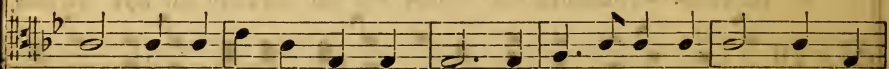


3. The bride sees not her garment, But her dear bridegroom's face; I will not gaze at

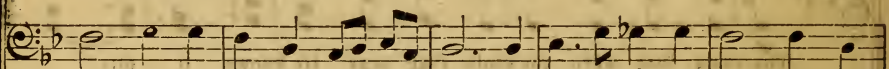
2ND BASS.



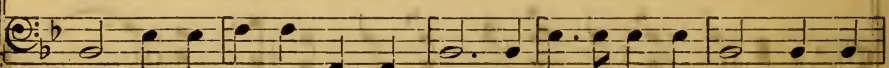
long'd for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes. Dark, dark has been the mid - night, But

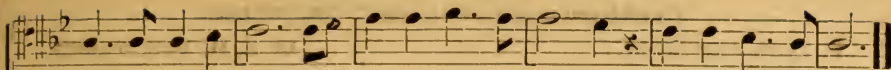


tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove ; There to an o - cean full - ness, His

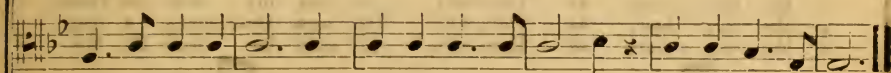


glo - ry, But on the King of grace. Not at the crown He giv - eth, But





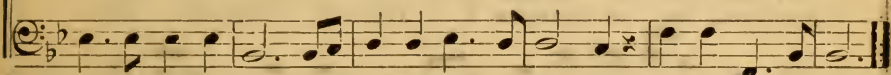
day-spring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell-eth In Im-man- uel's land.



mer - cy doth ex-pand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell-eth In Im-man- uel's land.



on His pierc-ed hand, The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im-man- uel's land.



No. 96.

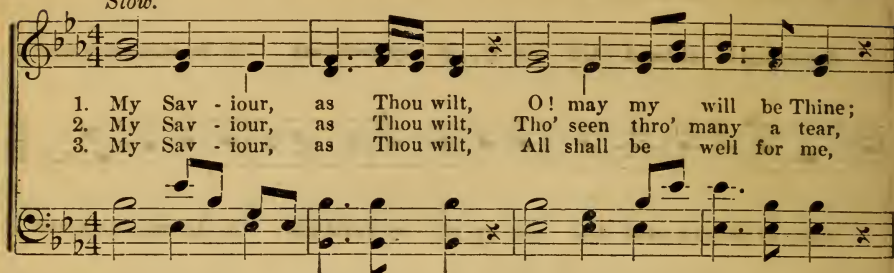
(These words may be sung to the preceding tune.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Jerusalem the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppress.
 I know not, O I know not,
 What joys await me there,
 What radiance of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.</p> | <p>3 And they who with their leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 Forever and forever
 They dwell in glory bright.
 O land that seest no sorrow,
 O land where is no strife,
 O royal land of flowers,
 O realm of endless life.</p> |
| <p>2 They stand, those hills of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyred throng,
 There is the throne of Jesus,
 And there from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.</p> | <p>4 O sweet and blessed country,
 Where dwelleth peace and love,
 O sweet and blessed country,
 Our happy home above.
 O God, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest,
 Where we shall reign with Jesus,
 And be forever blest.</p> |

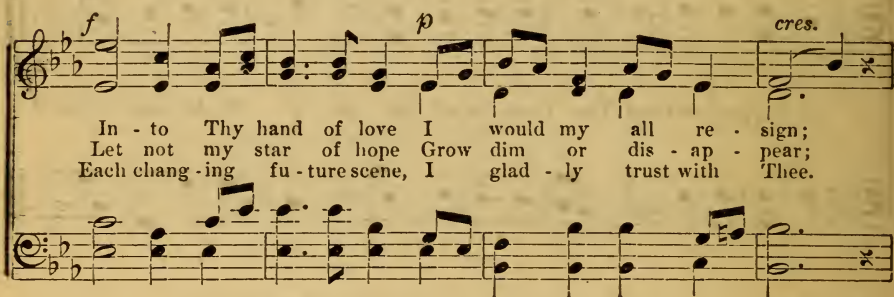
"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."—The Lord's prayer.

Tr. JANE BOTHWICK.

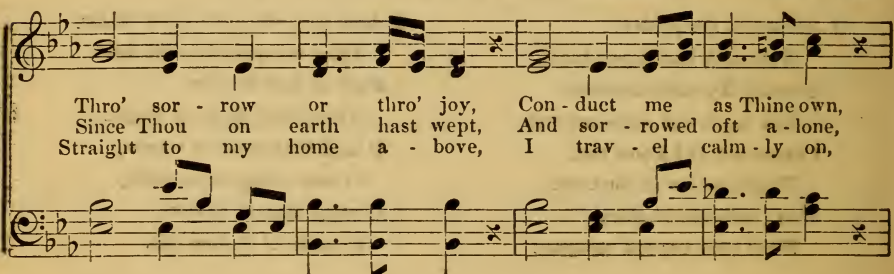
Arr. C. M. VON WEBER.

Slow.


1. My Sav - iour, as Thou wilt, O! may my will be Thine;
 2. My Sav - iour, as Thou wilt, Tho' seen thro' many a tear,
 3. My Sav - iour, as Thou wilt, All shall be well for me,



f In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign;
 Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear;
 Each chang - ing fu - ture scene, I glad - ly trust with Thee. *cres.*



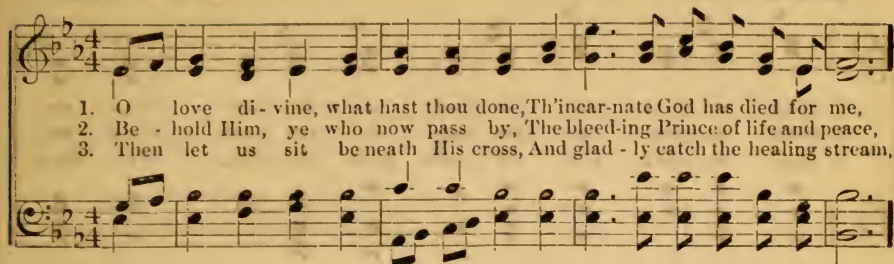
Thro' sor - row or thro' joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,
 Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor - rowed oft a - lone,
 Straight to my home a - bove, I trav - el calm - ly on,



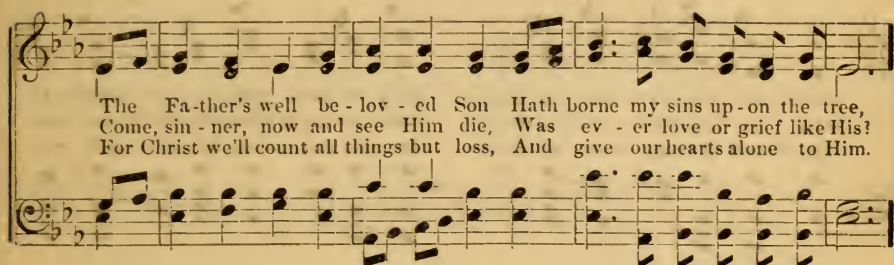
And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.
 If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.
 And sing in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done

"Peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. i: 20.

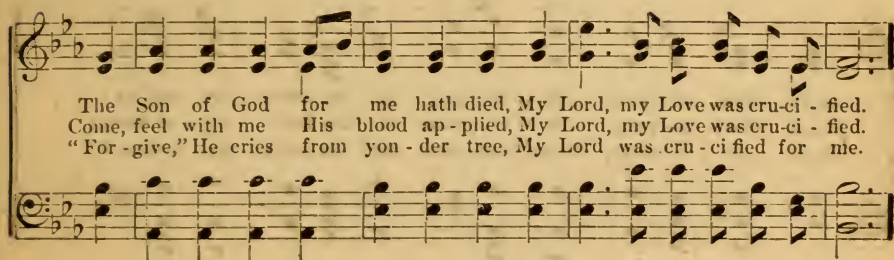
ASA. A. ARMEN.



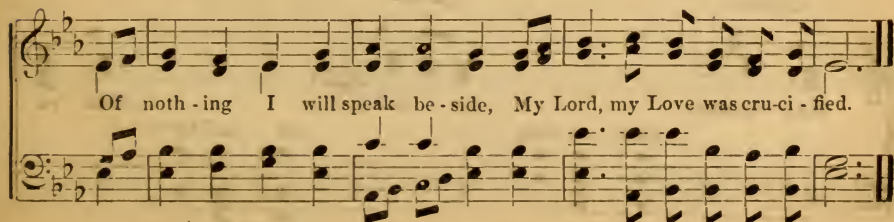
1. O love di-vine, what hast thou done, Th'incarnate God has died for me,
 2. Be - hold Him, ye who now pass by, The bleed-ing Prince of life and peace,
 3. Then let us sit be neath His cross, And glad - ly catch the healing stream,



The Fa-ther's well be - lov - ed Son Hath borne my sins up-on the tree,
 Come, sin - ner, now and see Him die, Was ev - er love or grief like His?
 For Christ we'll count all things but loss, And give our hearts alone to Him.



The Son of God for me hath died, My Lord, my Love was cru-ci - fied.
 Come, feel with me His blood ap - plied, My Lord, my Love was cru-ci - fied.
 "For-give," He cries from yon - der tree, My Lord was cru-ci fied for me.



Of noth - ing I will speak be - side, My Lord, my Love was cru-ci - fied.

"They shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa. xxxiii: 17.

W. A. O.

W. A. O. By per.

1. Shall we meet in the land of the blest? Shall we
 2. Shall we join in the song of the Lamb, When we
 3. Shall we meet with the friends gone be - fore, Who have

dwell with the Fa - ther on high? Shall we meet with the ran - somed of
 meet on that beau - ti - ful shore? Shall our harps touch the chord, and our
 fol - lowed the Sav - iour be - low? In the man - sions of rest, shall we

earth now at rest, In the land of the sweet by and by?
 hands waive the palm, To the praise of the Lord ev - er more?
 dwell ev - er more, When from earth and its cares we shall go?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet by and by? Shall we
 Shall we meet by and by?

SHALL WE MEET BY AND BY?

meet by and by? Shall we meet by and by? Shall we dwell with the Fa - ther on

high? by and by? Shall we meet Shall we meet by and by? by and by?

ril.

No. 100.

LEAVE THEM NOT.

"Ye shall be gathered one by one."—Prov. xxvii: 12.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

GEORGE W. BRUMEISTER.

1. Leave them not, O gen - tle Saviour, Though by sin de - filed; With Thy ten - der -
 2. They have fall - en by the wayside Snares be - set their feet, Raise them up, O
 3. Pit - y reign - eth in Thy bo - som, Kind - ness in Thy heart, And Thy love a -
 4. Lord, dispel their sin and blindness By Thy Spirit's power, Call them by Thy

D.S. Thro' Thy ten - der

ness and mercy Help each fallen child. Sav - iour, Savi - our, Near them ever be.
 blessed Saviour, To Thy mercy seat.
 lone can save them, Lord, Thy grace impart.
 lov - ing kindness To repent this hour.

D.S.

love and mercy Bring them back to Thee.

By Per.

"And yet there is room,"—Luke xiv: 22.

WM. B. BLAKE.

WM. BLAKE. By per.

1. Room at the cross for a sin - ner's soul, Room at the cross for you, . .
 2. Room at the cross for a break - ing heart, Room at the cross for you, . .
 3. Room at the cross for the wea - ry, worn, Room at the cross for you, . .

Where the sin lad - en may be made whole, Room at the cross for you. . .
 Choose then, like Mary, the bet - ter part, Room at the cross for you. . .
 Here leave your burden, oh souls that mourn, Room at the cross for you. . .

REFRAIN.

Room, room, room at the cross, Room at the cross for you, . . .

Room, room, room at the cross, Room at the cross for you. . .

"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."—Psalm cxlix: 2.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

GEO. C. STEBBINS. By per.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
 2. 'Twas God's on-ly Son, the Sav-iour of men, Once wander'd on earth as the
 3. I once was an out-cast stran-ger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, and an
 4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for

world in His hands; Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His
 poor-est of men; But now He is reign-ing for-ev-er on high, And will
 "a-lien" by birth, But I've been "a-dopt-ed" my name's written down, An
 me o-ver there; 'Tho' ex-iled from home, yet my heart still may sing: "All

CHORUS.

cof-fers are full, He has rich-es un-told. I'm the child of a
 give me a home with Himself by and by.
 heir to a man-sion, a robe and a crown.
 glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King."

I'm the child

King, I'm the child of a King; All

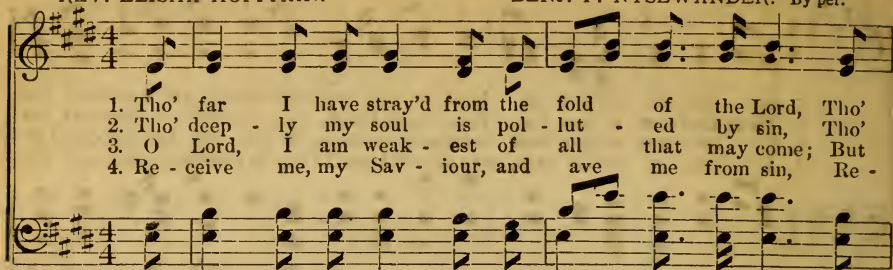
of a King, I'm the child of a King,

glo-ry be to Je-sus, I'm the child of a King, of a King.

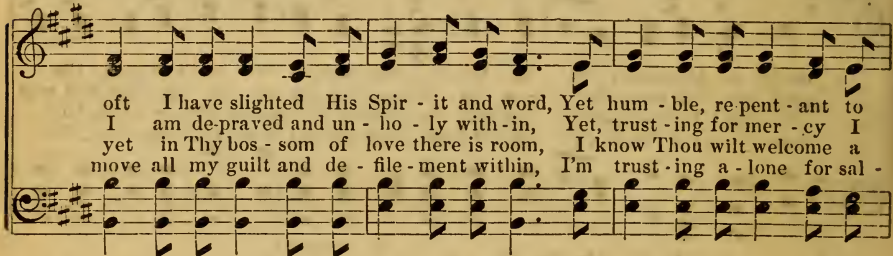
"The Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy."—James v: 11.

REV. ELISHA HOFFMAN.

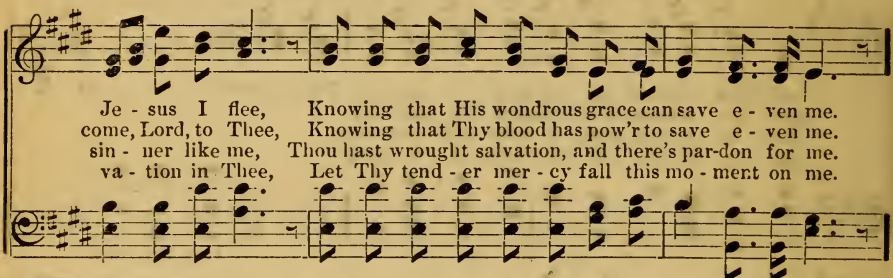
BENJ. F. NYSEWANDER. By per.



1. Tho' far I have stray'd from the fold of the Lord, Tho'
 2. Tho' deep - ly my soul is pol - lut - ed by sin, Tho'
 3. O Lord, I am weak - est of all that may come; But
 4. Re - ceive me, my Sav - iour, and ave me from sin, Re -

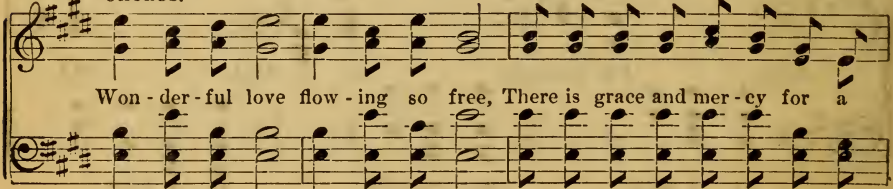


oft I have slighted His Spir - it and word, Yet hum - ble, repent - ant to
 I am de - praved and un - ho - ly with - in, Yet, trust - ing for mer - cy I
 yet in Thy bos - som of love there is room, I know Thou wilt welcome a
 move all my guilt and de - file - ment within, I'm trust - ing a - lone for sal -

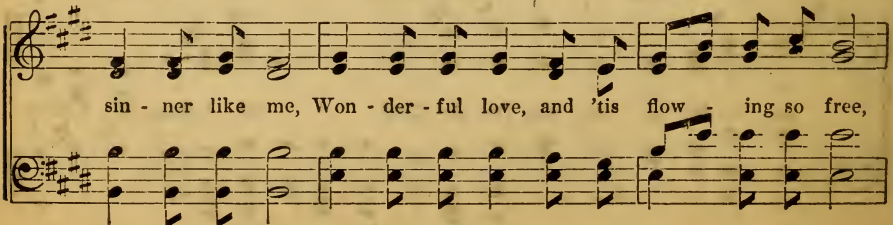


Je - sus I flee, Knowing that His wondrous grace can save e - ven me.
 come, Lord, to Thee, Knowing that Thy blood has pow'r to save e - ven me.
 sin - ner like me, Thou hast wrought salvation, and there's par - don for me.
 va - tion in Thee, Let Thy tend - er mer - cy fall this mo - ment on me.

CHORUS.



Won - der - ful love flow - ing so free, There is grace and mer - cy for a



sin - ner like me, Won - der - ful love, and 'tis flow - ing so free,

WONDERFUL LOVE.

There is grace and mer - cy for a sin - ner like me.

No. 104.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with everlasting joy."--Isa. xxx: 10.

HORACE L. HASTINGS.

ELIHU S. RICE.

Moderato.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our voy - age here is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?
4. Shall we meet with Christ our Sav - iour, When He comes to claim His own?

Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an - chor By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine?
 Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

D.S. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

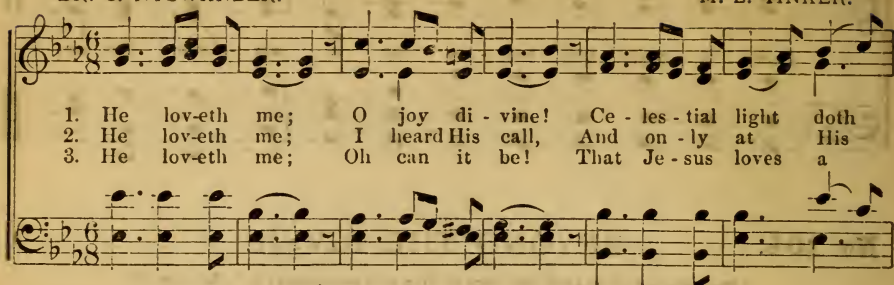
CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?

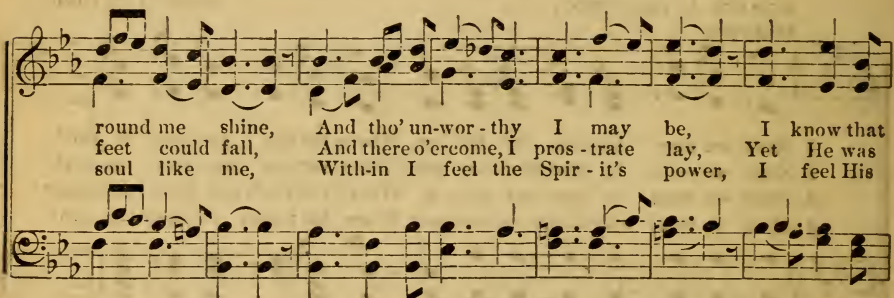
"Jesus beholding him, loved him."—Matt. x: 21.

DR. C. NYSWANDER.

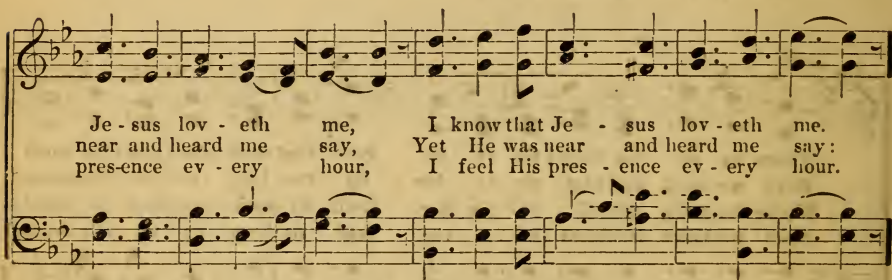
M. Z. TINKER.



1. He lov-eth me; O joy di-vine! Ce-les-tial light doth
 2. He lov-eth me; I heard His call, And on-ly at His
 3. He lov-eth me; Oh can it be! That Je-sus loves a

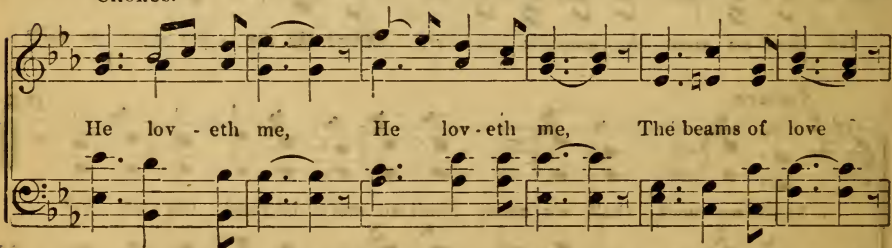


round me shine, And tho' un-wor-thy I may be, I know that
 feet could fall, And there o'ercome, I pros-trate lay, Yet He was
 soul like me, With-in I feel the Spir-it's power, I feel His

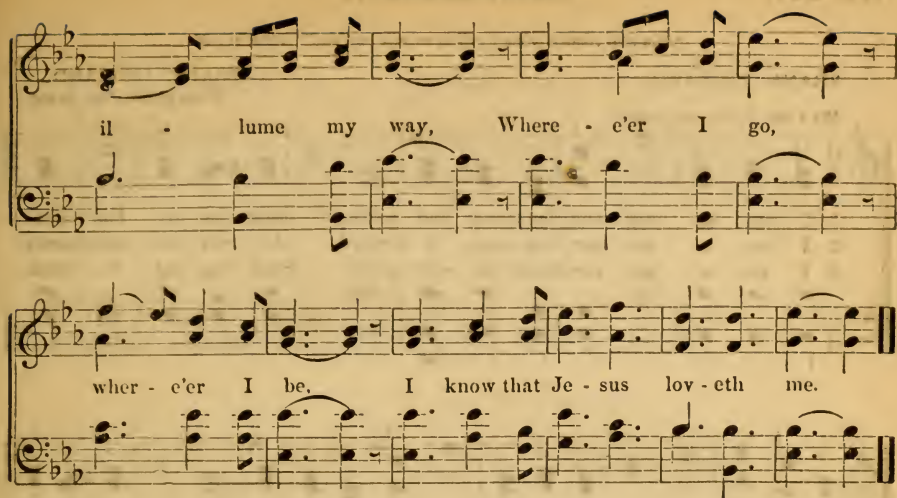


Je-sus lov-eth me, I know that Je-sus lov-eth me.
 near and heard me say, Yet He was near and heard me say:
 pres-ence ev-ery hour, I feel His pres-ence ev-ery hour.

CHORUS.



He lov-eth me, He lov-eth me, The beams of love



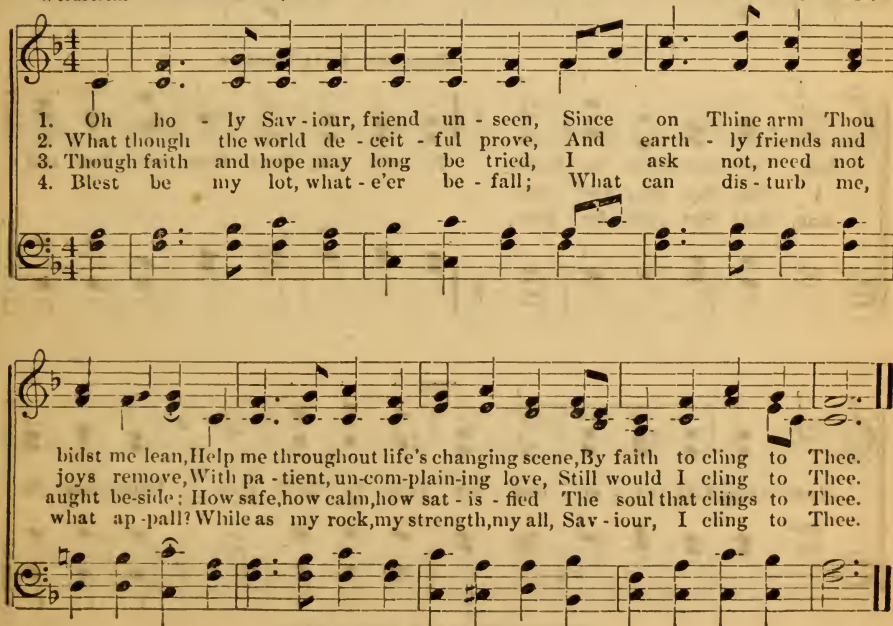
il - lume my way, Where - e'er I go,
wher - e'er I be, I know that Je - sus lov - eth me.

No. 106.

CLINGING TO THEE.

Words from CHANGED CROSS.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. Oh ho - ly Sav - iour, friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou
2. What though the world de - ceit - ful prove, And earth - ly friends and
3. Though faith and hope may long be tried, I ask not, need not
4. Blest be my lot, what - e'er be - fall; What can dis - turb me,
bidst me lean, Help me throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to Thee.
joys remove, With pa - tient, un-com-plain-ing love, Still would I cling to Thee.
aught be-side; How safe, how calm, how sat - is - fied The soul that clings to Thee.
what ap - pall? While as my rock, my strength, my all, Sav - iour, I cling to Thee.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—John vi: 37.

FRANK HOWARD.

FRANK HOWARD.

MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO.

From manuscript, by per.

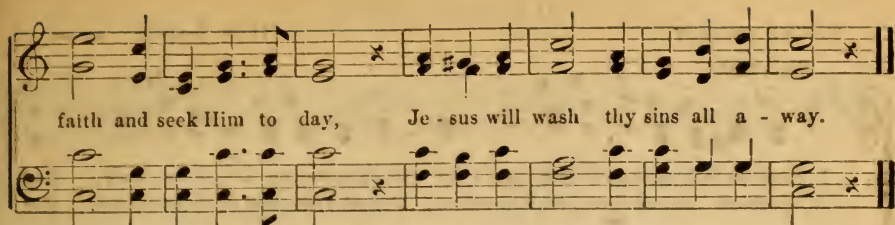
1. I am a sin - ner, doubt - ing and weak, Bear - ing my bur - den
 2. I am a sin - ner, long have I strayed, Je - sus' com - mandments
 3. I am a sin - ner, bend - ing with grief, Seek - ing sal - va - tion,

pa - tient and meek, Seek - ing a ha - ven where I may go, Hop - ing this
 have not o - beyed. Seek - ing, I come with heart sore dis - tress, Hop - ing that
 ask - ing re - lief, Saviour, oh, hear me, and bid me live, And all my

RESPONSE. FULL CHORUS.

day my Sav - iour to know. Je - sus will hear thee, com - fort and
 I this day may find rest.
 sins, dear Sav - iour, for - give.

cheer thee, Life ev - er - last - ing free - ly He'll give. Come thou in



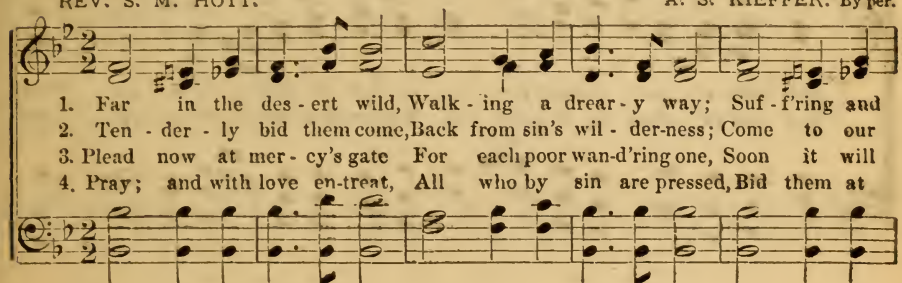
faith and seek Him to day, Je - sus will wash thy sins all a - way.

No. 108. PRAY FOR THE WANDERER.

"If you will hear his voice harden not your hearts."—1's. xcv : 7.

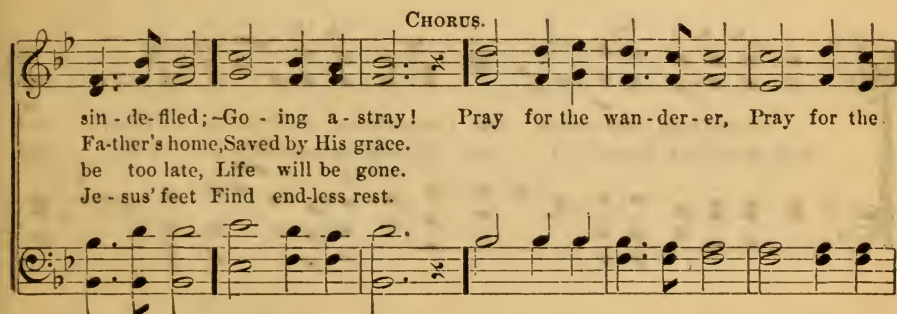
REV. S. M. HOTT.

A. S. KIEFFER. By per.

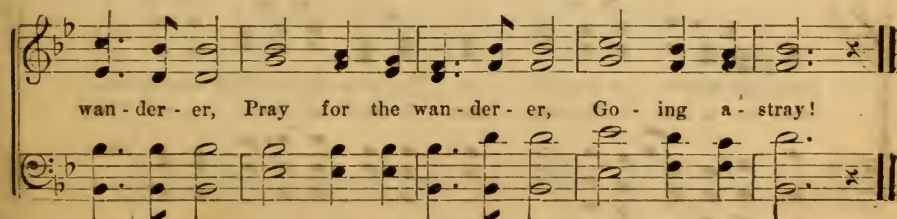


1. Far in the des - ert wild, Walk - ing a drear - y way; Suf - f'ring and
2. Ten - der - ly bid them come, Back from sin's wil - der - ness; Come to our
3. Plead now at mer - cy's gate For each poor wan - d'ring one, Soon it will
4. Pray; and with love en - treat, All who by sin are pressed, Bid them at

CHORUS.



sin - de - filed; - Go - ing a - stray! Pray for the wan - der - er, Pray for the
Fa - ther's home, Saved by His grace.
be too late, Life will be gone.
Je - sus' feet Find end - less rest.

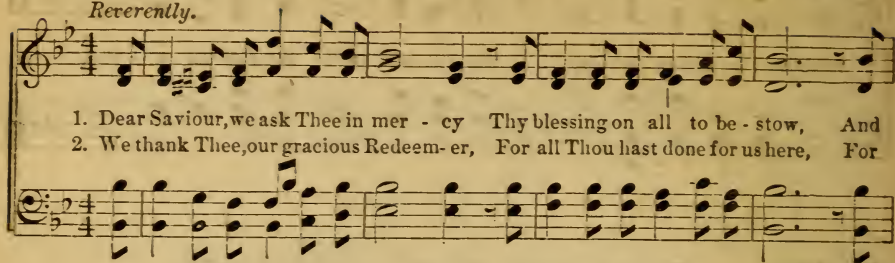


wan - der - er, Pray for the wan - der - er, Go - ing a - stray!

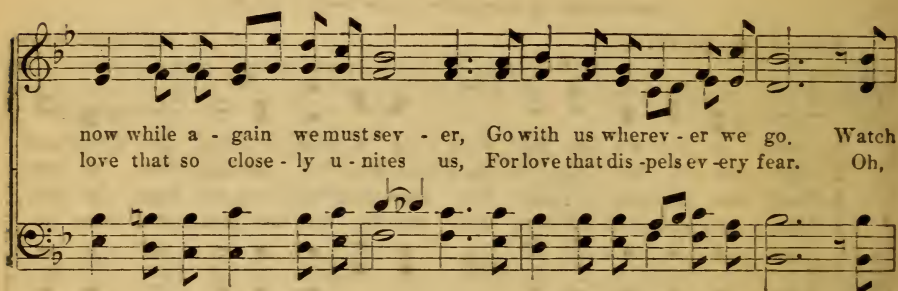
FANNY CROSBY.

(A SONG FOR CLOSING.)

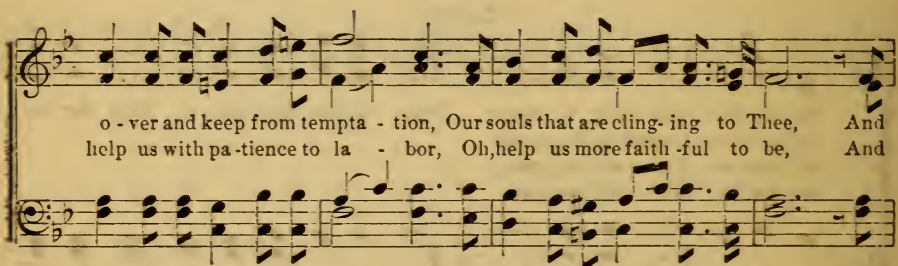
H. P. DANKS. By per.

Reverently.


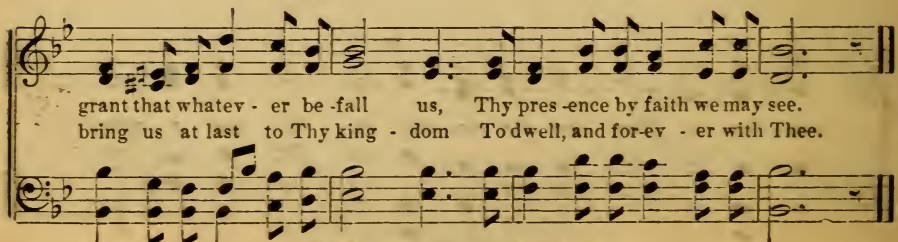
1. Dear Saviour, we ask Thee in mer - cy Thy blessing on all to be - stow, And
 2. We thank Thee, our gracious Redeem - er, For all Thou hast done for us here, For



now while a - gain we must sev - er, Go with us wherev - er we go. Watch
 love that so close - ly u - nites us, For love that dis - pels ev - ery fear. Oh,



o - ver and keep from tempta - tion, Our souls that are cling - ing to Thee, And
 help us with pa - tience to la - bor, Oh, help us more faith - ful to be, And



grant that whatev - er be - fall us, Thy pres - ence by faith we may see.
 bring us at last to Thy king - dom To dwell, and for - ev - er with Thee.

"And another book was opened which is the book of life."—Rev. xx: 12.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. In the Lamb's Book of Life Will my name there ap - pear? Shall I
 2. Un - to me a new name In His king - dom He'll give; Of the
 3. There shall noth - ing be hid From the eyes of His own, When in

walk in white rai - ment? Will Je - sus be near? With the dear ones of
 man - na that's hid - den From him I'll re - ceive; And my name He'll con -
 glo - ry we view Him Up - on the great throne; Then to Him shall a -

earth Who have pass'd on be - fore, Shall I dwell in that coun - try And
 fess To the Fa - ther a - bove. Oh, bless - ed be God for The
 rise From the saved a - mong men, Un - to Him be the glo - ry For

CHORUS.

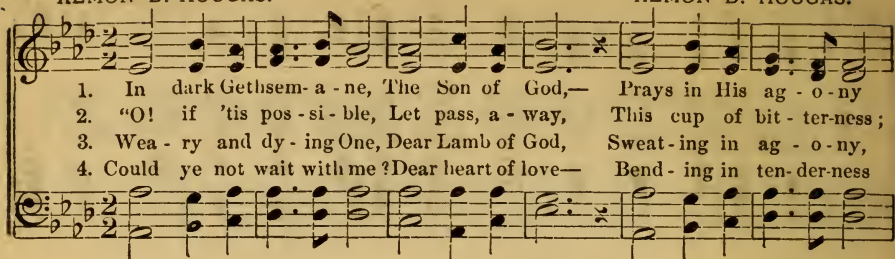
sor - row no more?
 Son of His love. Glo - ry to God! His prom - ise is
 ev - er, A - men.

dear: I re - joice, for I know that my name's writ - ten there.

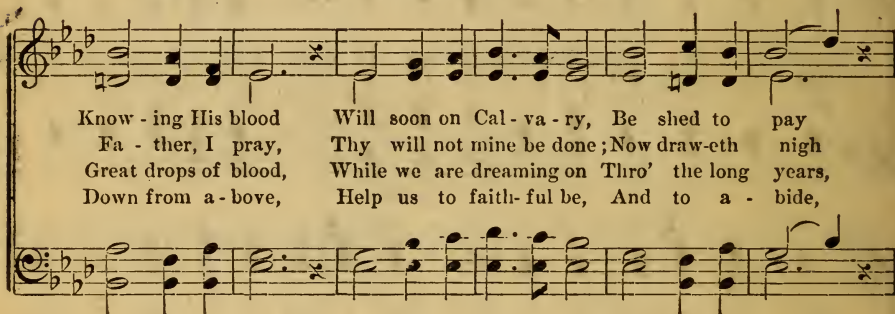
Read St. Matt. Chapl. 26, verse 46.

ALMON D. HOUGAS.

ALMON D. HOUGAS.

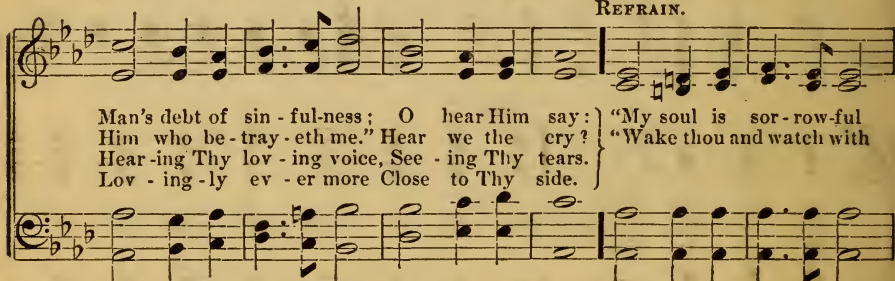


1. In dark Gethsem-a-ne, The Son of God,— Prays in His ag-o-ny
 2. "O! if 'tis pos-si-ble, Let pass, a-way, This cup of bit-ter-ness;
 3. Wea-ry and dy-ing One, Dear Lamb of God, Sweat-ing in ag-o-ny,
 4. Could ye not wait with me? Dear heart of love— Bend-ing in ten-der-ness

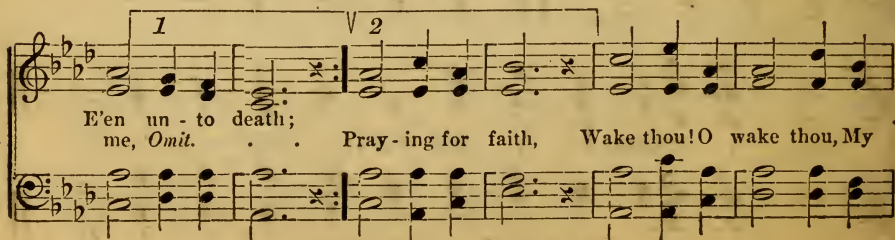


Know-ing His blood Will soon on Cal-va-ry, Be shed to pay
 Fa-ther, I pray, Thy will not mine be done; Now draw-eth nigh
 Great drops of blood, While we are dreaming on Thro' the long years,
 Down from a-bove, Help us to faith-ful be, And to a-bide,

REFRAIN.

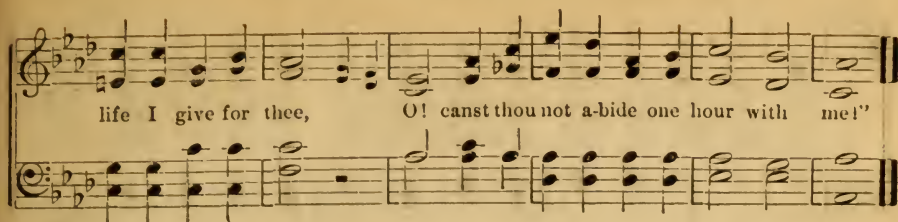


Man's debt of sin-ful-ness; O hear Him say: } "My soul is sor-row-ful
 Him who be-tray-eth me." Hear we the cry? } "Wake thou and watch with
 Hear-ing Thy lov-ing voice, See-ing Thy tears.
 Lov-ing-ly ev-er more Close to Thy side. }



1 E'en un-to death;
 me, Omit. . . Pray-ing for faith, Wake thou! O wake thou, My

2



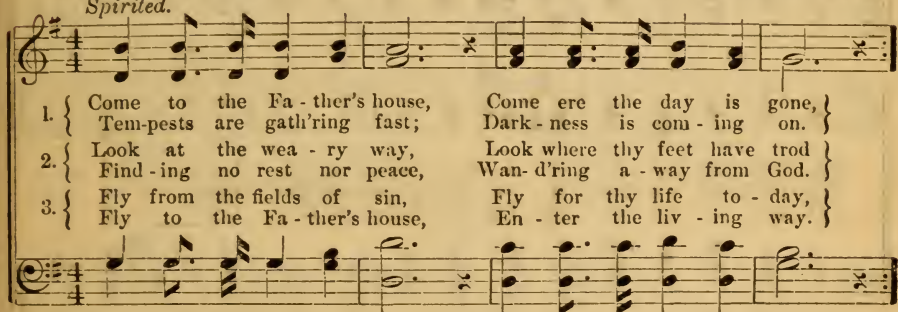
life I give for thee, O! canst thou not a-bide one hour with me!"

No. 112. JESUS WILL LET YOU IN.

"I will give you rest." —Matt. xi: 28.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.
Spirited.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER. By per.

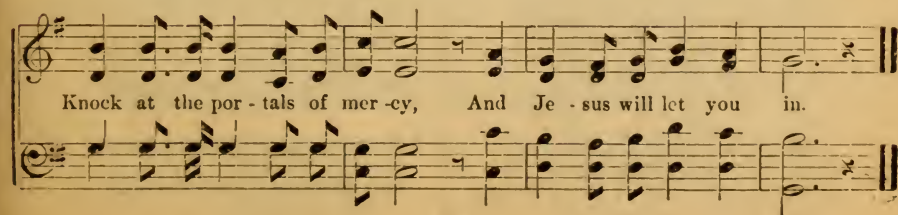


1. { Come to the Fa - ther's house, Come ere the day is gone, }
 { Tem-pests are gath'ring fast; Dark - ness is com - ing on. }
2. { Look at the wea - ry way, Look where thy feet have trod }
 { Find - ing no rest nor peace, Wan - d'ring a - way from God. }
3. { Fly from the fields of sin, Fly for thy life to - day, }
 { Fly to the Fa - ther's house, En - ter the liv - ing way. }

CHORUS.



Fly for the tempest is com-ing Sweeping the fields of sin,



Knock at the por - tals of mer - cy, And Je - sus will let you in.

No. 113.

CORONATION. C. M.

REV. E. PERRONET.

O. HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tongue, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 114.

- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear;
 What a privilege to carry
 Every thing to God in prayer.
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 All because we do not carry
 Every thing to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer:
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

No. 115.

- 1 We praise Thee, O God! for the
 Son of Thy love,
 For Jesus who died, and is now gone
 above.
- СНО.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory;
 Hallelujah! Amen:
 Hallelujah! Thine the glory;
 Revive us again.
- 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy
 Spirit of light,
 Who has shown us our Saviour,
 and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb
 that was slain,
 Who has borne all our sins, and
 has cleansed every stain.
- 4 Revive us again; fill each heart
 with Thy love;
 May each soul be rekindled with
 fire from above.

No. 116.

WOODLAND. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS.

DR. THOS. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross,—A fol-l'wer of the Lamb, And shall I fear to
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease; While others fought to
 3. I can but per-ish if I go; I am resolved to try; For if I stay a -

own His cause, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 win the prize, While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
 way I know, For if I stay a - way, I know I shall for - ev - er die.

4 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

5 Since I must fight if I would reign,
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

No. 117.

EVAN. C. M.

REV. I. WATTS.

PSALM 23.

WM. H. HAVERGAL.

1. Sal - va - tion! O the joy - ful sound! What plea - sure to our ears;
 2. Sal - va - tion! Let the ech - o fly The spa - cious world a - round,
 3. Sal - va - tion! O Thou bleeding Lamb! To Thee the praise be - longs:

A sovereign balm for ev - ery wound, A cor - dial for our fears.
 While all the ar - mies of the sky Con - spire to raise the sound.
 Sal - va - tion shall in - spire our hearts, And dwell up - on our tongues.

No. 118.

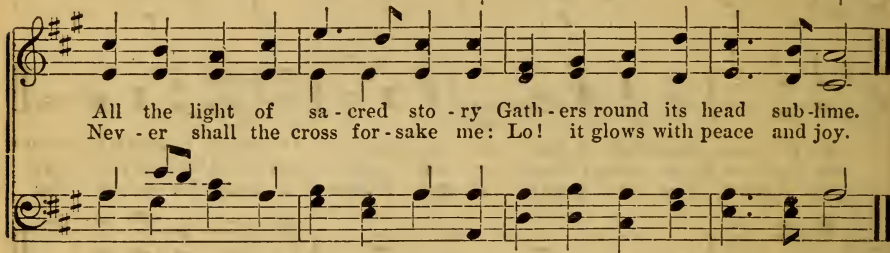
RATHBUN. 8S & 7S.

BOWRING.

W. H. MONK.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive and fears an - noy,



All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 119.

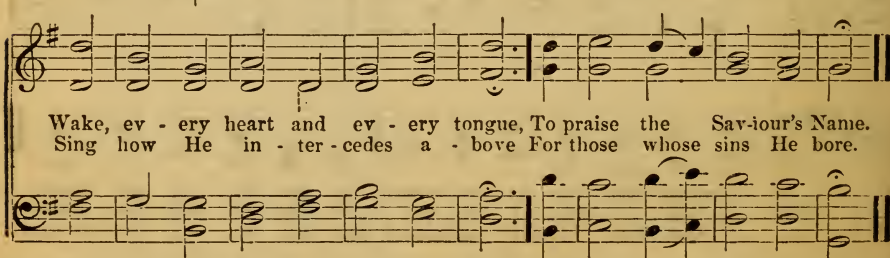
ST. THOMAS. S. M.

REV. WM. HAMMOND.

Arr. by AARON WILLIAMS.



1. A - wake, and sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb;
2. Sing of His dy - ing love; Sing of His ris - ing power;



Wake, ev - ery heart and ev - ery tongue, To praise the Sav-iour's Name.
Sing how He in - ter - cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.

3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

No. 120.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6S & 4S.

MADAN.

GIARDINI.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise!
 2. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour;
 3. To Thee, great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more;

Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, Ancient of days.
 Thou, who almighty art, Now rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r.
 Thy sovereign majes - ty May we in glo - ry sec, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 121.

DENNIS. S. M.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT.

H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, — Our com - forts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.

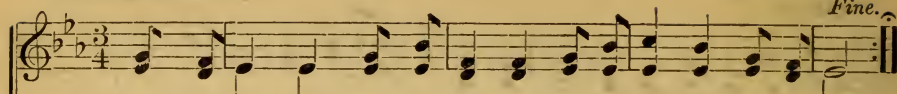
4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

No. 122.

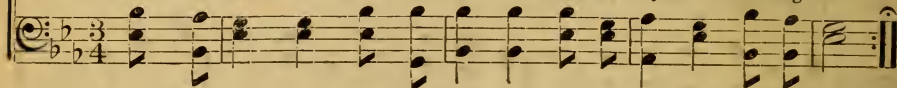
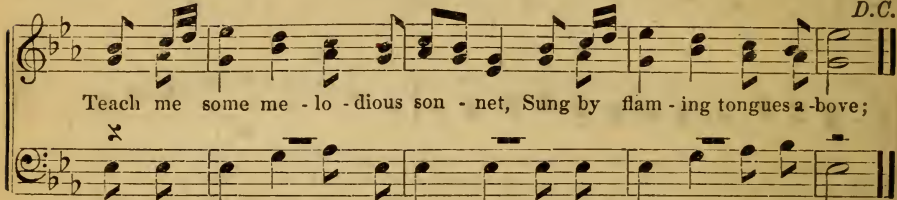
COME THOU FOUNT.

REV. R. ROBINSON.

OLD MELODY.

Fine.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev - ery bless - ing Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; }
 D.C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.

*D.C.*

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

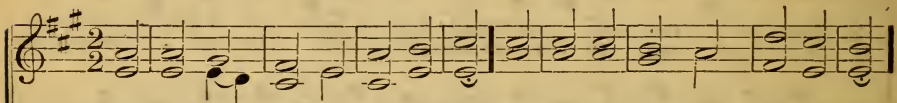
2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness as a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

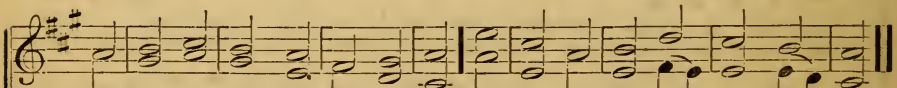
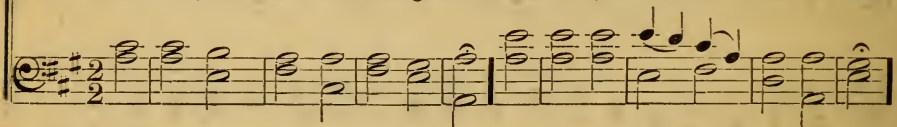
No. 123.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

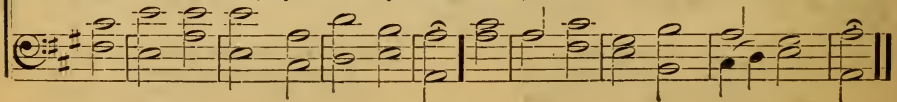
LUTHER.



Praise God, from whom all blessings flow! Praise Him, all crea - tures here be - low!



Praise Him a - bove, ye heavenly host! Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost!



"Go work to day in my vineyard."—Matt. 21: 28.

ANNIE CUMMINGS.

WARREN W. BENTLEY. By per.

Spirited.

1. Wait-ing is the gold-en har-vest, Wait-ing is the gold-en grain.
 2. Tru-ly is the har-vest plen-teous, But the la-bor-ers are few,
 3. Will the Mas-ter hold us guilt-less, If the work be left un-done?
 4. Haste, oh, has-ten, chris-tian work-ers, Swift-ly speed the hours a-way;

While the Mas-ter calls for reap-ers From the hill-side and the plain.
 Pray ye that the Lord of har-vest, Send forth workmen tried and true.
 If for lack of la-bor per-ish, Prec-ious souls we might have won?
 Hark-en to the Mas-ter's warn-ing, Work ye while 'tis call'd to-day.

CHORUS.

Who is will-ing? who is read-y? Who will go and work to-day?

See the gold-en har-vest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?

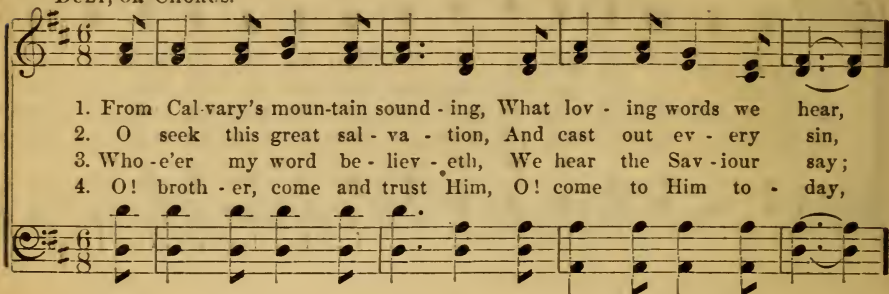
No. 125. WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH.

God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3: 16.

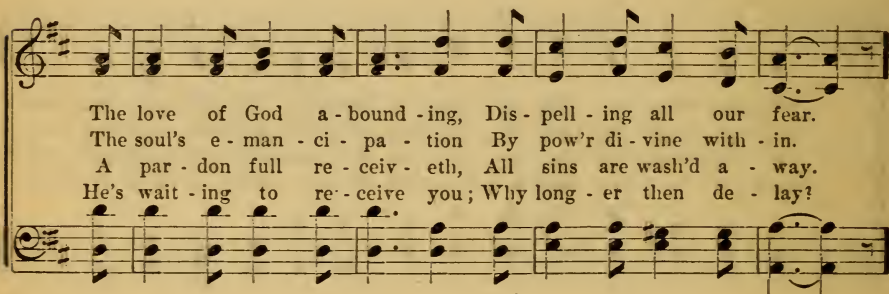
REV. FREDERICK DENISON.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

DUET, OR CHORUS.

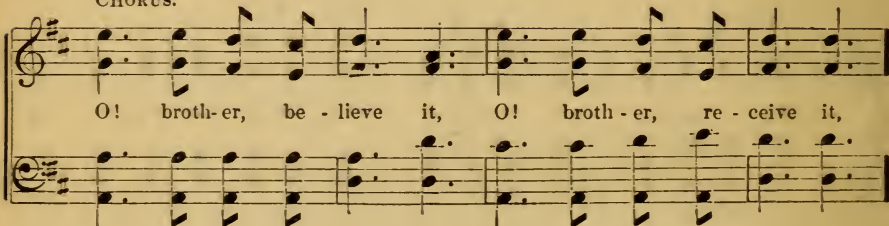


1. From Cal-vary's moun-tain sound - ing, What lov - ing words we hear,
 2. O seek this great sal - va - tion, And cast out ev - ery sin,
 3. Who - e'er my word be - liev - eth, We hear the Sav - iour say;
 4. O! broth - er, come and trust Him, O! come to Him to - day,

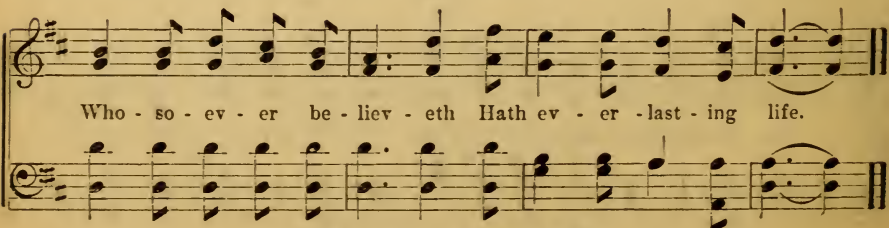


The love of God a - bound - ing, Dis - pell - ing all our fear.
 The soul's e - man - ci - pa - tion By pow'r di - vine with - in.
 A par - don full re - ceiv - eth, All sins are wash'd a - way.
 He's wait - ing to re - ceive you; Why long - er then de - lay?

CHORUS.



O! broth - er, be - lieve it, O! broth - er, re - ceive it,



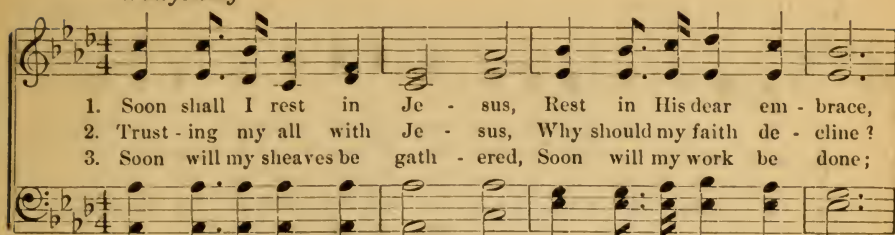
Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth Hath ev - er - last - ing life.

Copyright, 1834, by S. T. GORDON & SON.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

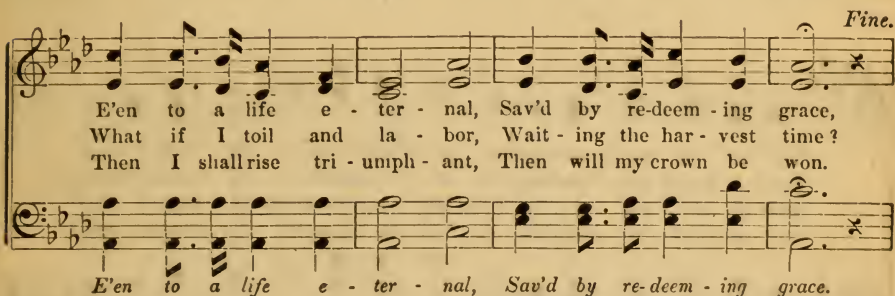
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WARREN W. BENTLEY. By per.

With feeling.


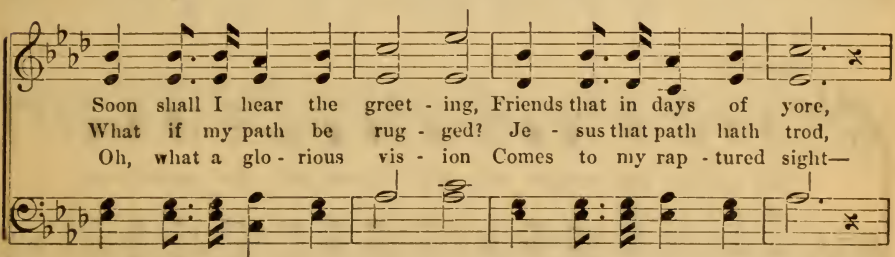
1. Soon shall I rest in Je - sus, Rest in His dear em - brace,
 2. Trust - ing my all with Je - sus, Why should my faith de - cline?
 3. Soon will my sheaves be gath - ered, Soon will my work be done;

REFRAIN. Soon shall I rest in Je - sus, Rest in His dear em - brace,

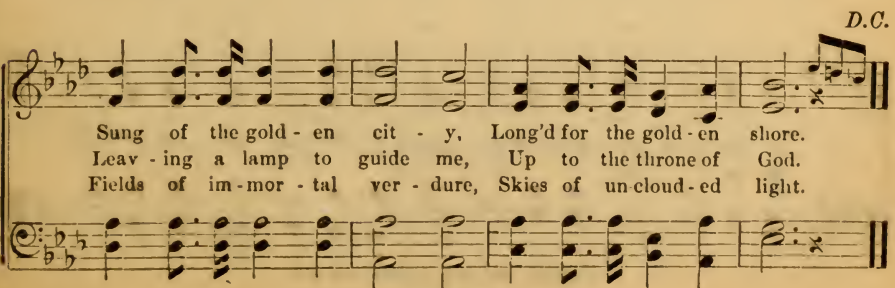


Fine.
 E'en to a life e - ter - nal, Sav'd by re-deem - ing grace,
 What if I toil and la - bor, Wait - ing the har - vest time?
 Then I shall rise tri - umph - ant, Then will my crown be won.

E'en to a life e - ter - nal, Sav'd by re-deem - ing grace.



Soon shall I hear the greet - ing, Friends that in days of yore,
 What if my path be rug - ged? Je - sus that path hath trod,
 Oh, what a glo - rious vis - ion Comes to my rap - tured sight—



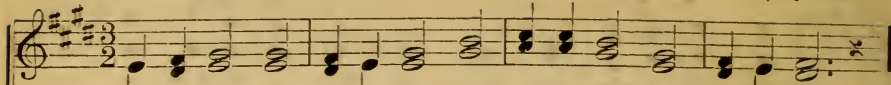
D.C.
 Sung of the gold - en cit - y, Long'd for the gold - en shore.
 Leav - ing a lamp to guide me, Up to the throne of God.
 Fields of im - mor - tal ver - dure, Skies of un - cloud - ed light.

"I will give you rest."

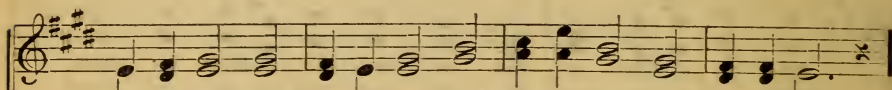
(To CHAPLAIN C. C. McCABE.)

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

WARREN W. BENTLEY, by Per.

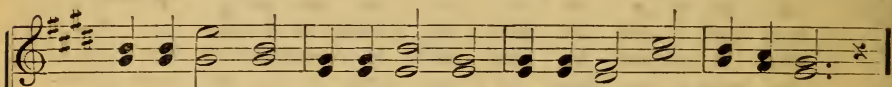


1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest - ing, Safe-ly shel-tered I a - bide,
 2. Long pursued by sin and Sa - tan, Weary, sad, I longed for rest,
 3. Peace which passeth un - der-stand-ing, Joy the world can nev - er give,
 4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past,

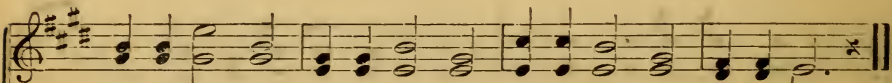


There no foes nor storms mo-lest me, While with-in the cleft I hide.
 Then I found this heav'nly shel-ter, Opened in my Saviour's breast.
 Now in Je - sus I am find - ing, In His smiles of love I live
 All se - cure in this blest re - fuge, Heeding not the fiercest blast.

REFRAIN.



Now I'm rest - ing, sweetly rest - ing, In the cleft once made for me;



Je - sus, bless - ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in Thee.

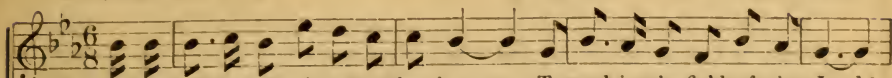
Copyright, 1884, by S. T. GORDON & SON.

No. 128. WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?

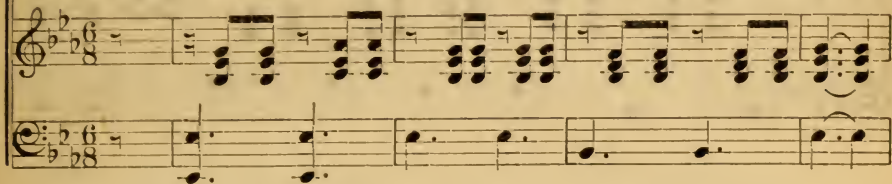

And he trembling said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—Acts. 9: 6.

WORDS SELECTED.

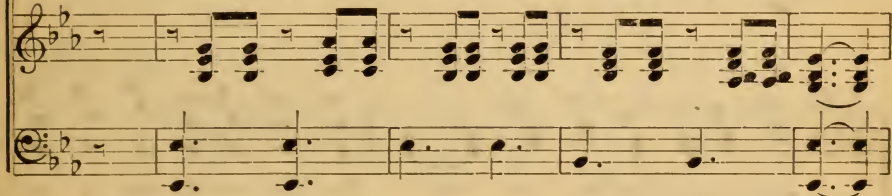
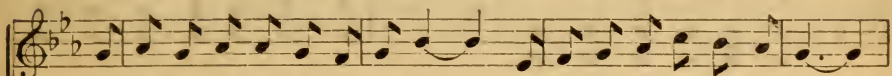
WARREN W. BENTLEY. By per.



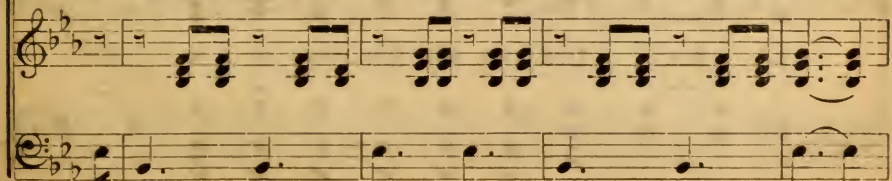
1. Are you will-ing my sis-ter, my broth - er, To work in the field of the Lord ?
 2. In what ev-er path du-ty lead - eth, There go, tho' the way may be dim ;
 3. Say not I am humble and low - ly, And lit - tle could do if I would ;
 4. What - ev-er good work thy hand find-eth, That do with the whole of thy might,

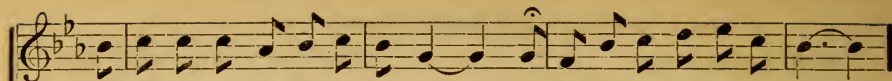
Would you gladly choose, more than anoth - er, His ser-vice to gain His re - ward ?
 Some brother perhaps thy help need - eth, A blessing shalt thou prove to him ;
 Remem-ber that Je - sus the ho - ly said Of one, she hath done what she could ;
 For soon, ah, too soon, the day end - eth, Then follows the sha-dow of night ;

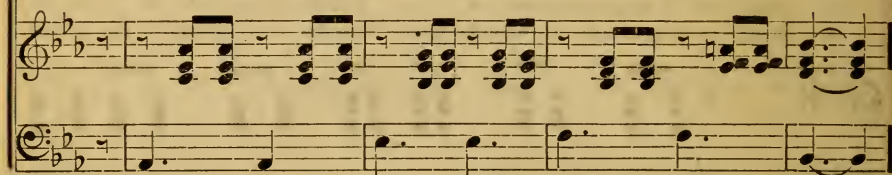
Seek not for a prom-i - nent sta - tion, Your zeal or your tal-ent to show,
 But should the task seem un-a-vail - ing, The journey both weary and slow,
 Some names shall like stars shine forev-er, Which few of this world ev-en know ;
 The pres-ent time on-ly is giv - en, The past you can nev-er re - new ;



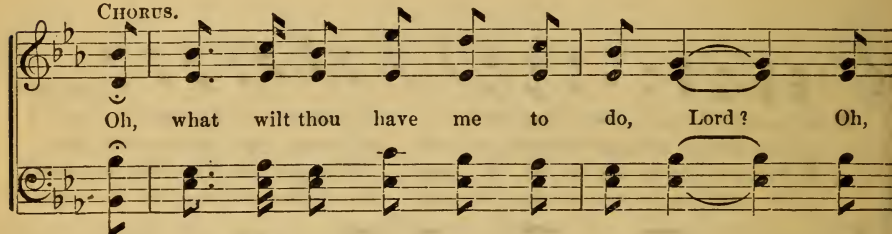
WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?



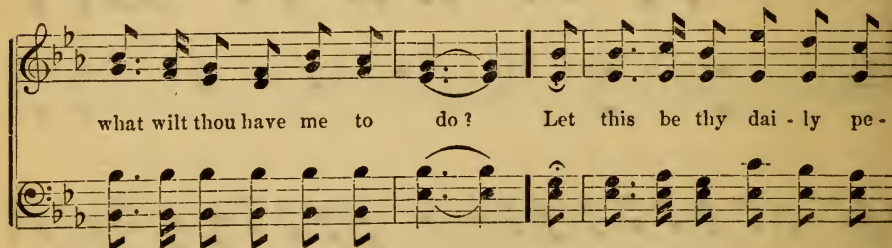
But ask in some humble re - la - tion, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"
 Then pray, fearing dan - ger of fail - ing, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"
 They sought with most earnest endeav - or, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"
 Then ask, seeking guidance from heav - en, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"



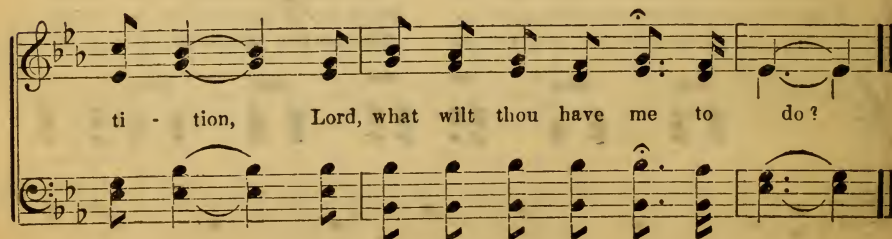
CHORUS.



Oh, what wilt thou have me to do, Lord? Oh,



what wilt thou have me to do? Let this be thy dai - ly pe -

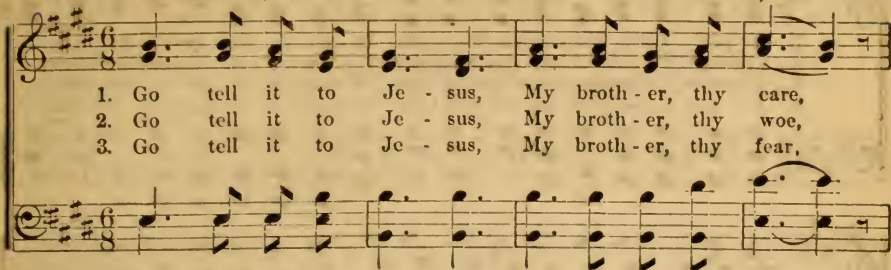


ti - tion, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?

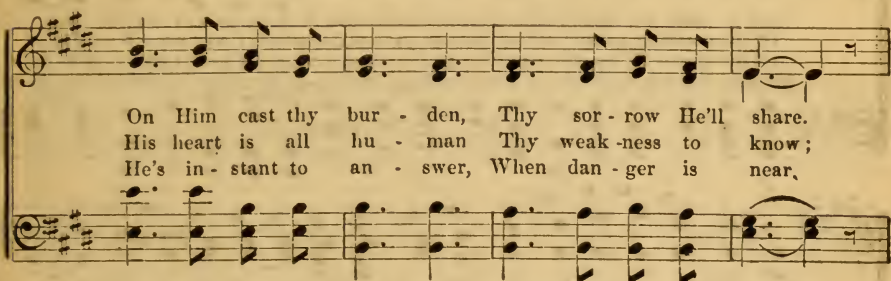
They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—Isa. 35: 10.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

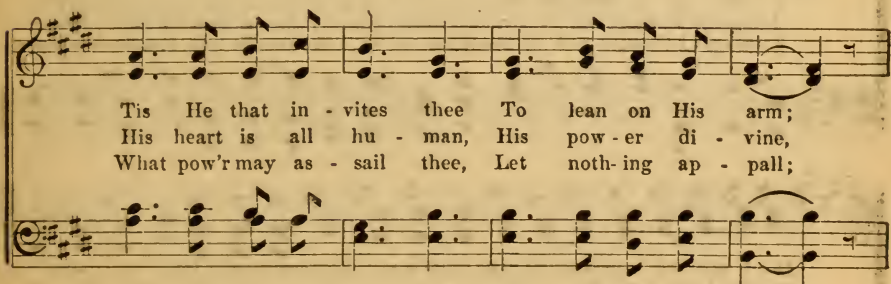
WARREN W. BENTLEY, By Per.



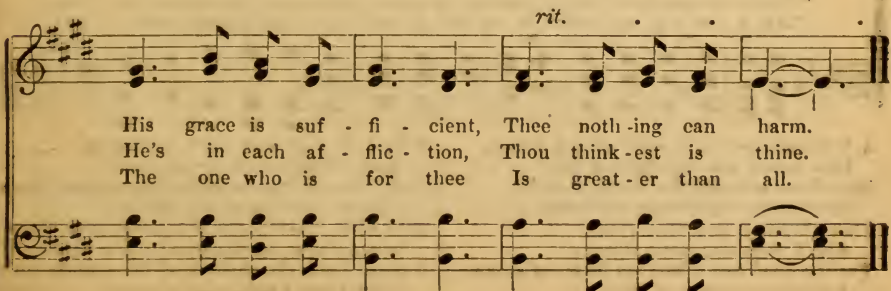
1. Go tell it to Je - sus, My broth - er, thy care,
 2. Go tell it to Je - sus, My broth - er, thy woe,
 3. Go tell it to Je - sus, My broth - er, thy fear,



On Him cast thy bur - den, Thy sor - row He'll share.
 His heart is all hu - man, Thy weak - ness to know;
 He's in - stant to an - swer, When dan - ger is near,



Tis He that in - vites thee To lean on His arm;
 His heart is all hu - man, His pow - er di - vine,
 What pow'r may as - sail thee, Let noth - ing ap - pall;



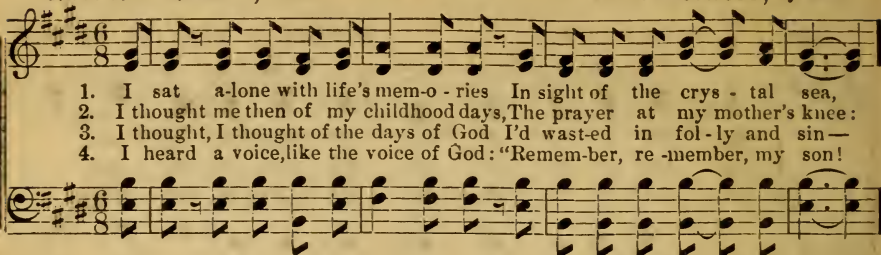
rit.
 His grace is suf - fi - cient, Thee noth - ing can harm.
 He's in each af - flic - tion, Thou think - est is thine.
 The one who is for thee Is great - er than all.

No. 130. IN SIGHT OF THE CRYSTAL SEA.

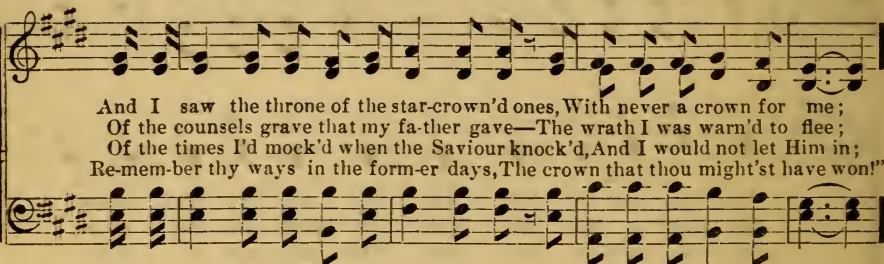
"Son, remember." Luke xv: 25.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

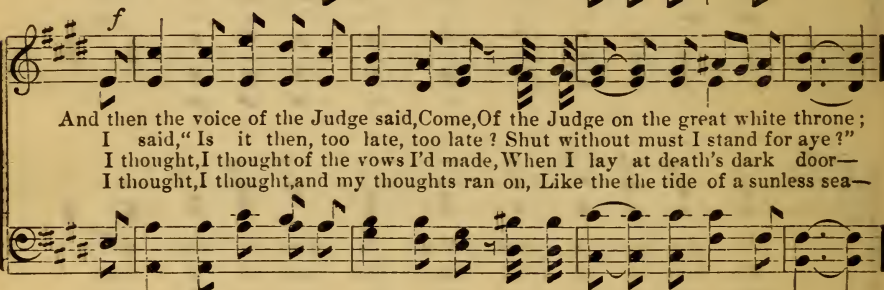
J. W. BISCHOFF, by Per.



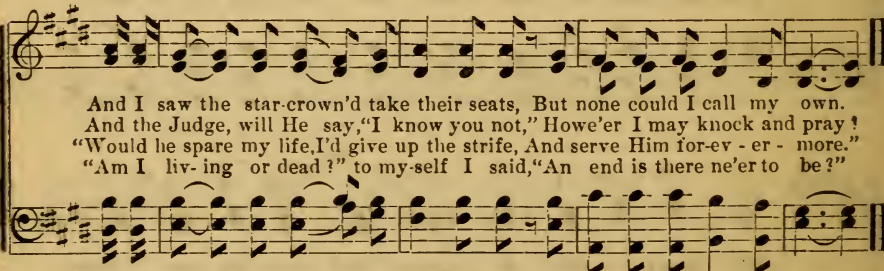
1. I sat a-lone with life's mem-o-ries In sight of the crys-tal sea,
 2. I thought me then of my childhood days, The prayer at my mother's knee:
 3. I thought, I thought of the days of God I'd wast-ed in fol-ly and sin—
 4. I heard a voice, like the voice of God: "Remem-ber, re-mem-ber, my son!



And I saw the throne of the star-crown'd ones, With never a crown for me;
 Of the counsels grave that my fa-ther gave—The wrath I was warn'd to flee;
 Of the times I'd mock'd when the Saviour knock'd, And I would not let Him in;
 Re-mem-ber thy ways in the form-er days, The crown that thou might'st have won!"



And then the voice of the Judge said, Come, Of the Judge on the great white throne;
 I said, "Is it then, too late, too late? Shut without must I stand for aye?"
 I thought, I thought of the vows I'd made, When I lay at death's dark door—
 I thought, I thought, and my thoughts ran on, Like the tide of a sunless sea—



And I saw the star-crown'd take their seats, But none could I call my own.
 And the Judge, will He say, "I know you not," Howe'er I may knock and pray!
 "Would he spare my life, I'd give up the strife, And serve Him for-ev-er-more."
 "Am I liv-ing or dead?" to my-self I said, "An end is there ne'er to be?"

5 It seemed as tho' I woke from a dream,
 How sweet was the light of day!
 Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells
 From towers that were far away;
 I then became as a little child,
 And I wept and wept afresh;
 For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,
 And given a heart of flesh.

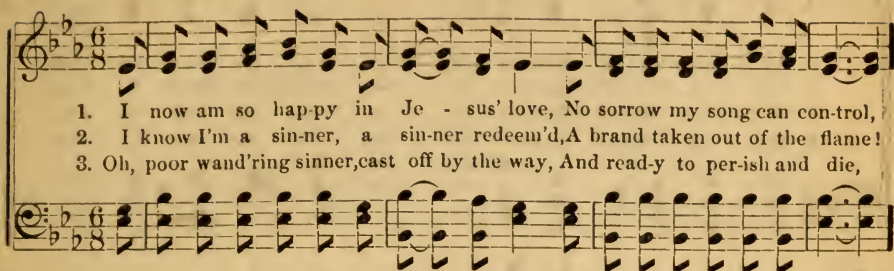
6 Still oft I sit with life's memories,
 And I think of the crystal sea;
 And I see the thrones of the star-crown'd ones.
 I know there's a crown for me;
 And when the voice of the Judge says, Come,
 Of the Judge on the great white throne,
 I know 'mid the thrones of the star-crown'd
 There's one I shall call my own. [ones,

No. 131. WHY NOT COME TO HIM NOW?

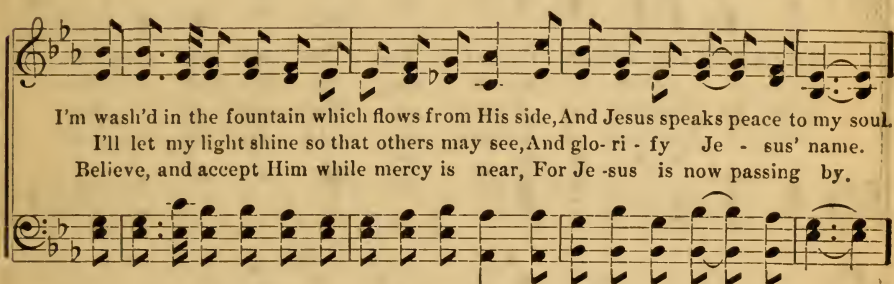
Heb. 2: 2.

REV. A. S. DOBBS, D. D.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

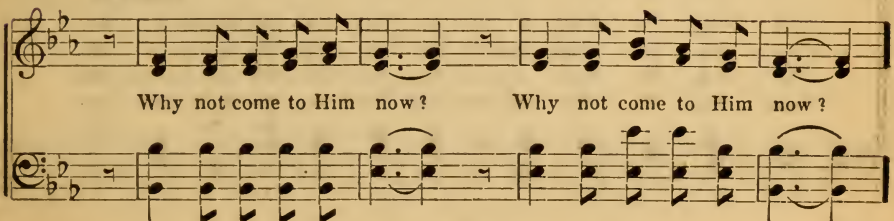


1. I now am so hap-py in Je - sus' love, No sorrow my song can con-trol,
 2. I know I'm a sin-ner, a sin-ner redeem'd, A brand taken out of the flame!
 3. Oh, poor wand'ring sinner, cast off by the way, And ready to per-ish and die,

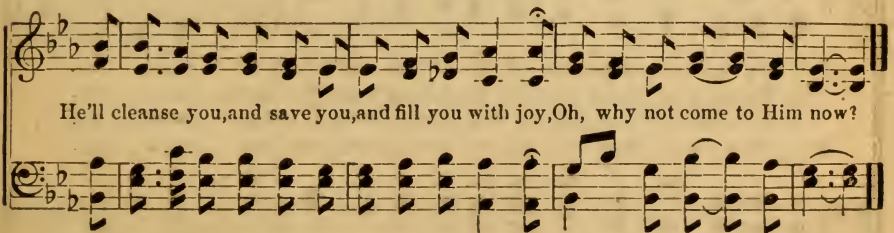


I'm wash'd in the fountain which flows from His side, And Jesus speaks peace to my soul.
 I'll let my light shine so that others may see, And glo - ri - fy Je - sus' name.
 Believe, and accept Him while mercy is near, For Je - sus is now passing by.

REFRAIN.



Why not come to Him now? Why not come to Him now?



He'll cleanse you, and save you, and fill you with joy, Oh, why not come to Him now?

Copyright, 1884, by S. T. GORDON & SON,

H. L. FRISBIE.

H. L. FRISBIE.

1. When the wild tem - pest is rag - ing, And the waves are high,
 2. O - ver the dark storm-y wa - ters, Hark! His voice I hear,
 3. Wand -'ring in dark - ness and sor - row, Faint - ing by the way,
 4. Bear - ing the pain and the bur - den Of my hea - vy load,

Stretch forth your hands to the Sav - iour, He will hear thee cry.
 "Lo I a - bide with you al - way, Be thou of good cheer."
 Look up the morn - ing is break - ing, Night shall turn to day.
 Gent - ly His hand ev - er leads me, All the wea - ry road.

Cry - ing, O Lord, I per - ish, Come on the storm - y sea,
 Com - ing, my child, to save you, O - ver the storm - y sea,
 Cry - ing, O Lord, I need Thee, Bid all the sha - dows flee,
 Cling - ing, to Him tho' dan - gers Thick in the path may be,

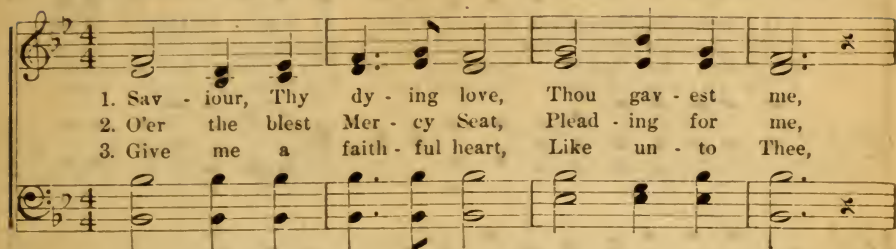
I am sink - ing down, give me Thy helping hand, O Lord save me.
 By His hand up - held, no long - er sink - ing down, The Lord saves me.
 I am weak and worn, give me Thy helping hand, O Lord, lead me.
 While He holds my hand I can - not lose the way, The Lord leads me.

No. 133. SAVIOUR, THY DYING LOVE.

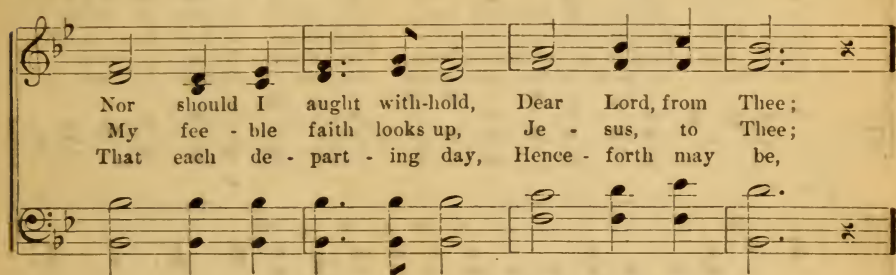
Continue ye in my love. John 15: 9.

REV. S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

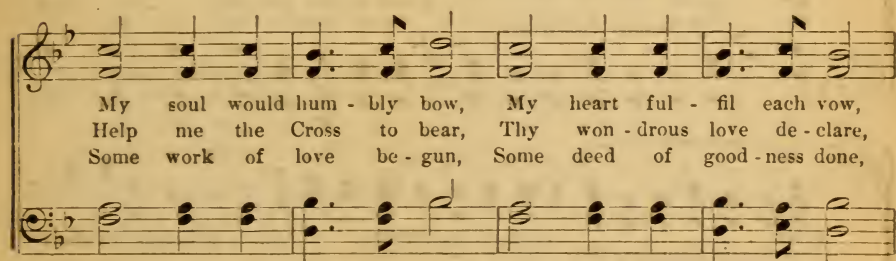
WARREN W. BENTLEY, by per.



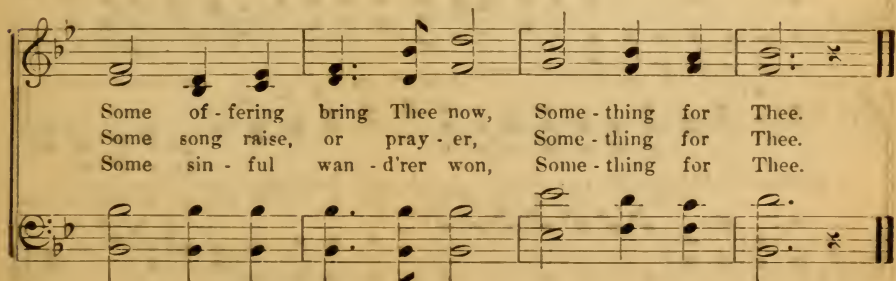
1. Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love, Thou gav - est me,
 2. O'er the blest Mer - cy Seat, Plead - ing for me,
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like un - to Thee,



Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee;
 My fee - ble faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee;
 That each de - part - ing day, Hence - forth may be,



My soul would hum - bly bow, My heart ful - fil each vow,
 Help me the Cross to bear, Thy won - drous love de - clare,
 Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of good - ness done,



Some of - fering bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee.
 Some song raise, or pray - er, Some - thing for Thee.
 Some sin - ful wan - d'r'er won, Some - thing for Thee.

No. 134. MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE.

"And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee."—2 Cor. xii: 9.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

LUCY J. RIDER.

1. O match-less, marvellous *grace* of God! O roy - al, king-ly Word!
 2. "Suf - fi - cient *grace*," the re - cord stands, Hast thou thine own re - ceived?
 3. For thee, for thee, O wondrous Word! Thy ut - most need sup - plied,
 4. The wit - ness of ten thou - sand saints, Con firms the prom - ise blest,

In toil and tri - al, grief and loss, This prom - ise sweet is heard.
 Thy faith shall measure thy sup - ply, Hast thou, in - deed, be - lieved?
 Tho' thou - sand oth - ers claim the boon, Thou shalt be sat - is - fied.
 Let now, the pow'r of this same word, In me be man - i - fest!

REFRAIN.

My *grace* is suf - fi - cient for thee, is suf - fi - cient for thee, . . . my
 My *grace* is suf - fi - cient for thee, suf - fi - cient for thee, for thee,

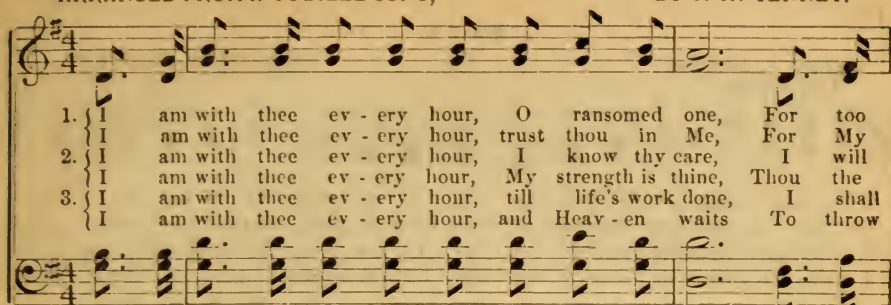
grace is suf - fi - cient for thee, is suf - fi - cient for thee. Oh, pre - cious, pre - cious
grace is suf - fi - cient for thee, suf - fi - cient for thee, for thee,

grace of God, My *grace* is suf - fi - cient for thee. is suf - fi - cient for thee.
 My *grace* is suf - fi - cient for thee, suf - fi - cient for thee, suf - fi - cient for thee.

No. 135. I AM WITH THEE EVERY HOUR.

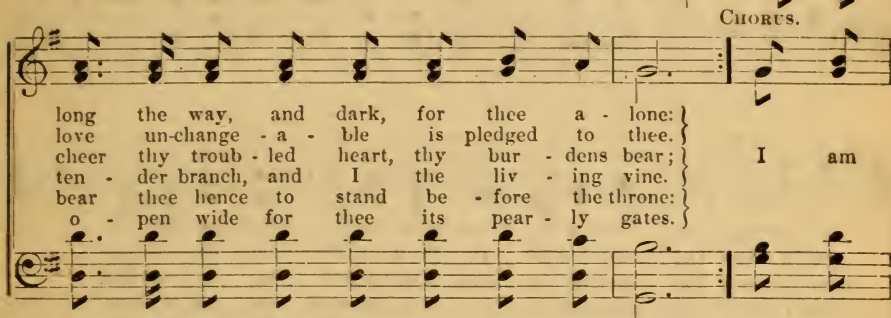
ARRANGED FROM A "JUBILEE SONG,"

BY J. H. TENNEY.

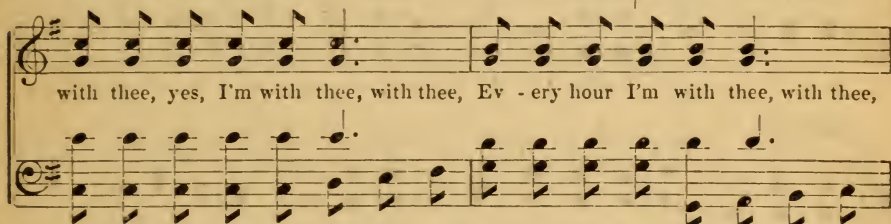


1. I am with thee ev - ery hour, O ransomed one, For too
 I am with thee ev - ery hour, trust thou in Me, For My
 2. I am with thee ev - ery hour, I know thy care, I will
 I am with thee ev - ery hour, My strength is thine, Thou the
 3. I am with thee ev - ery hour, till life's work done, I shall
 I am with thee ev - ery hour, and Heav - en waits To throw

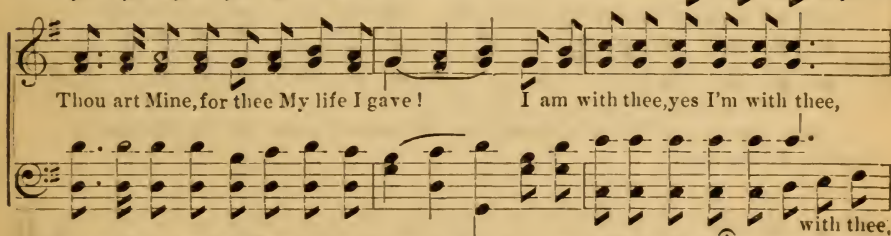
CHORUS.



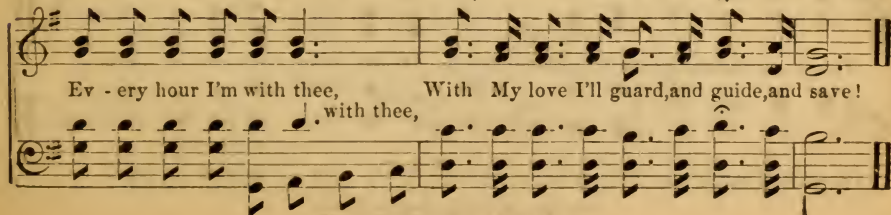
long the way, and dark, for thee a - lone; }
 love un-change - a - ble is pledged to thee. }
 cheer thy troub - led heart, thy bur - dens bear; } I am
 ten - der branch, and I the liv - ing vine. }
 bear thee hence to stand be - fore the throne; }
 o - pen wide for thee its peer - ly gates. }



with thee, yes, I'm with thee, with thee, Ev - ery hour I'm with thee, with thee,



Thou art Mine, for thee My life I gave! I am with thee, yes I'm with thee,
 with thee,



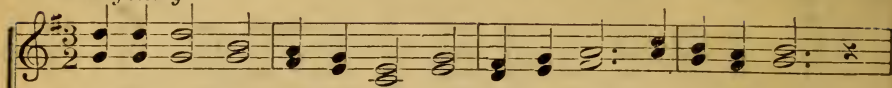
Ev - ery hour I'm with thee, With My love I'll guard, and guide, and save!
 with thee,

From "Spiritual Songs," by per.

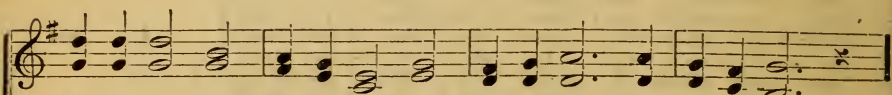
Matt. 8: 3.

MARY F. MARSH.
With feeling.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

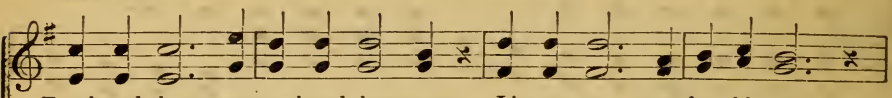


1. Touch and cleanse me, bless-ed Sav - iour, I am wea - ry of my sin;
 2. Touch and cleanses me, bless-ed Sav - iour, Hum-bly now my guilt I own;
 3. Touch and cleanse me, bless-ed Sav - iour, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 4. Thou dost cleanse me, bless-ed Sav - iour, Light is stream - ing from a - bove;



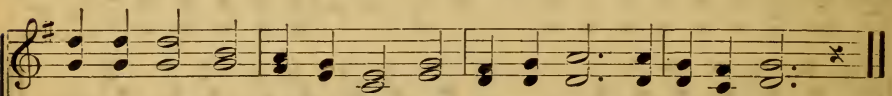
I am long - ing for Thy fa - vor, Long - ing to be pure with in.
 Oh, be - stow Thy pard'ning fa - vor! Thou canst save me, Thou a-lone.
 Grant me now Thy lov-ing fa - vor, Let me now sal - va - tion find.
 Now I feel Thy pard'ning fa - vor, Oh, my soul is full of love.

REFRAIN.



Touch and cleanse me, touch and cleanse me, Lis - ten to my fee - ble cry,
 Thou dost cleanse me, Thou dost cleanse me, Thou hast heard my fee - ble cry,

Refrain for last verse.



Touch and cleanse me, touch and cleanse me, Je - sus, save me or I die.
 Thou dost cleanse me, Thou dost cleanse me, Glo - ry be to God on high.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

S. WESLEY MARTIN. By per.

Slowly.

1. Be not faith-less, but be-liev-ing! Thus the Sav-iour speaks to thee;
 2. Be not faith-less, but be-liev-ing! Wherefore, Christian, dost thou doubt?
 3. Be not faith-less, but be-liev-ing! Will-ing and o-be-dient be;

Those who trust His migh-ty pow-er, Shall His great sal-va-tion see.
 He is wait-ing now to en-ter, Un-be-lief will keep Him out.
 Place your soul's im-mor-tal in-terests In the Lamb of Cal-va-ry.

Ask, and then by faith re-ceive it, All His gifts are full and free.

In the hour of deep-est dark-ness, In the time of sore dis-tress,
 Take him as your pre-sent Sav-iour From the guilt and pow'r of sin;
 Now pre-sent your soul and bod-y, As a liv-ing sac-ri-fice;

Call by faith, and Christ will an-swer, He is al-ways near to bless.
 Trust in Him this ver-y mo-ment, He can cleanse, and keep you clean.
 Those who make this con-se-cra-tion, Je-sus sweet-ly sanc-ti-fies.

CHORUS.

Ask for par-don—He will give it; Ask for peace and pu-ri-ty;

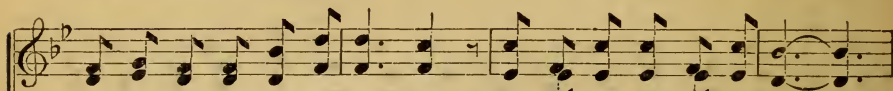
No. 138. JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.

GRACE GLENN.

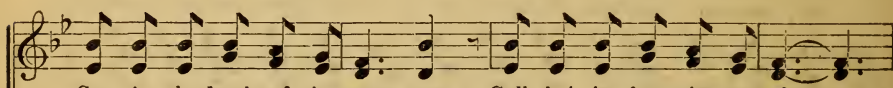
J. H. FILLMORE. By Per.



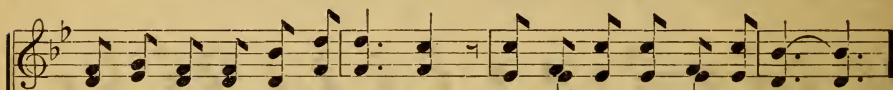
1. When, as of old, in her sad - ness, Ma - ry sat weeping a - lone,
 2. Oh, when thy pleasures are flow - ing, Fad - ing thy hope and thy trust,
 3. Down by the shore of death's riv - er, Sometime thy footsteps shall stray,



Soft - ly the voice of her sis - ter Whisper'd, "The Mas - ter has come."
 When of the dear - est earth treasures Dust shall return un - to dust,
 Where waits a boatman to bear thee O - ver to in - fi - nite day.



So, in the depths of thy sor - row, Gall tho' its fountain may be, . .
 Then, tho' the world may in - vite thee, Vain will its of - fer - ing be; . .
 What then tho' dark be his shad - ow, If, when his com - ing thou see,

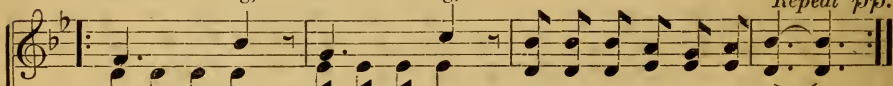


List, for there cometh a whis - per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee. . .
 List, for there cometh a whis - per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee. . .
 Cometh there soft - ly a whis - per, Je - sus is call - ing for thee. . .

CHORUS.

Call - - ing, call - - - ing,

Repeat pp.



Call - ing for thee, call - ing for thee, Je - sus is calling for thee. . .

No. 139. WHAT WILL YOU DO IN THAT DAY?

T. B. W.

T. B. WEAVER.

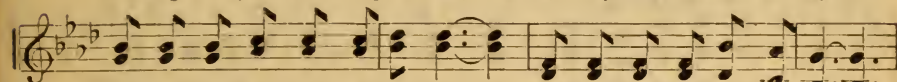
Tenderly. SOLO or DUET.



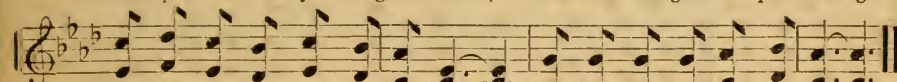
1. Lis - ten, oh! lis - ten to Je - sus, Ten - der - ly ask - ing your heart,
2. Christ is a ref - uge for sin - ners, Flee to the arms of His love;
3. Toiling for wealth that will per - ish, Charmed with the toys that de - cay,
4. Think of the loved ones in Hea - ven, In yon - der ci - ty of light,



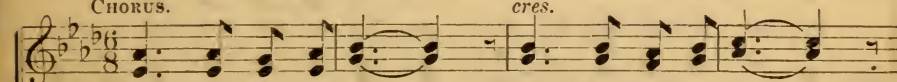
Will - ing to res - cue and save you, And His rich grace to im - part!
 If you neg - lect this sal - va - tion, How can you meet Him a - bove?
 Blinded by sin and by fol - ly, Sin - ning from day un - to day,
 Waiting for you at the por - tal, What, if your soul take its flight?



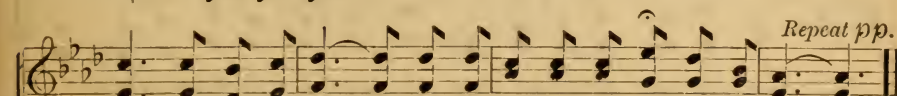
Oh! if His calls are all slight - ed, And in your sins you still go,
 Can you not give up your plea - sures, Turn from earth's trifles a - way?
 Sin - ner, just think of the wa - ges You for your sins shall re - ceive!
 Would you be read - y to greet them, Anx - ious the gates to pass through?



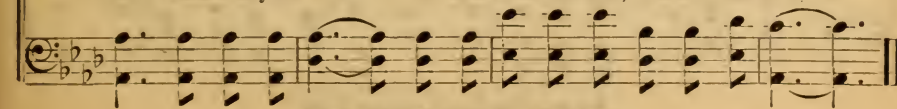
What will you do in the judg - ment, Won - der - ful day of great woe?
 Oh! if you cling to your i - dols, What will you do in that day?
 Turn to the dear, lov - ing Sav - iour, Hum - bly con - fess and be - lieve!
 If you have no hope in Je - sus, Sin - ner, then, what will you do?
 CHORUS. *cres.*



Oh! what will you do? . . . Oh! what will you do! . . .



Oh! what will you do . . . In that won - der - ful, won - der - ful day!



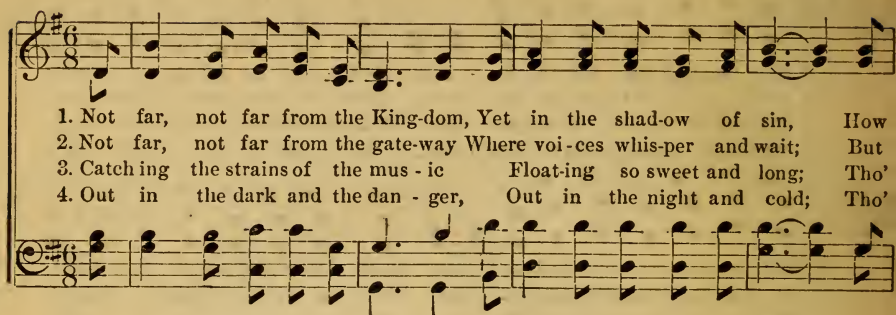
From "Spiritual Songs, No. 2," by per.

No. 140. NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

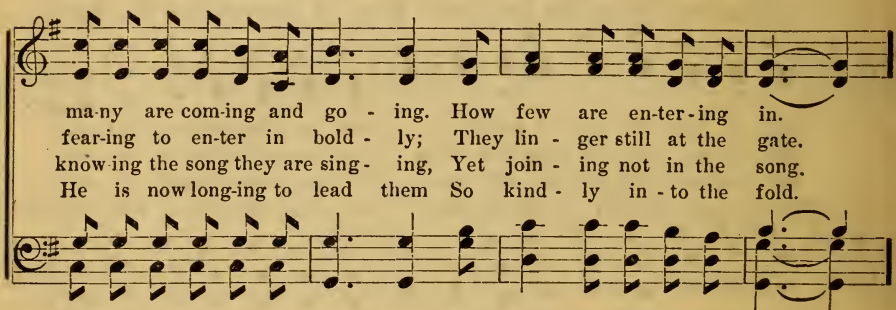
"Now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. 6: 2.

ENGLISH.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

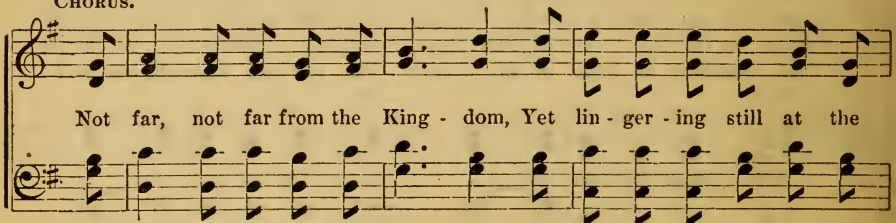


1. Not far, not far from the King-dom, Yet in the shad-ow of sin, How
 2. Not far, not far from the gate-way Where voi-ces whis-per and wait; But
 3. Catching the strains of the mus-ic Float-ing so sweet and long; Tho'
 4. Out in the dark and the dan-ger, Out in the night and cold; Tho'

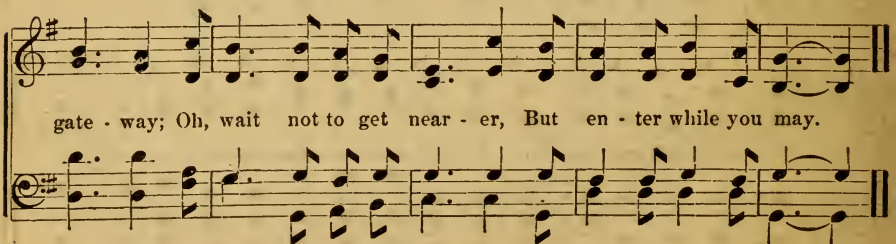


man-y are com-ing and go-ing. How few are en-ter-ing in.
 fear-ing to en-ter in bold-ly; They lin-ger still at the gate.
 know-ing the song they are sing-ing, Yet join-ing not in the song.
 He is now long-ing to lead them So kind-ly in-to the fold.

CHORUS.



Not far, not far from the King-dom, Yet lin-ger-ing still at the



gate-way; Oh, wait not to get near-er, But en-ter while you may.

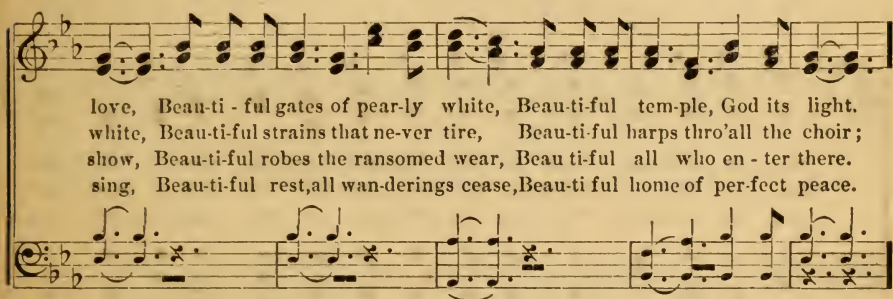
Copyright, 1884, by S. T. GORDON & SON.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

DUET.

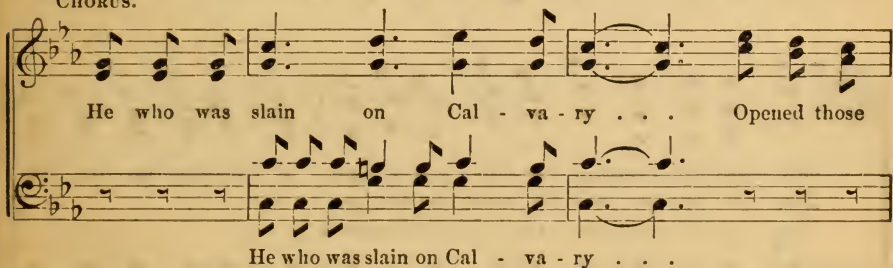


1. Beau-ti-ful Zi - on built a - bove, Beau-ti-ful ci - ty that I
 2. Beau-ti-ful ci - ty filled with light, Beau-ti-ful an - gels clothed in
 3. Beau-ti-ful crowns on ev - ery brow, Beau-ti-ful palms the conquerors
 4. Beau-ti-ful throne of Christ our King, Beau-ti-ful songs the an - gels



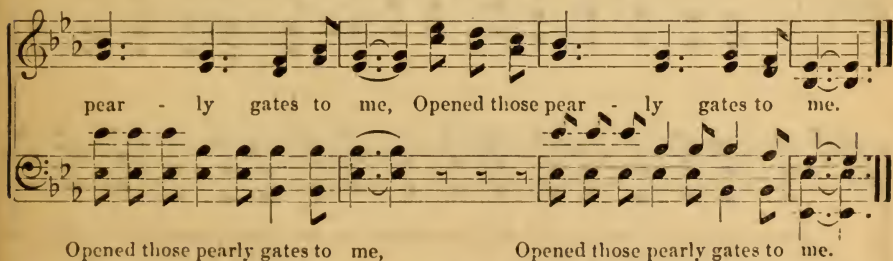
love, Beau-ti-ful gates of pear-ly white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple, God its light.
 white, Beau-ti-ful strains that ne-ver tire, Beau-ti-ful harps thro' all the choir;
 show, Beau-ti-ful robes the ransomed wear, Beau-ti-ful all who en-ter there.
 sing, Beau-ti-ful rest, all wan-derings cease, Beau-ti-ful home of per-fect peace.

CHORUS.



He who was slain on Cal - va - ry . . . Opened those

He who was slain on Cal - va - ry . . .



pear - ly gates to me, Opened those pear - ly gates to me.

Opened those pearly gates to me, Opened those pearly gates to me.

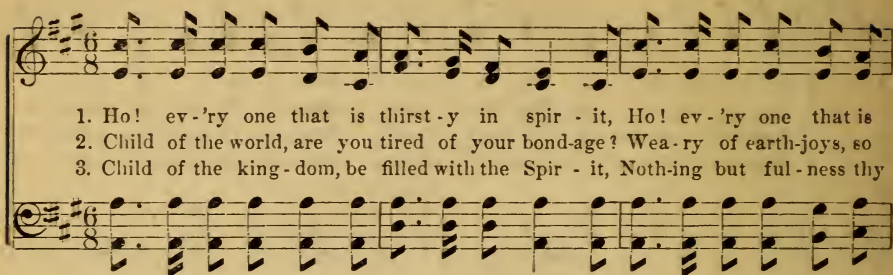
Copyright, 1884, by S. T. GORDON & SON.

No. 142. HO! EVERY ONE THAT IS THIRSTY.

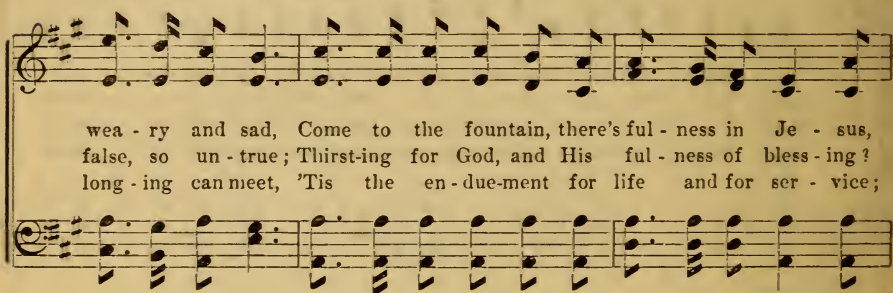
"For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty."—Isaiah xlv: 3.

L. J. R.

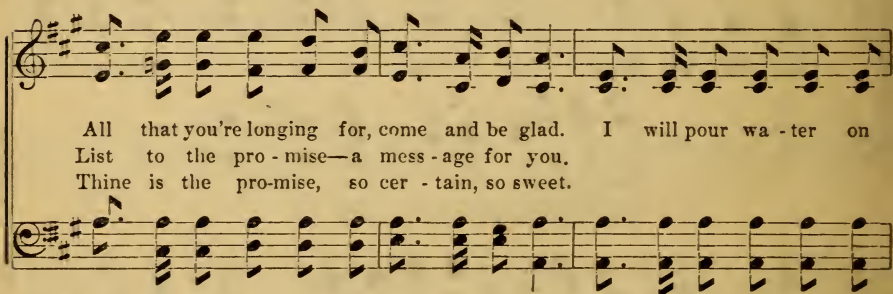
LUCY. J. RIDER.



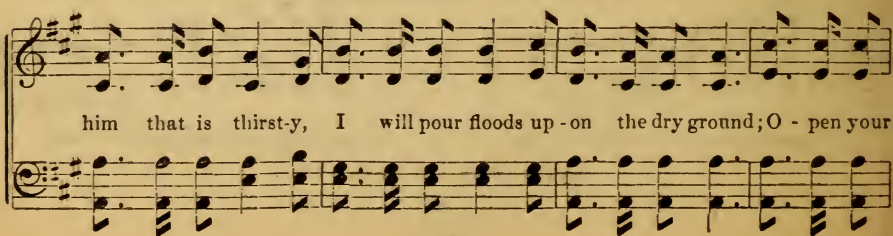
1. Ho! ev-'ry one that is thirst-y in spir - it, Ho! ev-'ry one that is
 2. Child of the world, are you tired of your bond-age? Wea-ry of earth-joys, so
 3. Child of the king-dom, be filled with the Spir - it, Noth-ing but ful-ness thy



wea - ry and sad, Come to the fountain, there's ful - ness in Je - sus,
 false, so un - true; Thirst-ing for God, and His ful - ness of bless - ing?
 long - ing can meet, 'Tis the en - due-ment for life and for ser - vice;

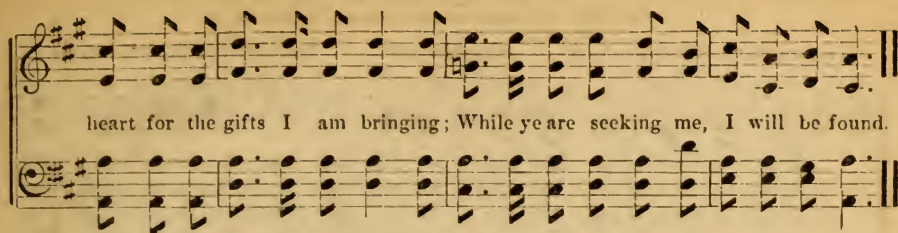


All that you're longing for, come and be glad. I will pour wa - ter on
 List to the pro - mise—a mess - age for you.
 Thine is the pro-mise, so cer - tain, so sweet.



him that is thirst-y, I will pour floods up-on the dry ground; O - pen your

HO! EVERY ONE THAT IS THIRSTY.

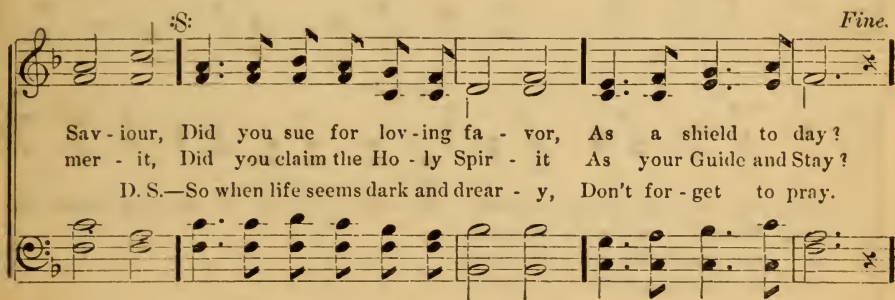
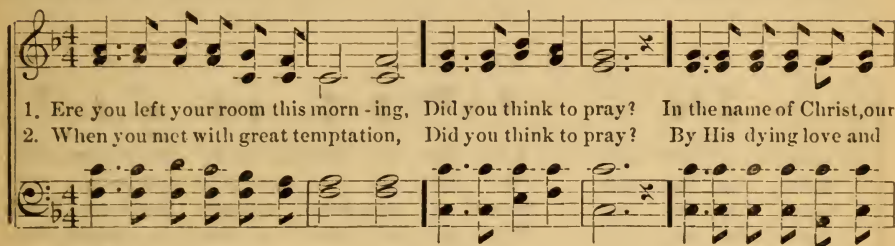


No. 143. DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?

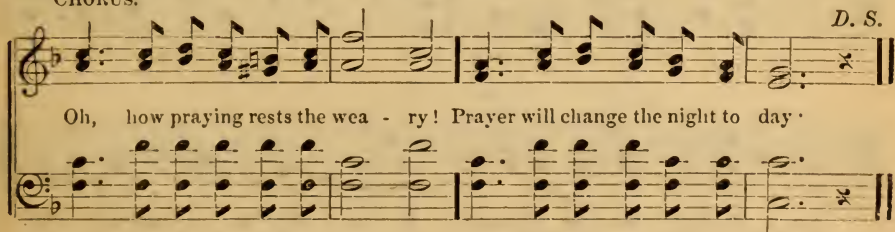
"Pray without ceasing."

MARY H. KIDDER.

W. O. PERKINS. By Per.



CHORUS.



3 When your heart was filled with anger,
Did you think to pray?
Did you plead for grace, my brother,
That you might forgive another
Who had crossed your way?—CHO.

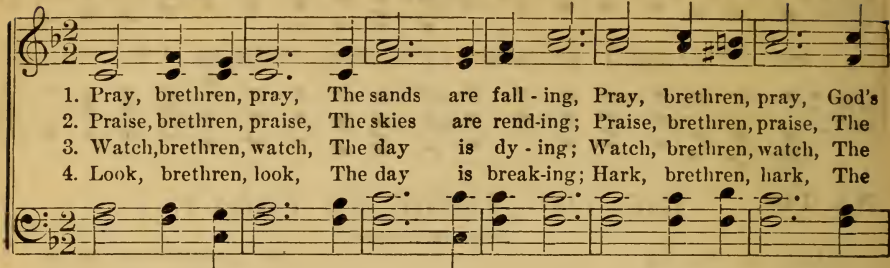
4 When sore trials came upon you,
Did you think to pray?
When your soul was bowed in sorrow,
Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day?—CHO.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."—Luke xlii: 14.

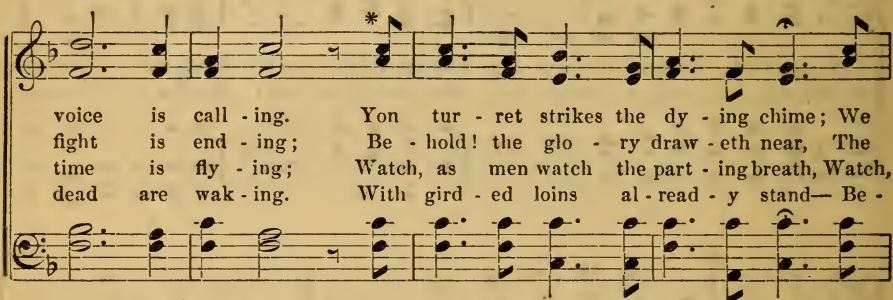
HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

Copyright, 1876,

PHILIP PHILLIPS. By Per.

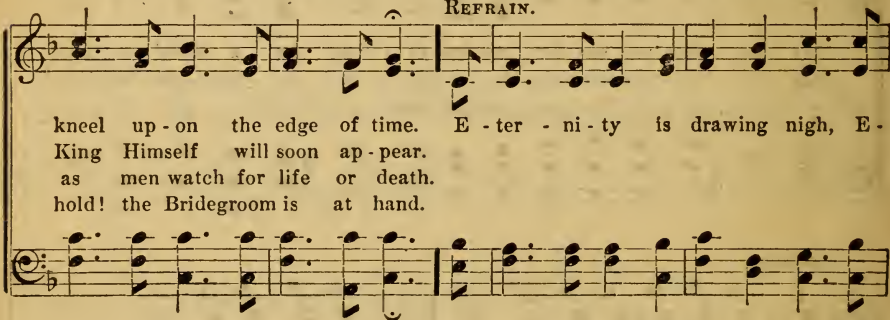


1. Pray, brethren, pray, The sands are fall - ing, Pray, brethren, pray, God's
 2. Praise, brethren, praise, The skies are rend - ing; Praise, brethren, praise, The
 3. Watch, brethren, watch, The day is dy - ing; Watch, brethren, watch, The
 4. Look, brethren, look, The day is break - ing; Hark, brethren, hark, The

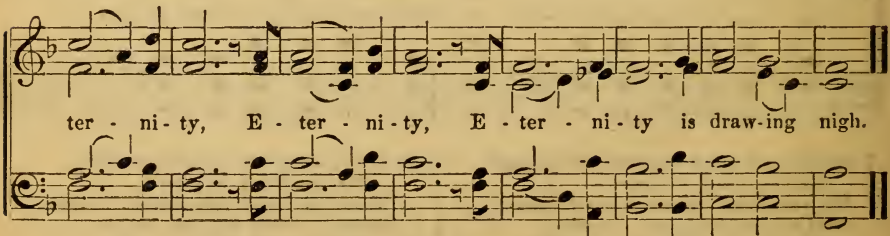


voice is call - ing. Yon tur - ret strikes the dy - ing chime; We
 fight is end - ing; Be - hold! the glo - ry draw - eth near, The
 time is fly - ing; Watch, as men watch the part - ing breath, Watch,
 dead are wak - ing. With gird - ed loins al - read - y stand— Be -

REFRAIN.



kneel up - on the edge of time. E - ter - ni - ty is drawing nigh, E -
 King Himself will soon ap - pear.
 as men watch for life or death.
 hold! the Bridegroom is at hand.



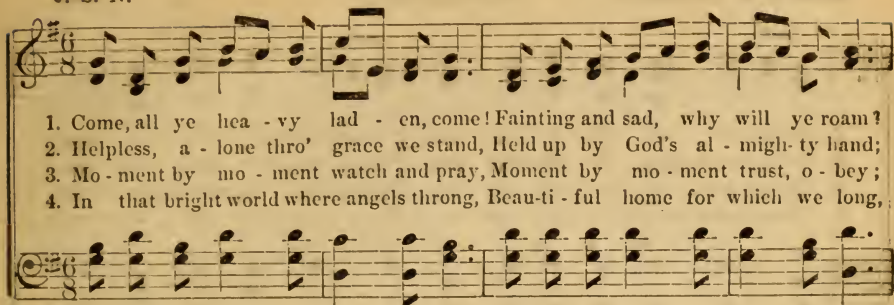
ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh.

* The next four measures sung in unison are very effective.

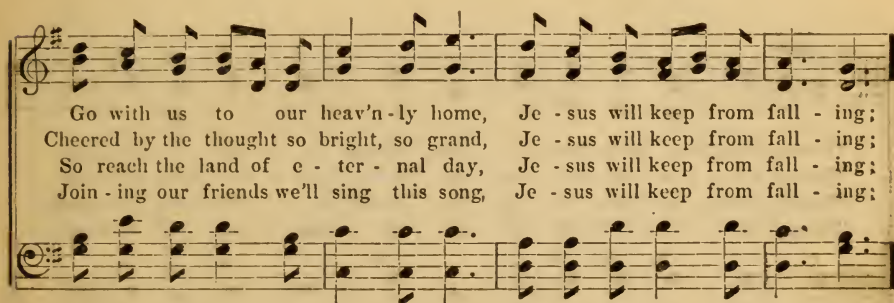
"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling."—Jude 1: 24.

J. S. N.

REV. J. S. NORRIS.

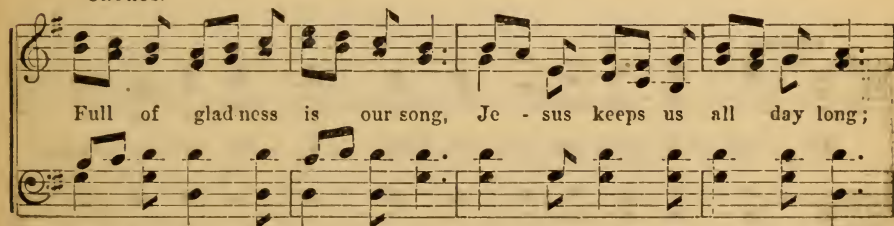


1. Come, all ye hea - vy lad - en, come! Fainting and sad, why will ye roam?
 2. Helpless, a - lone thro' grace we stand, Held up by God's al - migh - ty hand;
 3. Mo - ment by mo - ment watch and pray, Moment by mo - ment trust, o - bey;
 4. In that bright world where angels throng, Beau - ti - ful home for which we long,

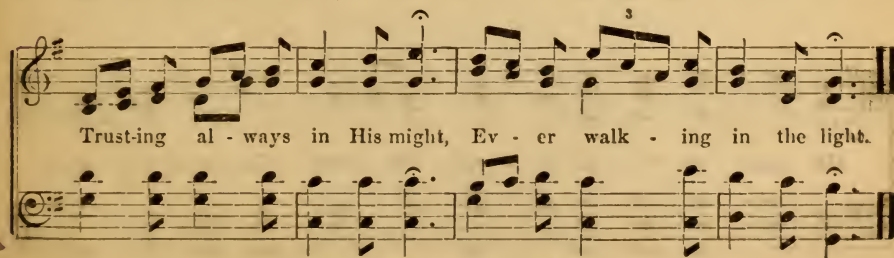


Go with us to our heav'n - ly home, Je - sus will keep from fall - ing;
 Cheered by the thought so bright, so grand, Je - sus will keep from fall - ing;
 So reach the land of e - ter - nal day, Je - sus will keep from fall - ing;
 Join - ing our friends we'll sing this song, Je - sus will keep from fall - ing;

CHORUS.



Full of gladness is our song, Je - sus keeps us all day long;



Trust - ing al - ways in His might, Ev - er walk - ing in the light.

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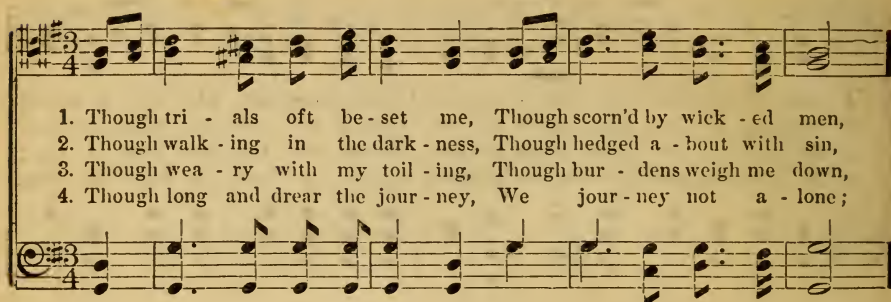
No. 146. MY GOD WILL SEND HIS ANGEL.

"My God hath sent his angel."—Daniel vi: 22.

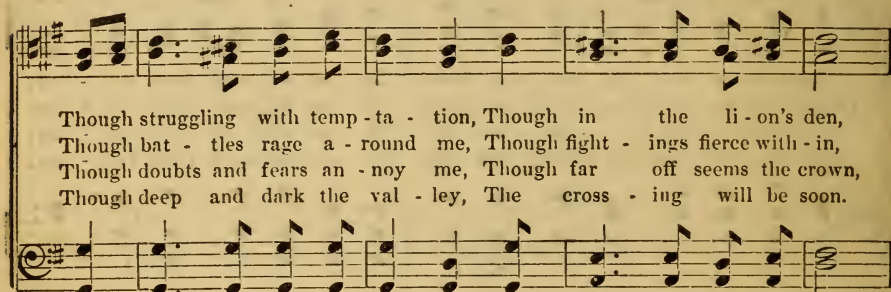
REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

FOR MALE VOICES.

W. T. GIFFE.

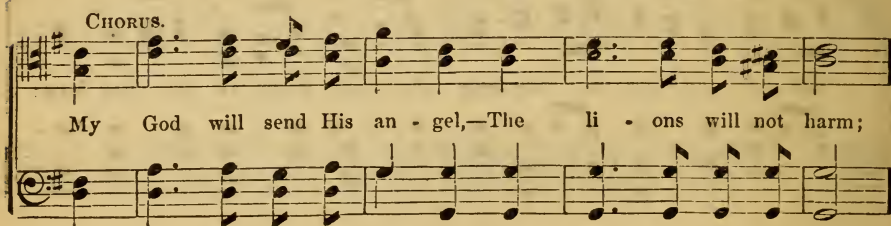


1. Though tri - als oft be - set me, Though scorn'd by wick - ed men,
 2. Though walk - ing in the dark - ness, Though hedged a - bout with sin,
 3. Though wea - ry with my toil - ing, Though bur - dens weigh me down,
 4. Though long and drear the jour - ney, We jour - ney not a - lone;

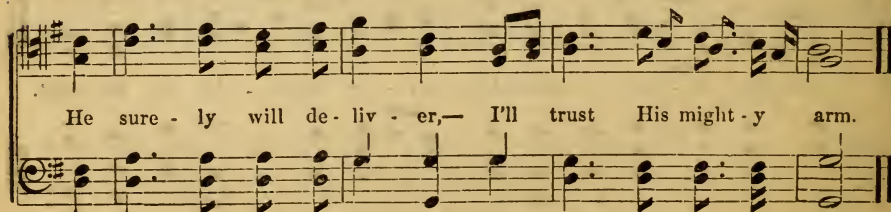


Though struggling with temp - ta - tion, Though in the li - on's den,
 Though bat - tles rage a - round me, Though fight - ings fierce with - in,
 Though doubts and fears an - noy me, Though far off seems the crown,
 Though deep and dark the val - ley, The cross - ing will be soon.

CHORUS.



My God will send His an - gel,—The li - ons will not harm;



He sure - ly will de - liv - er,— I'll trust His might - y arm.

From "Sing the Gospel." by permission.

No. 147. LAMB OF GOD, I COME TO THEE.

"I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies. I made haste, and delayed not to keep thy commandments."—P's. cxix: 59, 60.

REV. M. L. HOFFORD.

GEO. RANDALL.

Con grazia. mp

1. Lamb of God, I come to Thee, For Thy blood was shed for me, Tho' I am de -
 2. Lamb of God, my sac - ri - fice, Un - to Thee I lift my eyes; Thou, oh balm of

f CHORUS.

filed with sin, Thou canst make me pure with-in. Lamb of God, I come to Thee,
 life canst give, Let me look to Thee and live.

Blessed Lamb of Calvary, For Thy blood was shed for me, And Thou bidst me come to Thee.

3

Raised triumphant from the tomb,
 Dissipating all its gloom,
 Shine within this heart of mine,
 Cheer my soul with light divine.

4

Lamb of God, I come to Thee,
 Wilt Thou not remember me?
 Till above I see Thy face,
 Grant me every needful grace.

No. 148. THE SAVIOUR IS WAITING FOR THEE.

"Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."—Matt. xvi: 24.

REV. M. L. HOFFORD.

GEO. RANDALL.

mp Affettuoso.

1. The Saviour in mer-cy is wait-ing for thee, He ten-der-ly
 2. The Saviour in mer-cy is wait-ing for thee, Oh, come and re-
 3. The Saviour in mer-cy is wait-ing for thee, He knows of the

cres. *f*
 calls thee to come; . . The ta-ble is furnish'd, the feast is pre-
 joice in His love; . . Come sit at His ta-ble, and taste of His
 wish of thy heart, . . His kind-ness is on-ly a-wait-ing the

dim. *home.* **CHORUS.**
 pared, He waiteth to welcome thee home, thee home. All thanks to the Master that
 feast, And feed on His won-der-ful love, His love.
 hour When He may the blessing im-part, im-part.

a-bove, . . .
 spreadeth the feast, All thanks to the Master a-bove, Master a-bove, Who loadeth the

love. . .
 ta-ble with gifts of His grace, With proofs of His won-der-ful love, His love.

"And white robes were given unto every one of them."—Rev. vi: 11.

REV. M. L. HOFFORD.

GEORGE RANDALL.

f *Maestoso.*

1. There is a robe of spotless white, Laid up for me in heaven; A glorious robe of
 2. There is for me a star-ry crown, Resplendent as the morn; A crown that shall for-
 3. There is for me a harp of gold, That shall His love resound Who sought me when I

righteousness, By Christ the Saviour given. For such a gift of wondrous love I
 ev-er-more, The sainted head a - dorn. For such a gift of wondrous love I
 went astray, And who the lost one found. For such a gift of wondrous love I

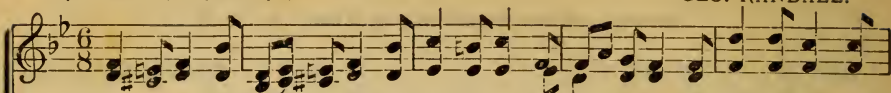
would Thy name a - dore, And dai - ly ask sup - plies of grace, That I may love Thee

more, And dai - ly ask sup - plies of grace, That I may love Thee more.

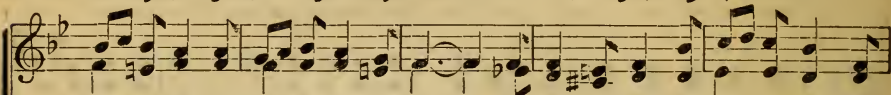
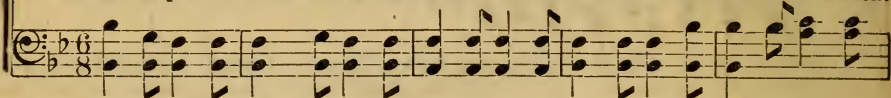
No. 150. ON THE PINIONS OF A DOVE.

REV. M. L. HOFFORD.

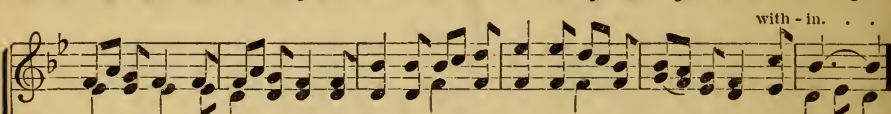
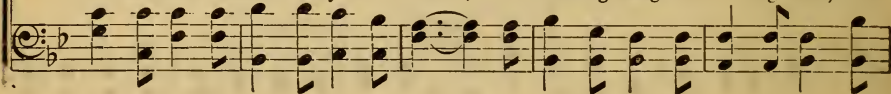
GEO. RANDALL.



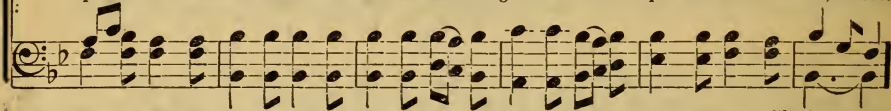
1. On the pin-ions of a dove How quickly would I fly a-way, Beyond the reach of
2. On the pin-ions of a dove How quickly would I be at rest, And burdens of the
3. On the pin-ions of a dove Ah! never can I reach that shade Where sweet contentment



stormy winds, Beyond the lightning's play; Beyond an - noy - ing cares of life, Be -
wea - ry day Be lift - ed from my breast; A - way, a - way on tire - less wing; To
finds a home That care may not in - vade; The shin - ing wings of liv - ing faith, The

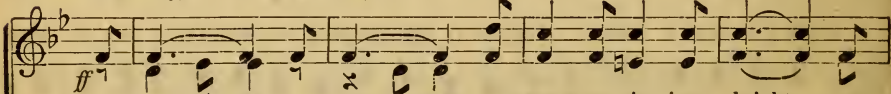


yond a cease - less fight with sin, Be - yond temptations power without And hid - den snares within, within.
rest a - mid the wil - der - ness, And there in depths of sol - i - tude, Un - bro - ken peace possess, possess.
pinions of im - mor - tal love A - lone can reach the glorious realm Of per - fect rest a - bove, a - bove.

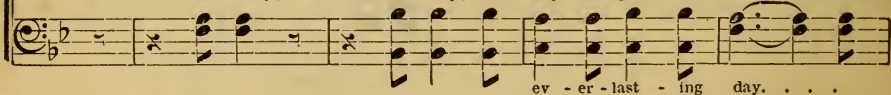


CHORUS.

A - way, a - way,



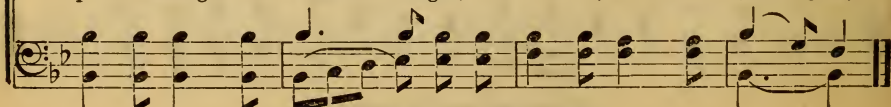
A - way, a - way, a - way on pin - ions bright, on



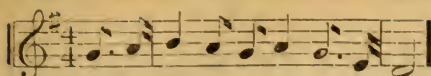
ev - er - last - ing day. . . .



pin - ions bright to worlds . of light, and ev - er, ev - er - last - ing day.



No. 151. SWEET BY AND BY.



1 THERE's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we behold it afar;
And the Father lives over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

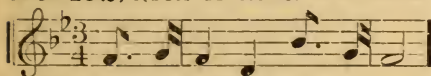
CHORUS.

In the sweet by-and-by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by-and-by—
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gifts of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

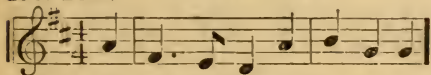
No. 152. ROCK OF AGES. 7s. 6 LINES.



1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands:
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

No. 153. HE LEADETH ME.



1 HE leadeth me: oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly wisdom fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still, 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

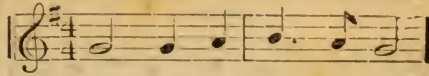
CHORUS.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me;
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I will be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still, 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

No. 154. HEAVEN IS MY HOME.



1 I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand;
Heaven is my fatherland—
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be over, past;
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side—
Heaven is my home—
I shall be glorified;
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest—
Heaven is my home.

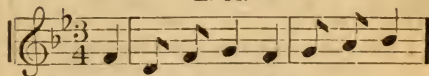
No. 155.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

1 SWEET hour of pray'r! Sweet hour of pray'r!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By Thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of pray'r! Sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.

No. 156. THUS FAR THE LORD. L. M.

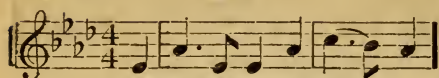


1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every moment shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

No. 157. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

7s & 6s.



- 1 I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love;
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.
CHORUS.
I love to tell the story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

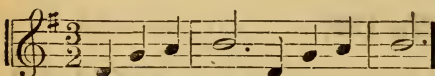
- 2 I love to tell the story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest;
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the New, New Song,
'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY,
That I have loved so long.

No. 158. ZION STANDS.

8s, 7s & 4s.



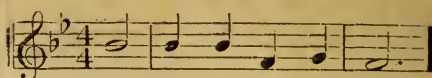
- 1 ZION stands with hills surrounded,
Zion kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Tho' the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion—
What a favored lot is thine!
2 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

No. 159. HAPPY DAY. L. M.

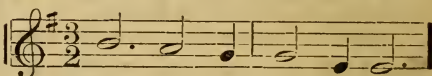
- 1 Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
2 Oh, happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

No. 160. BLOW YE THE TRUMPET.

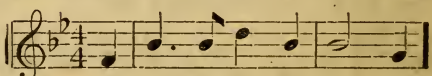
H. M.



- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet! blow
The gladly solemn sound;—
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
2 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

No. 161. NEARER, MY GOD. 6s & 4s.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!
2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

No. 162. THE MORNING LIGHT. 7s & 6s.

- 1 THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean,
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.
2 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach thy home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim: "The Lord is come!"

No. 163.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers:
Work, when the days grow brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more:
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.
- 4 Work, for we wait the morning;
Soon will the night be past!
After the dark, the dawning;
Toil shall be crowned at last.
"Ye who go forth with weeping,
Bearing the precious seed,"
Joyful shall be the reaping,
When ye rest indeed!

No. 165.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none:
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;

Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

No. 166,

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain;
There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers,
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between;
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

No. 167,

- 1 Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
- CHO.: Sown in the darkness or sown in the
light, :||
|| :Sown in our weakness or sown in our
night, :||
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.
- 2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
- 3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

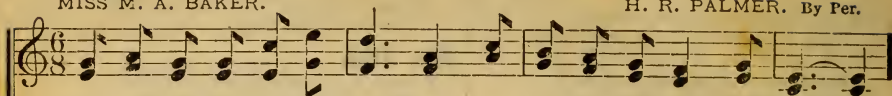
No. 168,

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me, from this day,
Be ever thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh may my love for Thee,
Pure, warm and changeless be—
A living fire.

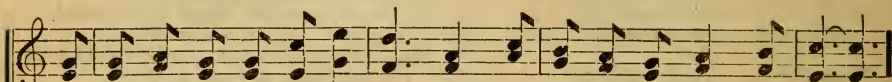
"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—Mark iv: 39.

MISS M. A. BAKER.

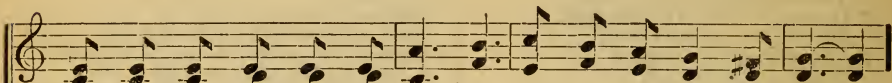
H. R. PALMER. By Per.



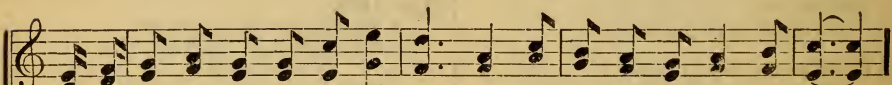
1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
 2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
 3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;



The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are troubled; Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-ror'd, And heaven's with-in my breast;



"Car-est Thou not that we per-ish?" How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
 Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Leave me a-lone no more;



When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter; Oh, has-ten, and take con-trol.
 And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.

PEACE! BE STILL!

CHORUS.

p *pp*

"The winds and the waves shall o - bey My will; Peace, . . . be still! . . .

Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons, or men, or what .

cres *cen*

ev - er it be, No wa - ter can swal - low the ship where lies The

do. *ff*

Master of o - cean, and earth and skies; They all shall sweetly o - bey My will;

p *p* *pp*

Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall sweetly o - bey My will; Peace, peace, be still!

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—Luke xix: 10.

GEO. RANDALL,

SEMI-CHORUS. *Moderato.*

low, . . .

mp

1. To save the lost the Sav-our came, In hum-ble form so low, so low, By
 2. 'Twas not to sit on Da-vi-d's throne, With worldly pomp and joy, and joy, He
 3. O-ver the mountain bleak and bare, And thro' the valley so lone, so lone, With
 4. To save the lost He bled and died, Up-lyft-ed on the tree, the tree, In
mp

woe. . . .

wond'ring an-gels is survey'd, Thro' all His scenes of woe, of woe.
 came for sin-ners to a-tone, And Sa-tan to de-destroy, de-destroy.
 anx-ious heart He bent His step, Seeking the wand'ring, wand'ring one.
 sin-ner's stead was cru-ci-fied, Yes, sin-ners e'en like me, like me.

woe. . . .

ff CHORUS. lost; . . . save; . . .

Seek-ing the lost, the lost— He came the lost to save, to save; His

ff

glo-rious robe He laid a-side, His life for each He gave. . .

Jacob's Ladder.

No, 170,

And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it. Gen. 28:12

H. P. DANKS.

1. As Ja - cob with tra - vel was wea - ry one day, At night on a
2. This lad - der is long, it is strong and well made, Has stood many

cres.
stone for a pil - low he lay; He saw, in a vis - ion, a
a - ges, yet is not decay'd; While millions have climb'd it and

f
lad - der so high That its foot was on earth, and its top in the sky
reach'd Sion's hill, And thousands by faith are climbing it still.

ff CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah to Je - sus, who died on the tree, And hath rais'd up a

ladder of mercy for me, And hath rais'd up a ladder of mercy for me.

- 3 Come let us ascend, all may climb it who will;
The angels of Jacob are guarding it still;
And remember each step that by faith we pass o'er,
Some prophet or martyr hath trod it before.—CHORUS.
- 4 And when we arrive at the haven of rest,
We shall hear the glad words, "Come up higher, ye blest,
Here are regions of light, here are mansions of bliss;"
O, who would not climb such a ladder as this?—CHORUS.

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A

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